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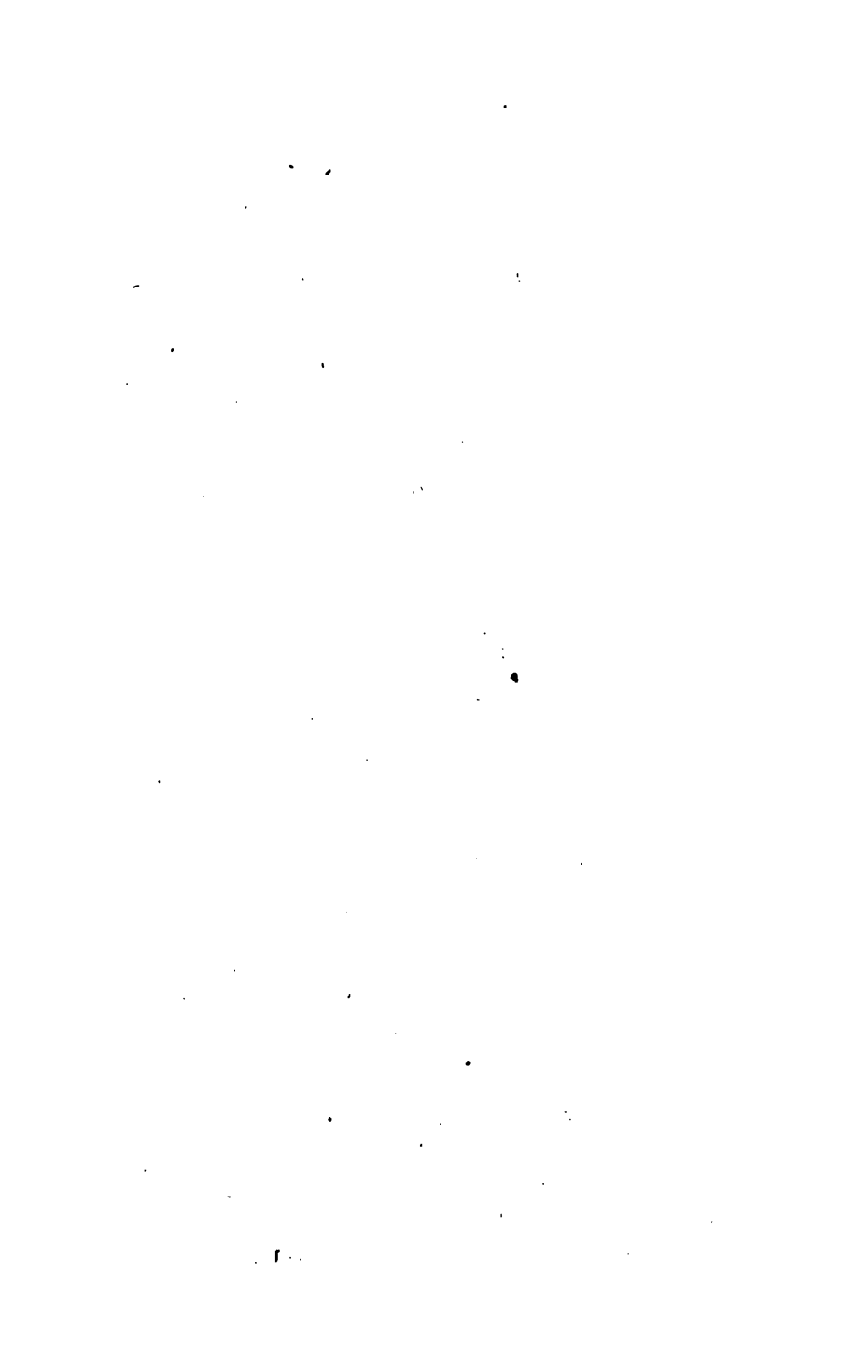








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Sp.



SPECIMENS
OF THE
Later English Poets,

WITH PRELIMINARY NOTICES;

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON;
PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
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11 1879
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LORD HARVEY.

1743.

It would certainly be more agreeable to give credit to the praise of Dr. Middleton, than to the abuse of Pope, who vented his spite without restraint or decency upon this nobleman. The former celebrated him as "distinguished for his parts and eloquence, and bearing a principal share in the great affairs of the nation;" as one who was "not content with inheriting, but resolved to import new dignities into his family." He praises him for his "extreme temperance, which shews a firmness of mind that subjects every gratification of sense to the rule of right reason." Pope calls him,

"That thing of silk,

"Sporus that mere white curd of asses's milk;"

and perhaps by the bitterness of his invective, vindicates the very character he would blast. Pope was the aggressor in a quarrel with Lord Harvey, and Lady M. W. Montague, for his expressions towards whom he would have been well rewarded with a horsewhip.

Lord Harvey held the office of keeper of the Privy Seal.

EPISTLES,

In the Manner of Ovid.

MONIMIA TO PHILOCLEES.

SINCE language never can describe my pain,
How can I hope to move when I complain?

VOL. II.

B

But such is woman's frenzy in distress,
We love to plead, tho' hopeless of redress.

Perhaps, affecting ignorance, thou'lt say,
From whence these lines? whose message to
convey?

Mock not my grief with that feign'd cold demand,
Too well you know the hapless writer's hand:
But if you force me to avow my shame,
Behold it prefaced with Monimia's name.

Lost to the world, abandon'd and forlorn,
Exposed to infamy, reproach and scorn,
To mirth and comfort lost, and all for you,
Yet lost, perhaps, to your remembrance too,
How hard my lot! what refuge can I try,
Weary of life, and yet afraid to die!
Of hope, the wretch's last resort, bereft,
By friends, by kindred, by my lover, left.
Oh! frail dependence of confiding fools
On lovers' oaths, or friendship's sacred rules!
How weak in modern hearts, too late I find!
Monimia's false, and Philocles unkind.
To these reflections each slow wearing day,
And each revolving night a constant prey,
Think what I suffer, nor ungentle hear
What madness dictates in my fond despair;

Grudge not this short relief, (too fast it flies)
 Nor chide that weakness I myself despise.
 One moment sure may be at least her due,
 Who sacrific'd her all of life for you.
 Without a frown this farewell then receive,
 For, 'tis the last my hapless love shall give;
 Nor this I would, if reason could command,
 But what restriction reins a lover's hand?
 Nor prudence, shame, nor pride, nor interest
 sways,

The hand implicitly the heart obeys:
 Too well this maxim has my conduct shewn,
 Too well that conduct to the world is known.

Oft have I writ, and often to the flame
 Condemn'd this after-witness of my shame;
 Oft in my cooler recollected thought,
 Thy beauties, and my fondness half forgot,
 (How short those intervals for reason's aid!)
 Thus to myself in anguish have I said.

Thy vain remonstrance, foolish maid, give o'er;
 Who act the wrong, can ne'er that wrong deplore.
 Then sanguine hopes again delusive reign,
 I form thee melting, as I tell my pain.
 If not of rock thy flinty heart is made,
 Nor tygers nursed thee in the desert shade,

Let me at least thy cold compassion prove,
That slender sustenance of greedy love :
Tho' no return my warmer wishes find,
Be to the wretch, tho' not the mistress, kind ;
Nor whilst I court my melancholy state,
Forget 'twas love, and thee, that wrought my
fate.

Without restraint habituate to range
The paths of pleasure, can I bear this change ?
Doom'd from the world unwilling to retire,
In bloom of life, and warm with young desire,
In lieu of roofs with regal splendor gay
Condemn'd in distant wilds to drag the day ;
Where beasts of prey maintain their savage
court,

Or human brutes (the worst of brutes) resort.
Yes, yes, the change I could unsighing see,
For none I mourn, but what I find in thee ;
There center all my woes, thy heart estranged,
I weep my lover, not my fortune, changed,
Blest with thy presence I could all forget,
Nor gilded palaces in huts regret,
But exiled thence, superfluous is the rest,
Each place the same, my hell is in my breast ;
To pleasure dead, and living but to pain,
My only sense to suffer, and complain.

As all my wrongs distressful I repeat,
Say, can thy pulse with equal cadence beat ?
Canst thou know peace ? is conscience mute within ?
That upright delegate for secret sin ;
Is nature so extinguish'd in thy heart,
That not one spark remains to take my part ?
Not one repentent throb, one grateful sigh ?
Thy breast unruffled, and unwet thy eye ?
Thou cool betrayer, temperate in ill !
Thou nor remorse, nor thought humane canst feel :
Nature has formed thee of the rougher kind,
And education more debased thy mind ;
Born in an age when guilt and fraud prevail,
When Justice sleeps, and Interest holds the scale ;
Thy loose companions a licentious crew,
Most, to each other, all, to us untrue,
Whom chance, or habit mix, but rarely choice,
Not leagued in friendship, but in social vice,
Who indigent of honour, or of shame,
Glory in crimes which others blush to name ;
By right or wrong disdaining to be moved,
Unprincipled, unloving, and unloved.
The fair who trusts their prostituted vows,
If not their falsehood, still their boasts expose ;
Nor knows the wisest to elude the harm,
Ev'n she whose prudence shuns the tinsel charm
They know to slander, though they fail to warm :

They make her languish in fictitious flame,
Affix some specious slander on her name,
And baffled by her virtue, triumph o'er her
fame.

These are the leaders of thy blinded youth,
These vile seducers laughed thee out of truth ;
Whose scurrile jests all solemn ties profane,
Or Friendship's band, or Hymen's sacred chain ;
Morality as weakness they upbraid,
Nor even revere Religion's hallowed head ;
Alike they spurn divine and human laws,
And treat the honest like the Christian cause.
Curse on that tongue whose vile pernicious art
Delights the ear but to corrupt the heart,
That takes advantage of the chearful hour,
When weaken'd Virtue bends to Nature's power,
And would the goodness of the soul efface,
To substitute dishonour in her place.

With such you lose the day in false delights,
In lewd debauch you revel out the nights,
(O fatal commerce to Monimia's peace !)
Their arguments convince because they please ;
Whilst sophistry for reason they admit,
And wander dazzled by the glare of wit,
Wit, that on ill a specious lustre throws,
And in false colours every object shows,

That gilds the wrong, depreciating the right,
And hurts the judgment, while it feasts the sight :
So in a prism to the deluded eye,
Each pictured trifle takes a rainbow dye,
With borrow'd charms the shining prospect glows,
And truth reversed the faithless mirror shows;
Inverted scenes in bright confusion lie,
The lawns impending o'er the nether sky ;
No just, no real images we meet,
But all the gaudy vision is deceit.

Oft I revolve in this distracted mind
Each word, each look, that spoke my charmer
kind ;
But oh ! how dear their memory I pay !
What pleasures past can present cares allay ?
Of all I love for ever dispossess ;
Ah ! what avails to think I once was blest ;
Hard disposition of unequal fate !
Mixed are our joys, and transient are their date ;
Nor can reflection bring them back again,
Yet brings an after-sting to ev'ry pain.

Thy fatal letters, oh ! immoral youth,
Those perjured pledges of fictitious truth,
Dear as they were, no second joy afford,
My cred'lous heart once leap'd at every word,

My glowing bosom throb'd with thick-heaved
sighs,
And floods of rapture gush'd into my eyes :
When now repeated (for thy theft was vain,
Each treasured syllable my thoughts retain)
Far other passions rule, and different care,
My joys and grief, my transports and despair.

Why dost thou mock the ties of constant love ?
But half its joys the faithless ever prove,
They only taste the pleasures they receive,
When sure the noblest is in those we give.
Acceptance is the heaven which mortals know,
But 'tis the bliss of angels to bestow.
Oh ! emulate, my love, that task divine,
Be thou that angel, and that heaven be mine.
Yet, yet relent, yet intercept my fate !
Alas ! I rave, and sue for new deceit.
As soon the dead shall from the grave return,
As love extinguish'd with new ardor burn.
Oh ! that I dared to act a Roman part,
And stab thy image in this faithful heart,
Where rivetted for life secure you reign,
A cruel inmate, author of my pain :
But coward like irresolute I wait
Time's tardy aid, nor dare to rush on fate ;

Perhaps may linger on life's latest stage,
Survive thy cruelties, and fall by age :
No—grief shall swell my sails and speed me o'er
(Despair my pilot) to that quiet shore,
Where I can trust, and thou betray no more.
Might I but once again behold thy charms,
Might I but breathe my last in those dear arms,
On that loved face but fix my closing eye,
Permitted where I might not live to die.
My softened fate I would accuse no more ;
But fate has no such happiness in store.
'Tis past, 'tis done—what gleam of hope behind,
When I can ne'er be false, nor thou be kind ;
Why then this care ?—'tis weak—'tis vain—
farewel—
At that last word what agonies I feel !
I faint—I die—remember I was true—
'Tis all I ask—eternally adieu !—

ALEXANDER POPE.

London, 1688—1744.

EPISTLE

To Miss Blount, with the Works of Voiture.

In these gay thoughts the loves and graces shine,
And all the writer lives in every line :
His easy art may happy nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flattery pleased the fair and great ;
Still with esteem no less conversed than read ;
With wit well natured, and with books well-bred :
His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share ;
His time, the muse, the witty and the fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he play'd the trifle life, away ;

Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest,
Even rival wits did Voiture's death deplore
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before ;
The truest hearts for Voiture heaved with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes :
The smiles and loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.
Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious comedy ;
In every scene some moral let it teach,
And if it can, at once both please and preach.

Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
Though not too strictly bound to time and place ;
Criticks in wit, or life, are hard to please ;
Few write to those, and none can live to these.
Too much your sex are by their forms confined,
Severe to all, but most to womankind,
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide ;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride ;
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame ;
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater in their place :

Not with those toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
With added years, if life bring nothing new,
But like a sieve let every blessing through,
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad reflection more ;
Is that a birth-day ? 'tis alas ! too clear,
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear ;
Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake in raptures in a life to come.

LEWIS THEOBALD.

Sittingburn, Kent, 1744.

The original hero of the *Dunciad*. This is little to his discredit, when it is recollected for what he obtained that honour. But Theobald stands convicted of shameful and dishonest plagiarism.

The second specimen is taken from a Poem highly commended for its similitude to the diction of Shakspeare, in the ninth volume of the *Spectator*, a scarce and curious book, which was printed separately from the others.

PROLOGUE

To the Persian Princess, or the Royal Villain.

To one and all our author sends to-day,
Who with their presence honour this his play,
And says,—but first he bad me humbly bow,
As would be members at elections do,
Thank for one vote, and for another sue.

Too well he knows your expectations join,
To look for sterling in each labour'd line ;
But he pretends to no such payment now,
Whatever he another year may do ;
And who can tell,
To what a pitch he may his genius raise,
Wing'd by your favour, and acquitting praise ?
Tho' he can boast of nothing here to please,
Unless your smiles stamp worth upon the piece ;
Nor think to stand the test, but with a fit
Resolved to lay aside all carping wit :
Thus he declares, and hopes his suit to win ;
For when packt juries give their verdict in,
The bribe, not cause, absolves the trembling sinner ;
So let your Pity spare our young beginner.
'Tis his first fault, and let him plead his age
To arrest his doom, and mitigate your rage ;
Besides our author, being prostrate here,
And crying Quarter, should no danger fear :
He quits Desert, and on no Treaty stands,
But throws himself and scenes into your hands ;
And if you give them welcome, he will say,
Your mercy, not his merit, saved his play.

From the Cave of Poverty.

* * * * *

UNLIKE the last design tho' next in place
A different prospect of distress is seen,
A stately Bark in distant northern seas
Awaits a friendly thaw and sky serene ;
In vain she waits, the solid frost restrains
Her labouring keel, and binds in icy chains.

Fast in the cold confinement long she stands ;
Her crew desponding on each other stare,
Mourning, that art, nor strong assisting hands
Can counsel, or avail, as now they fare :
Their course retarded and provision spent
Prescribe despair, and fatal thoughts foment.

There might you see a sailor, with his face
Intending heavy plight, and wordless woes,
Inly debate the hardship of his case,
And curse the cause to which his fate he owes :
Blame niggard Fortune, that enforced him
roam,
And would not grant a sustenance at home.

Others, aloft on deck, one trembling mate
With daggers drawn pursue ; who seems to plead

Against their murdering haste ; to deprecate
 His doom, and urge the guilt of their misdeed,
 Vain is the rhetorick of his eyes, and tongue,
 His death the life of others must prolong.

So nice the painter's art, it all supplies
 But words, to breathe his agonizing pain ;
 For words, he drew such passion in his eyes
 As far above weak language does complain ;
 Calls 'em inhuman and ungentle knaves,
 Barbarians, murdering carls, and savage slaves.

What can my blood, the shadow seems to say,
 To your relief contribute, when 'tis spilt ?
 Will staving off grim death a little day,
 Before just heaven compensate for your guilt ?
 Oh think as hunger will again invade you,
 Your turns will come, and let that thought
 disswade you.

* * * * *

Address to Poverty.

* * * * *

THRO' thee the half-starved soldier sheathea in
 arms
 His rugged limbs and in the casque his head ;

Thro' thee sustains the foeman's rude alarms,
The toils of watching, and the battle's dread :
Now scorching with the sun that scales his
brain,
Now stiff with ice, and drenched with chilling
rain.

Thro' thee the sea-boy climbs the giddy mast
And hears the furious winds around him roar ;
Beholds the whitened surge, nor stands aghast,
Whilst curling billows lash the sounding shore ;
Whilst black faced clouds ride o'er the trou-
bled sky
And murmuring deeps proclaim the tempest
nigh.

* * * * *

To Gold, from the same.

OH mighty Gold ! thou second cause of fate,
Thou blood-sought blessing, honour-purchased
prize,
Thou precious nourisher of fierce debate,
Thou idol of our souls, and joy of eyes,
Great mistress of our passions, price of vows !
The gladden'd world thy rightful sway allows.

Blind Goddess of desires, thou bane of woe,
Balm of affliction, monarch of content,
Nurse of repose, night-waking sorrow's foe
Seasoning of health, and pleasure's instrument
Possessing thee, the tear distained eye
Forgets to weep and puts on gaiety.

Possessing thee, uncouth events are check'd
Time's spite o'er-ruled and Envy's edge rebuted ;
The death of parents made of slight respect ;
Distress exiled, and dolour subjugated :
Possessing thee, heart-easing comfort reigns,
Age feels not its decays, nor sickness pains.

For thee the robber's sacrilegious hand
Plunders the shrine ; for thee, the murderer stains
His arm and soul with blood ; at thy command
Sudden rebellion frights the peaceful plains :
Traitors, for thee in horrid council sit,
And sconced in night on kingdom's downfalls
meet.

For thee cold Modesty throws off her veil,
Disdains the rosie blush, and down-cast eye,
Wishful she listens to the lover's tale
And fans his ardour with an amorous sigh.
Pernicious Gold ! Thou poisoner of the mind,
How dost thou cherish guilt of every kind.

* * * * *

JAMES MILLER.

 1708—1744.

When Miller was in embarrassed circumstances, the Ministry tempted him by very liberal offers to forsake his own high-church principles, and write in their defence. It staggered him, for he was a married man, with a family, and tenderly attached to a wife, who indeed, deserved the tenderest attachment. He hinted to her on what terms preferment might be purchased, and she rejected them with an indignation which almost abashed him. He would have bargained for silence, but that did not satisfy the Ministry.

This good man died just when his affairs were becoming prosperous. His admirable wife devoted the whole profit of a benefit play, which was given her, and of a large subscription for a volume of his Sermons to the payment of his debts, though by so doing she left herself and her children, almost destitute of the common necessities of life.

He was author of several dramattick Pieces. The Humours of Oxford, his first play, surmounted the opposition that was made to it ; his second attempt was the Mother-in-Law, which from fear of ill success, came out under the name of his friend Henry Baker, and ran between twenty and thirty nights. For his third play, he justly feared ;

for the best Pieces in our language, were at the time of its appearance, performed to empty benches, while the taste of the town was led captive, by the quaverings of Farinelli, and nonsense reigned in full glory at the Opera. The play however, which was called, *The Man of Taste*, was represented for thirty nights successively to crowded houses, and was looked on as a seasonable satire. He was also successful, notwithstanding the attempts of his personal enemies in a fourth play, called *The Universal Passion*. *The Harlequin Horace*, and the Poem "*Of Politeness*," are ingenious and spirited satires, the first written on the model of the *Ars Poetica*.

*From Harlequin Horace ; or, the Art of Modern
Poetry.*

THE way to write of heroes, and of kings,
And sing, in wondrous numbers, wondrous
things ;
Of mighty matters done in bloody battle,
How arms meet arms, swords clash, and cannons
rattle,
How such strange toils and turmoils to rehearse,
Is learnt from Blackmore's everlasting verse.
To sing of shepherds, and of shepherdesses,
Their awkward humours, dialogues, and dresses:

The manner how they plough, and sow, and reap,
How silly they, more silly than their sheep,
In mantles blue, can trip it o'er the green,
In Namby-Pamby's Pastorals may be seen.
Tibbald in mail compleat of dullness clad,
Half bard, half puppet-man, half fool, half mad,
Rose next to charm the ear, and please the eye,
With every monster bred beneath the sky ;
His great command Earth's salvages obey,
And ev'ry dreadful native of the sea ;
Amaz'd we view, by his strange power conveyed,
Pluto's dark throne, and Hell's tremendous shade ;
Then change the scene, and lo ! Heaven's bright
abodes,

We dance with goddesses, and sing with gods ;
Encore, encore, rings thro' the raptured round,
Encore, encore, the echoing roofs resound.
On Lyrick Welsted, next, the Muse bestow'd
Fondness to aim at the advent'rous ode :
Not like those bards of old who dared to rise,
And lift their heads triumphant to the skies ;
Who, scaling heaven in their ambitious flight,
In gods and heroes placed their vain delight ;
But Welsted's gentle stanza makes you doze,
A frozen sluice, that neither ebbs nor flows ;

Still sauntering on in the same tick-tack rhyme,
No pendulum can keep exacter time :
'Till by the weight-inspiring God opprest,
His visage bloated, and inflate his breast,
He raves, stares, sputters, foams, turns giddy
round,
Then tumbles headlong down the vast profound.

* * * * *

In days of old, when Englishmen were—men,
Their musick, like themselves, was grave and
plain ;
The manly trumpet, and the simple reed,
Alike with citizen, and swain agreed ;
Whose songs, in lofty sense, but humble verse,
Their loves and wars alternately rehearse ;
Sung by themselves, their homely cheer to crown,
In tunes from sire to son delivered down.

But now, since Britains are become polite,
Since few can read, and fewer still can write ;
Since travelling has so much improved our beaux,
That each brings home a foreign tongue, or—nose ;
And ladies paint with that amazing grace,
That their best vizard is their natural face ;

Since South-Sea schemes have so enrich'd the
land,

That footmen 'gainst their lords for boroughs stand ;
Since masquerades and operas made their entry,
And Heydegger reign'd guardian of our gentry,
A hundred various instruments combiné,
And foreign songsters in the concert join :
The Gallick horn, whose winding tube in vain
Pretends to emulate the trumpet's strain ;
The shrill-toned fiddle, and the warbling flute,
The grave bassoon, deep base, and tinkling lute,
The jingling spinnet, and the full-mouth'd drum,
A Roman capon, and Venetian strum,
All league, melodious nonsense to dispense,
And give us sound, and show, instead of sense ;
In unknown tongues mysterious dullness chant,
Make love in tune, or thro' the gamut rant.

* * * * *

O Dennis, eldest of the scribbling throng,
Tho' skill'd thyself in every art of song,
Tho' of thy mother-goddess tip-top full,
By inspiration furiously dull ;
Yet this one maxim from my pen receive,
To midling bards the world no quarter give.

Budgel a petty-fogger might have made,
 And been, perhaps, a dapster at his trade.
 Th' indifferent lawyer is the most in vogue,
 And still the greater, as the greater rogue,
 But midling poets are by all accurst,
 We only listen to the best, or—worst.

* * * * *

Of Politeness, an Epistle.

POLITENESS is my theme—to you I write,
 Who are, what all would feign be thought, Polite.
 This is the coxcomb's avarice, courtier's claim,
 The cit's ambition, and the soldier's fame.
 This interrupts the wild projector's dream,
 And mingles with the statesman's deepest scheme.

Yet but to few, O few ! the gem is known,
 Most for the Brilliant wear the Bristol-stone.
 With whom the heavenly stranger deigns to dwell,
 The wise and good, like you, can only tell.
 Ask you, What's True Politeness, you'd reply,
 “ 'Tis nothing but well-dress'd Humanity :
 “ That fairest offspring of the social mind,
 “ Nursed by good-nature, by good-sense refined :

“ Which gives each thought, word, act, a proper
“ grace :

“ And binds each passion to its proper place :

“ Makes pride sit easy, reins ambition in,

“ Makes avarice prudence, anger not a sin :

“ Charm'd by her lure, blind zeal to meekness turns,

“ Pale Envy generous emulation burns ;

“ Revenge, attentive, sheathes the thirsty sword,

“ And Grief half smiles at her reviving word :

“ Whilst Hope and Fear, those elements of life,

“ Well poised by this, no longer are at strife ;

“ This forms, guides, checks, inspires, does all

“ it can

“ To make man mild and sociable to man.”

'Tis true, my lord, yet such the reigning taste !

In what's quite the reverse you find it plac'd.

Sir Dives swears in gaiety it lies,

Then struts the gaudiest clown beneath the skies :

All Nature's wardrobe must be rifled straight

All Nations sweat to furnish out his state ;

Artists the various hues of Iris blend,

And Eastern rocks their blazing glories lend :

Yet, whilst his sumptuous trappings hang confess'd,

All cry, How slovenly the knight is dress'd !

Were this Politeness ; Porco's beastly self

Could purchase more—for he enjoys more pelf.

Lo ! pampered Catius lolling at his ease,
 Gorging his maw with mystick rarities !
 He holds Politeness is but eating well,
 Then swallows down whole manors at a meal.
 So strange each viand, and so strangely dress'd,
 If fish, flesh, fowl, roast, boil'd, can ne'er be
 guess'd :

Here hid in peacock's brains a squirrel lies,
 With gravy drawn from twice twelve woodcock's
 thighs ;

A larded badger there smokes high perfume,
 And the green rabbits stink along the room.
 Supreme in taste his table's still replete
 With all that's rare, and is not to be eat.
 Did not the side-board bear a sound Sir-loin,
 Who with lord Catius could afford to dine !

In learning Curio places all good-breeding,
 And rails at Dives dress'd, and Catius feeding.
 He fasts and mortifies, and racks his skull,
 But to appear more clasically dull :
 For over-reading makes the dunce more seen,
 As over-eating makes the glutton lean.
 In his cramb'd crown you reconciled may view
 The Babel of each tongue and science too :
 Like Bacon's head, his mouth he ne'er can open
 But strait out flies a sentence, or a trope :

Man, woman, child, alike he entertains
With the learn'd oozings of his addled brains ;
And makes, as well as Pemberton, the fair
Know all Sir Isaac Newton to a hair.

Pedantick sot ! cries Umbræ—in a book,
Heaven, thank it, never gave me grace to look :
I've travell'd, been in France, at Rome, and then
What need I study books, who've studied men ?
Besides, I've titles, places, wealth and land,
I wear a ribband, and expect a wand.
Let thread-bare blockheads study if they please,
What need of learning when a man's at ease ?
I take a surer way to be polite,
I dress, game, wench, and dance,—not read or
write.
Equal your merit, vain alike your aim,
Learn'd or unlearn'd, a coxcomb's still the same.

Sir John comes next with bow and fiddle graced,
Fiddling he thinks the very cream of taste ;
Then fiddles on with such incessant care,
You'd think his soul breathed only at his ear.
Yet all the while, Sir John must own 'tis true,
He's doing what he least would wish to do.
Not Tattle less delights to hold his tongue,
Yet sits four hours to hear an Opera sung ;

Nor less uneasiness does Embrio feel
In whalebone stays—yet bids the next be steel.
For 'tis not what they like, or what they know,
But as the fashion drives the fop must go.

Still braver lengths, cries Clodio, I have ran
To gain the prize—deny it me who can,
I've ravish'd virgins, and have kill'd my man ;
And nicely versed in all the arts of play,
A thousand bubbled fools have fallen my prey.
The fruits which murder, dice, and rapes afford
Must sure be own'd politeness in my lord !

To be polite Lothario's still profane,
And treats whate'er is sacred with disdain :
The best-bred man to every mortal he,
And only to his God unmannerly.
Self-cozen'd wretch, let but the thunder roll,
He owns a God, and trembles for his soul ;
In vain now strives to act the Atheist's part,
His forehead blabs the terrors of his heart.
Lothario, quit thy claim—'spight o' thy will,
Thou art an unpolite believer still.

* * * * *

The Life of a Beau. A Song.

How brim-full of nothing's the life of a beau ?

They've nothing to think of, they've nothing
to do ;

Nor they've nothing to talk of, for—nothing they
know :

Such, such is the life of a beau.

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh air ;

Spend the morning in nothing but curling their
hair ;

And do nothing all day but sing, saunter and stare ;

Such, such is the life of a beau.

For nothing at night to the playhouse they crowd,

For to mind nothing done there they always are
proud,

But to bow, and to grin, and talk nothing—aloud :

Such, such is the life of a beau.

For nothing they run to the assembly and ball ;

And for nothing at cards a fair partner call,

For they still must be beasted who've—nothing
at all :

Such, such is the life of a beau.

For nothing on Sundays at church they appear,
For they've nothing to hope, nor they've nothing
to fear ;
They can be nothing no where, who—nothing are
here :
Such, such is the life of a beau.

The Life of a Fool. A Song.

A FOOL enjoys the sweets of life,
Unwounded by its cares ;
His passions never are at strife ;
He hopes not, he, nor fears.

If Fortune smile, as smile she will,
Upon her booby brood,
The Fool anticipates no ill,
But reaps the present good.

Or should, thro' love of change, her wheels
Her favourite bantling cross,
The happy fool no anguish feels,
He weighs nor gain nor loss.

When knaves o'er-reach, and friends betray,
 Whilst men of sense run mad,
Fools, careless, whistle on—and say,
 'Tis silly to be sad.

Since free from sorrow, fear, and shame,
 A Fool thus fate defies,
The greatest folly I can name
 Is to be overwise.

WILLIAM BROOME.

Cheshire, 1745.

Pope's assistant in the translation of the *Odyssey*, for his share in which work he received five hundred pounds, and one hundred copies. A personal quarrel with him induced Pope to insert his name in the *Dunciad*, in this, as in other instances, prostituting the noble instrument of Virtue, Satire, to the gratification of private pique. In 1728, Broome took the degree of Doctor of Laws, at Cambridge; and when he died was Rector of Sturston, and Vicar of Oakley Magna and Rye, in Suffolk.

MELANCHOLY.

AN ODE,

Occasioned by the Death of a beloved Daughter, 1728.

ADIEU vain mirth, and noisy joys !
Ye gay desires, deluding toys !
Thou, thoughtful melancholy, deign
To hide me in thy pensive train !

If by the fall of murmuring floods,
Where awful shades embrown the woods,
Or if where winds in caverns groan,
Thou wanderest silent and alone ;

Come, blissful mourner, wisely sad,
In sorrow's garb, in sable, clad,
Henceforth thou Care my hours employ,
Sorrow, be thou henceforth my joy !

By tombs where sullen spirits stalk,
Familiar with the dead I walk ;
While to my sighs and groans by turns,
From graves the midnight echo mourns :

Open thy marble jaws, O tomb,
Though earth conceal me in thy womb !
And you, ye worms, this frame confound,
Ye brother reptiles of the ground !

O life, frail offspring of a day !
'Tis puff'd with one short gasp away !
Swift as the short-lived flower it flies,
It springs, it blooms, it fades, it dies.

With cries we usher in our birth,
With groans resign our transient breath :
While round, stern ministers of fate,
Pain, and disease, and sorrow wait.

While childhood reigns, the sportive boy
Learns only prettily to toy ;
And while he roves from play to play,
The wanton trifles life away.

When to the noon of life we rise,
The man grows elegant in vice ;
To glorious guilt in courts he climbs,
Vilely judicious in his crimes.

When youth and strength in age are lost,
Man seems already half a ghost ;
Withered and wan to earth he bows,
A walking hospital of woes.

O happiness, thou empty name !
Say, art thou bought by gold or fame ?
What art thou, gold, but shining earth ?
Thou, common fame, but common breath ?

If virtue contradict the voice
Of publick fame, applause is noise ;
Even victors are by conquest curst,
The bravest warrior is the worst.

Look round on all that man below
Idly calls great, and all is show !
All, to the coffin from our birth,
In this vast toy-shop of the earth.

Come then, thou friend of virtuous woe,
With solemn pace, demure, and slow :
Lo ! sad and serious, I pursue
Thy steps—adieu, vain world, adieu !

JOHN WHALEY.

1745.

From his collection of original Poems and Translations.

A Thought on Gaming.

To gild o'er avarice with a specious name,
To suffer torment while for sport you game,
Time to reverse, and order to defie,
To make your temper subject to a die,
To curse your fate for each unlucky throw,
Your reason, sense, and prudence to forego ;
To call each power infernal to your part,
To sit with anxious eyes, and aching heart,
Your fortune, time, and health to throw away,
Is what our modern men of taste call play.

A SONG.

SWEET Solitude, that e'en despair canst charm,
And of their force the sharpest ills disarm,

Oh ! ease a while the anguish I endure.
Ye zephyrs still more gently whispering blow,
Ye streams, with still a softer murmuring flow,
And try at least to sooth what nought can cure.

Ye nightingales, whose melancholy song,
Rolls on with pleasing sadness all night long,
Lend me your notes to tell what I endure.
Ye zephyrs still more gently whispering blow,
Ye streams, with still a softer murmuring flow,
And try at least to sooth what nought can cure.

And thou, cold maid, if the dull winds that bear
My dying sighs, convey them to thine ear,
Speaking the killing torments I endure ;
Oh ! say, tho' hopes of love from thee are vain,
Say, thou canst pity an expiring swain,
And sooth at least the wounds you will not cure.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Dublin, 1667, 1745.

Swift was born amid poverty and difficulties, seven months after the death of his father : under the protection of his uncle Godwin Swift, he was admitted a student of Trinity College Dublin, where, by his application to books of history and poetry, and neglect of academick studies, he lost his bachelor's degree, to which he was admitted at last *speciali gratiâ*. In 1688, he put himself under the protection of Sir William Temple, to whom his mother was related, and who became much attached to him, and introduced him to King William, who on the death of Sir William treated him with neglect. Swift was henceforward disappointed in various ways, and to that circumstance may be attributed the singularity of his temper. In 1713, he was made Dean of St. Patrick's, and though on first taking possession of his stall he received many mortifications, he continued to support his rank with elegance and decorum ; his household being under the management of a person whose extraordinary history is interwoven with that of his own life, and whom he celebrates under the name of Stella. Her charms both of person and mind were extraordinary ; but though after sixteen years of attachment, during which every sacrifice except that of virtue was made by the lady,

when he married her they continued to live separately. After her death the austerity of his temper increased, and frequent returns of a periodical illness undermined his health and faculties: for one whole year he continued in a state of silent idiotcy, and not more than two or three times afterwards, at different intervals, ever shewed any consciousness of impression from external objects. His political works are perspicuous, manly, and simple; as addresses to the people, his letters from the *DRAPER* are models. His poetry was written only for the entertainment of himself or his friends.

BAUCIS and PHILEMON,

Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,

Disguised in tattered habits, went
To a small village down in Kent ;
Where in the stroller's canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Try'd every tone might pity win ;
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wandering saints in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village pass'd,
To a small cottage came at last ;
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Called in the neighbourhood Philemon,
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night ;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire ;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fry'd ;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round ;
Yet (what is wonderful !) they found

'Twas still replenished to the top,
As if they had not touched a drop:
The good old couple were amazed,
And often on each other gazed ;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry,—What art !
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errand ;
Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints, the hermits said ;
No hurt shall come to you or yours :
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd ;
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes.

They scarce had spoke ; when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft ;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter ;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.
The chimney widened and grown higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fastened to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination far below :
In vain ; for a superior force
Apply'd at bottom stops its course ;
Doomed ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increased by new intestine wheels ;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower ;
The flyer, though it had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick you scarce cou'd see't ;
But slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's side :
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone ;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adhered ;
And still its love to household cares
By a shrill voice at noon declares.

Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast meat, which it cannot turn,
The groaning chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail along the wall;
There stuck aloft in publick view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance changed,
Were now but leathern buckets ranged.
The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improved in picture, size, and letter;
And, high in order placed, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.
A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

The cottage by such feats as these
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desired their host
To ask for what he fancy'd most.
Philemon, having paused awhile,
Return'd 'em thanks in homely style :
Then said, my house is grown so fine,
Methinks, I still wou'd call it mine :
I'm old, and fain wou'd live at ease ;
Make me the parson, if you please.

He spoke ; and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels ;
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve ;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assumed a sable hue ;
But, being old, continued just
As threadbare and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tythes and dues :
He smoked his pipe and read the news ;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text ;
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart ;

Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrowed last;
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for right divine;
Found his head fill'd with many a system:
But classick authors,—he ne'er mist 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of home spun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edg'd with colberteen;
Her petticoat, transform'd a-pace,
Became black satin flounced with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down;
'Twas Madam, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprize,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amazed to see her look so prim;
And she admired as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were several years this man and wife;
When on a day, which proved their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance amidst their talk
To the church-yard to take a walk;

When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
My dear, I see your forehead sprout !
Sprout ! quoth the man ; what's this you tell us ?
I hope you don't believe me jealous :
But yet methinks, I feel it true ;
And really yours is budding too—
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot ;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.
Description would but tire my muse ;
In short they both were turned to yews.

Old goodman Dobson of the green,
Remembers, he the trees has seen ;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to shew the sight ;
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there ;
Points out the place of either yew ;
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew :
Till once a parson of our town
To mend his barn cut Baucis down ;
At which 'tis hard to be believed
How much the other tree was grieved,
Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted ;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

Mary the Cook-maid's Letter, to Dr. Sheridan,

Written in the year 1723.

WELL, if ever I saw such another man since my
mother bound my head !

You a gentleman ! marry come up, I wonder where
you were bred.

I am sure such words do not become a man of
your cloth :

I would not give such language to a dog, faith and
troth.

Yes, you called my master a knave : fie, Mr.
Sheridan ! 'tis a shame

For a parson, who should know better things, to
come out with such a name :

Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan ; 'tis both a
shame and a sin ;

And the dean my master is an honestest man than
you and all your kin :

He has more goodness in his little finger, than you
have in your whole body :

My master is a personable man, and not a spindle-
shanked hoddody-doddy.

And now, whereby I find you would fain make an
excuse

Because my master one day in anger call'd you
goose ;

Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four
years since October,

And he never call'd me worse than sweet-heart,
drunk or sober :

Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd
to my knowledge,

Though you and your come-rogues keep him out
so late in your wicked college.

You say you will eat grass on his grave : a christian
eat grass !

Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose
or an ass :

But that's as much as to say, that my master should
die before ye ;

Well, well, that's as God pleases ; and I don't be-
lieve that's a true story :

And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my
master ; what care I ?

And I don't care who knows it ; 'tis all one to
Mary.

Every body knows, that I love to tell the truth and
shame the devil,

I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks
should be civil.

Besides, you found fault with our vittles one day
that you was here;

I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the
year.

And Saunders the man says, you are always jest-
ing and mocking:

Mary, said he (one day, as I was mending my
master's stocking)

My master is so fond of that minister that keeps
the school—

I thought my master a wise man, but that man
makes him a fool.

Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of
ale

He would come into our kitchen, and I would
pin a dish-clout to his tail.

And now I must go and get Saunders to direct
this letter;

For I write but a sad scrawl; but my sister Marget
she writes better.

Well, but I must run and make the bed, before
my master comes from prayers;

And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming
up stairs:

Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I
could write written hand :
And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to
command.

MARY.

A Description of the Morning. 1709.

Now hardly here and there an hackney coach
Appearing, show'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own ;
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had wogn the
place.
The small-coal-man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep.
Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet ;
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half
the street.

The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees :
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

A Description of a City Shower.

CAREFUL observers may foretel the hour
(By sure prognosticks) when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolicks, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dirt;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage,
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope:

Such is that sprinkling which some careless queen
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean :
You fly, invoke the gods ; then, turning, stop
To rail ; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life ;
And wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was
dust.

Ah ! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade ?
Sole coat ! where dust cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain !

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar spruce, while every spout's abroad,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.

Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roofs by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds ; he trembles from within.
So when Troy's chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quaked for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sail'd from by their sight and smell.
They as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St.'Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the Conduit prone to Holborn-bridge.
Sweepings from butcher's stalls, dung, guts, and
blood.

Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in
mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down
the flood.

A Love Song.

Apud in is almi des ire,
Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re ;
Alo veri findit a gestis,
His mi seri ne ver at restis.

Epigram on Dic.

Dic heris agro at an da quarto finale,
Fora ringat ure nos, an da stringat ure tale.

MARY CHANDLER.

Malmsbury, 1687, 1745.

My Own Epitaph.

HERE lies a true maid, deformed and old,
 That she never was handsome, ne'er needed be told :
 Tho' she ne'er had a lover, much friendship had met;
 And thought all mankind quite out of her debt.
 She ne'er could forgive, for she ne'er had resented ;
 As she had denied, so she never repented.
 She loved the whole species, but some had dis-
 tinguish'd ;
 But time, and much thought, had all passion ex-
 tinguish'd.
 Tho' not fond of her station, content with her lot ;
 A favour received she had never forgot.
 She rejoiced in the good that her neighbour pos-
 sess'd ;
 And piety, purity, truth she profess'd.
 She lived in much peace, but ne'er courted pleasure ;
 Her book, and her pen, had her moments of leisure.

Pleased with life, fond of health, yet fearless of
death ;
Believing she lost not her soul with her breath.

To Mrs. MOORE.

A Poem on Friendship. Written in 1729.

FRIENDSHIP! the heavenly theme I sing ;
Source of the truest joy !
From sense such pleasures never spring,
Still new, that never cloy.

'Tis sacred Friendship gilds our days,
And smooths life's ruffled stream :
Uniting joys will joys increase,
And, sharing, lessen pain.

'Tis pure as the ethereal flame,
That light the lamps above ;
Pure, as the infant's thought from blame ;
Or, as his mother's love.

From kind benevolence it flows,
And rises on esteem.

'Tis false pretence, that interest shows,
And fleeting as a dream.

The wretch, to sense and self confined,
Knows not the dear delight;
For generous Friendship wings the mind,
To reach an angel's height.

Amidst the crowd each kindred mind
True worth superior spies;
Tho' hid the modest veil behind,
From less discerning eyes.

From whose discourse instruction flows;
But satire dares not wound:
Their guiltless voice no flattery knows,
But scorns delusive sound.

While truth divine inspires each tongue,
The soul bright knowledge gains:
Such ADAM ask'd, and GABRIEL sung,
In heavenly MILTON's strains.

Such the companions of your hours,
And such your loved employ;
Who would indulge your noblest powers,
But know no guilty joy.

And thus, as swift-wing'd time brings on
Death, nearer to our view ;
Tuned to sweet harmony our souls,
We take a short adieu ;

Till the last trump's delightful sound
Shall wake our sleeping clay :
Then swift, to find our fellow-souls,
Lightly we haste away.

My Wish.

WOULD heaven indulgent grant my wish,
For future life, it should be this :
Health, peace, and friendship I would share ;
A mind from business free, and care ;
A soil that's dry in temperate air ;
A fortune from incumbrance clear,
About a hundred pounds a year ;
A house not small, built warm and neat,
Above a hut, below a seat ;
With groups of trees beset around,
In prospect of the lower ground,

Beneath the summit of a hill,
From whence the gushing waters trill,
In various streams, that winding flow
To aid a river just below ;
At a small distance from a wood,
And near some neighbours wise and good ;
There would I spend my remnant days,
Review my life, and mend my ways.
I'd be some honest farmer's guest,
That with a cleanly wife is blest :
A friendly Clerick should be near,
Whose flock and office were his care :
My thoughts my own, my time I'd spend
In writing to some faithful friend :
Or on a bank, by purling brook,
Delight me with some useful book,
Some sage, or bard, as fancy led ;
Then ruminate on what I'd read.
Some moral thoughts should be my theme ;
Or verdant field, or gliding stream ;
Or flocks, or herds, that shepherds love ;
The shepherds would my song approve.
No flattery base, nor baser spite,
Not one loose thought my Muse should write ;
Nor vainly try unequal flight.
Great GEORGE's name let poets sing,
That rise on a sublimer wing :

I'd keep my passions quite serene,
My person and apartment clean,
My dress not slovenly, but mean.
Some money still I'd keep in store,
That I might have to give the poor :
To help a neighbour in distress,
I'd save from pleasure, food and dress :
I'd feed on herbs, the limpid spring
Should be my helicon—I'd sing,
And be much happier than a King :
Thus calmly see my sun decline ;
My life and manners thus refine ;
And acting in my narrow sphere,
In chearful hope, without one care,
I'd quit the world, nor wish a tear

THOMAS WARTON.

Godalmin, Surry, 1687—1745.

Thomas Warton, the elder, was of Magdalen College, Oxford, Vicar of Basingstoke and Cobham, and twice chosen Poetry Professor. A volume of his poems was published after his death, by Joseph his eldest son. It includes a few Pieces in blank verse, written in a very good style of dignity and ease. His two sons have made the name celebrated, and the power of versifying has descended to the third generation.

The following Ode, by a Lady, on the death of this Poet, has a tenderness and delicacy in it which could only be derived from the pen of a female, and is believed to be the production of his daughter.

ACCEPT, O sacred shade, this artless verse,
 And kindly, O ye mourning friends, forbear,
 To tear disdaining from his decent herse,
 All I can give except the tender tear ?
 He must not lie in his cold grave, among
 Poor shrieking ghosts, unpraised, unwept, unsung.

Ah ! where was I when fiercely-frowning Death,
 With brandish'd dart stood at still midnight nigh,
 Why came I not to catch thy dying breath,
 And close with trembling hand thy languid eye ?
 And on my sad breast lay thy drooping head,
 And bathe with tears thy hand so cold and dead ?

Thee do I view in yonder flying cloud ?
 Or do I hear thee in the hollow wind ?
 Or dost thou still sleep in thy sable shroud,
 Where the dread judgment-trumpet thee shall find ?
 O till that day, ye pitying angels come,
 Shield with your wings, and sing around his tomb.

But if advanced to Heaven's empyreal height,
 Above with glorious martyr'd saints to live,
 'Midst heavenly hymns, and harps, and visions bright,
 And all the joys a smiling God can give ;
 O be my watchful guardian angel still,
 Save me from slavish vice, from folly, and from ill.

J. W.

Mammon's Plea. A Tale.

MANY seeming weak acts by contrivance are done,
 Thus at first the field's left that the day may be
 won.

Old Turenne, to disorder the foe would turn tail,
 Make a feint, suffer loss, face about, and prevail.
 So Hermes at chess (says a prelate of fame)
 Thought the losing a man would be getting a game.

But to come to the point. Old parables tell
 A remarkable instance that happen'd in Hell :
 Grim Satan one night used his spirits like slaves,
 On pretence that in England they served him by
 halves :

“ Where's Mammon ? I order you out from the
 “ rest ;

“ Go, tempt and secure old Sir John of the West :

“ You have known better things than beguiling in
 “ vain,

“ So without him ne'er think of returning again.”

Well, away went the Fiend, and nine days he was
 gone,

Then came back to his master,—but not with
 Sir John :

Satan, mad as he was but to think himself sham'd,
 Roar'd, redden'd, spoke broken, shook, sweated,
 and damn'd :

Poor Mammon stood up to be heard in his place,
 And thus in plain terms represented the case :

- " Let it never be said that you'll hear but one side,
" Crimes suspected are crimes till the criminal's
" try'd ;
" I have stay'd, and have let your knight go ; but
" the fact is,
" A Parson secured both his faith and his practice :
" Yet the interest of all our good friends here
" below
" Is as well carry'd on, as the sequel may shew :
" When Sir John would not yield, his attention to
" draw,
" I appear'd like an honest attorney at law ;
" Then I multiply'd visits the more he grew ill,
" Till In Nomine Domini I made his will.
" It was now the right time my whole scheme to
" perform,
" So thus I address my testator in form :
- " Forasmuch as your lands are in charity given,
" To remain so while you are rewarded in heaven,
" Be this your chief care, that the poor be ne'er
" cheated,
" Lord by how many ways good designs are
" defeated !
" 'Tis a comfort to me in this reprobate age,
" To see piety thus your affection engage !

- “ Now Sir John, I act always you know un-
 “ disguised,
 “ Only beg you in matters of law be advised ;
 “ The conveyance is all—gifts are lost by degrees,
 “ Where the donors devise their estates to fe'ffees ;
 “ Single men may forget their own deaths to
 “ supply,
 “ But a legal town-corporate never can die ;
 “ Corporations are guardians, trustees, and di-
 “ rectors,
 “ Of funds, and of schools, and alms-houses, and
 “ lectures :
 “ Now whereas you have specify'd these in your
 “ will,
 “ Are not large bodies best, large designs to fulfil ?
 “ Should not men of authority manage your lands ?
 “ 'Tis a credit to leave one's affairs in such hands ;
 “ Let your gifts be on magistrates settled in
 “ trust ;
 “ Those that punish injustice can ne'er be unjust :
 “ Their own shops will be all magazines for your
 “ poor,
 “ Trade and charity both may be further'd the
 “ more.
 “ Chuse a town then whose justices yearly are sworn,
 “ What d'ye think of the place where your honour
 “ was born ?

"He approved, sign'd, and dy'd."—Here the
monarch of Hell
Grinn'd a ghastly broad smile, and swore—" 'Tis
"all well—
"For instead of one knight, to our share now
"will fall,
"Mayor, aldermen, burghesses, town-clerk, and
"all."

Retirement. An Ode.

ON beds of daisies idly laid,
The willow waving o'er my head,
Now morning on the bending stem,
Hangs the round, and glittering gem,
Lull'd by the lapse of yonder spring,
Of Nature's various charms I sing !
Ambition, pride, and pomps adieu !
For what has Joy to do with you ?

Joy, rose-lipt Dryad loves to dwell
In sunny field, or mossy cell,
Delights on echoing hills to hear
The reaper's song, or lowing steer ;
Or view with tenfold plenty spread
The crowded corn-field, blooming mead ;

While beauty, health, and innocence,
Transport the eye, the soul, the sense.

Not fresco'd roofs, not beds of state,
Not guards that round a monarch wait,
Not crowds of flatterers can scare
From loftiest courts intruding care :
'Midst odours, splendors, banquets, wine,
While minstrels sound, while tapers shine,
In sable stole sad care will come,
And darken the gay drawing-room.

Nymphs of the groves, in green array'd,
Conduct me to your thickest shade;
Deep in the bosom of the vale,
Where haunts the lonesome nightingale ;
Where Contemplation, maid divine,
Leans against some aged pine,
Wrapt in stedfast thought profound,
Her eyes fixt stedfast on the ground.

O Virtue's nurse ! retired queen,
By saints alone and hermits seen,
Beyond vain mortals' wishes wise,
Teach me St. James's to despise ;
For what are crowded courts, but schools
For fops, or hospitals for fools ?

Where slaves and madmen, young and old,
Meet to adore some calf in gold.

To a certain Voluminous Scribbler.

FORBEAR the publick to abuse,
With treatise after treatise ;
Remember how poor Blackmore's Muse
Dy'd of a diabetes.

An Invocation to a Water-Nymph.

FAIR pearl crown'd Nymph, whose gushing torrent
laves
This marble rock with hollow-tinkling waves ;
Who wont'st in secret solitude to dwell,
On coral beds beneath a Sapphire cell ;
Whose virgin-power can break the magick charm ;
Whose look the black Enchanter's hand disarm ;
Whom swains in neighb'ring vales to sing delight,
Kind guardian of their flocks from blasting sprite ;
Permit me, goddess, from thy silver lake,
With cooling draught my glowing thirst to slake !

So, when thou bathest, may no rude Satyr's eye,
From some deep brake thy naked beauties spy :
May no chill blast the ivied oak invade,
That o'er thy cavern waves his solemn shade.

Verses written after seeing Windsor Castle.

FROM beauteous Windsor's high and story'd halls,
Where Edward's chiefs start from the glowing
 walls,
To my low cot, from ivory beds of state,
Pleas'd I return unenvious of the great.
So the bee ranges o'er the vary'd scenes
Of corn, of heaths, of fallows, and of greens,
Pervades the thicket, soars above the hill,
Or murmurs to the meadows murmuring rill ;
Now haunts old hollow'd oaks, deserted cells,
Now seeks the low vale-lily's silver bells ;
Sips the warm fragrance of the greenhouse bowers,
And tastes the myrtle and the citron flowers ;
At length returning to the wonted comb,
Prefers to all his little straw-built home.

*An American Love-Ode. Taken from the second
Volume of Montaigne's Essays.*

STAY, stay, thou lovely, fearful snake,
Nor hide thee in yon darksome brake :
But let me oft thy charms review,
Thy glittering scales, and golden hue ;
From these a chaplet shall be wove,
To grace the youth I dearest love.

Then ages hence, when thou no more,
Shalt creep along 'the sunny shore,
Thy copy'd beauties shall be seen ;
Thy red and azure mix'd with green,
In mimic folds thou shalt display :—
Stay, lovely, fearful Adder stay.

WILLIAM MESTON;

Midmar, Aberdeenshire, about 1688—1745.

Meston was Professor of Philosophy, in the Marshal College at Aberdeen, under the patronage of the Marshal family. In 1715, they made him Governor of Dunotter Castle, for the Pretender. He escaped from the wreck of his party, and supported himself by tuition for several years, till his health failed him and he became dependant on the bounty of the Countess of Errol. He died just before the last and final defeat of the Jacobites.

His Poems have been often printed in Scotland; they will now perish with the family of the Stuarts.

A Holy Ode, from Mount Alexander.

WHEN we survey this mighty frame,
 With all its orbs around,
 Tho' still in motion, still the same,
 In space without a bound;
 The various seasons of the year,
 In beateous order fall;
 Which to our reason makes it clear,
 A God must govern all.

Yet do we find, to our disgrace;
Of miscreants profane
A crooked, perverse, stubborn race;
Who scoffingly maintain,
Because they prosper in their lust,
And Virtue's force defy,
That Heaven approves of the unjust,
Or there's no God on high.

Thus haughty man, in reason low,
Compar'd with the All-wise,
Presumes he can the secrets know,
Are hid from human eyes.
Could shallow man thy depths explore;
Thy God-head were but small,
Thy sovereign care need be no more,
And man might rule the ball.

But, oh ! the providential spring,
That's hid from human ken,
Extends to the minutest thing
That moves, as well as men.
Permitting, or commanding still,
In each thy power's exprest,
And all perform their good or ill,
As suits thy glory best.

Why, then, should troubles of mankind,
Which thou dost here bestow,
Exalt a sublunary mind,
Or yet depress it low ?
The wicked thou permit'st to reign,
And bloom but for a while ;
The righteous only drag their chain,
Till Heaven think fit to smile.

O ! sacred James, let not thy lot,
Tho' seemingly severe,
Make thee suspect thy cause forgot ;
Thy crosses nobly bear.
He, who thy heart has in his hand,
(Trust thou his sacred skill),
Has too the people's at command,
And turns them at his will.

But thou, who sit'st upon the throne
Of Stuart's ancient race,
Abandoning thy rightful own,
To fill another's place,
A crown's but a precarious thing,
Thy fate thou dost not see,
They who betray'd their native king,
Will ne'er be true to thee.

O ! great eternal source of love,
Extend thy gracious hand,
And hasten justice from above,
To this unhappy land..

O ! let our panting hearts have peace,
And innocence restore,
Then shall our senate act with grace,
Offending thee no more..

ROBERT LANGLEY.

Published, 1745.

This Author printed a few Poems in 1745 ; in the first lines of the Preface, he says, " I am not vain enough to imagine that this book can contain any thing new or instructive to so knowing and polite an age as this ; an age which has produced the finest Authors, and abounds with the best Judges."

In a collection which is meant to give the poetick character of the age, it is as necessary to exhibit the worst specimens as the best.

The Character of Amelia.

AMELIA's blest with ev'ry charm and art,
To seize, to keep, to live, in Strephon's heart :
Her unaffected air, her graceful mien ;
Her ev'ry beauty, he, alas ! has seen.
Th' unguarded youth at first but ardent gazed ;
His warming fancy seem'd but highly pleased :
But, ah ! too long that pleasure did exist ;
Soon admiration glowing, deep imprest

The smiling image,—then an am'rous flame
Burn'd in his breast, and ran thro' ev'ry vein.
Alternate now tumultuous passions roll,
And, like a torrent, sweeps his anxious soul.
Her dear idea lives in ev'ry scene ;
By day his vision, and by night his dream.
Now smiling Hope, with soothing charms bedight,
Alluring, promise joys of vast delight !
Then mad despair disturbs the rapturous dream,
And nought but horror rises in each scene.

Thy image all, my muse, inspir'd by you !
I'll mount Pegasus, trackless heights pursue.
Beauty, in all its splendour, will display
Enraptured ! in the softest flowing lay.
Amelia, thou genius of my song,
Come rear thy head above the female throng.

Not Venus rising beauteous from the flood,
When gazing Nereides round admiring stood,
Was half so charming. Smiling Cupids play
On ev'ry part, wound with resistless sway.
Her legs ! her arms ! her neck ! her swelling
breast !

So nicely form'd ! Perfection is confest.
A Phœbus brilliant in the orient skies,
So floods of radiance stream from her bright eyes.

The purple blush that does her cheeks adorn,
 Vies with the roses of a spring-tide morn.
 Her polish'd neck like Parian marble fair,
 And snowy breasts, a heaven of love declare,
 And that a god might feast and revel there !
 Her look majestick, but a softness meet,
 And mingling, shew her soul sublime and sweet !
 As tho' Dame Nature had design'd a piece,
 Without one foible !—her warbling voice
 Yields harmony,—celestial sound !
 Alone sufficient to transport and wound.
 So great her charms, no poem can present
 Her portrait : No, nor all the power of creative
 paint.



*On Mr. Pope, in imitation of his Epitaph on
 Sir Isaac Newton.*

Long had a Gothick gloom untuned the lyre :
 No strains harmonious, no celestial fire,
 Warm'd, swell'd the bosom ; rude discordant song,
 Alone, elated the poetick throng.

The source of beauty ! harmony ! and love !
 (Enthron'd amidst the radiant choirs above)

Smil'd on Britannia : " Said, let all powers
 Of rapt'rous Musick ! all its richest flowers,
 Grow in one mortal !" Lo, sublimest truth,
 In sounds seraphick echo'd round the earth !
 Transported mankind charm'd, explored with doubt !
 The glorious voice amazed, found it Pope !

*From " Philander's Soliloquy, after some painful
 Reflections."*

* * * * *

Let all that dull, insipid shoal,
 Whom Fortune's smiles has placed
 Above this ignominious state,
 Which is so low debased :

Let, let them wallow in their bane,
 My mind shall pleasures have ?
 Such as the affluence of wealth,
 With all her power, can't give.

My swelling soul shall climb the clouds !
 Shall ride the ambient air !
 And with extatic raptures view
 The scenes displayed there !

Shall soar the very topmost height
Of the ethereal sky,
Even to creation's utmost verge !
On rapid pinions fly !

Upon the dusky shore shall stand,
Of the profound expanse !
And see ten thousand gilded orbs
Round golden centers dance !

Shall travel through immensity,
Shall roam the void inane !
And view from far the distance lost
The whole material frame !

Shall range the wonderous vast machine.
Its various movements scan :
The curious chain of Being see,
Rise to immortal man.

Shall with a reverential awe,
Explore the mighty cause !
Of such stupendous entities,
Moved by amazing laws !

Shall through the cloud of seeming ills,
See love and beauty rise :
Avaunt ye reptiles !—impious fools,
Will ye correct the skies !

* * * * *

On John Locke, Esq.

THE intellectual world, or human mind,
Lay wrapt in gloom, bewildered and confined.
As thro' a mist the face of things appear'd ;
The mental eye was clouded and obscured.

The Æra comes which nature's mighty God
Had pre-ordain'd ! he gives his powerful word,
And Locke arises ! like the God of day ;
He beams his radiance ! drives the night away.
Soon nature's face a charming aspect wears !
Majestick truth in splendid garb appears !

THOMAS SOUTHERNE.

Dublin, 1660, 1746.

Early in life Southerne quitted the study of the law for the practice of which he was originally intended, and devoted himself to poetry, choosing the dramattick walk for the exercise of his muse, his first play of the *PERSIAN PRINCE, OR LOYAL BROTHER*, was written to compliment James the Second, then Duke of York: the Tory Interest then prevailing in England. Southern entered the army on the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth and rose to the rank of Captain in the King's service. For the Tragedy of the *SPARTAN DAME*, he received one hundred and fifty pounds from the bookseller, to the great astonishment and envy of all contemporary play-writers. The interests however of the Corps Dramatique have been wonderfully promoted by his example, the ingenious invention of a second and third night for the Author's benefit owes its birth to Southerne, and he informed Dryden with a mixture of shame and pride that he had cleared seven hundred pounds by one play. He possessed however, a secret which Dryden could not put in practice; for the attainment of these desirable ends, he could condescend to solicit patronage, and sold his tickets sometimes at high prices, to persons of distinction; a

perseverance in which conduct proved extremely advantageous to him, as he died in possession of a handsome fortune.—Of his five Comedies none are ever performed. The FATAL MARRIAGE still continues an ornament to the stage, the folly in the comick scenes being excluded; and one cannot but regret that Southerne should have sacrificed to the vicious taste of his times by mixing with the pathetick dignity of Oroonoko, the ribald buffoonery of the Widow Lackitt, and the Weldons.

Song in the Rambling Lady.

PURSUING beauty men descry
 The distant shoar and long to prove
 (Still richer in variety)
 The treasures of the land of love.

We women, like weak Indians, stand
 Inviting, from our golden coast,
 The wandering rovers to our land :
 But she, who trades with 'em, is lost.

With humble vows they first begin
 Stealing, unseen, unto the heart :
 But by possession settled in,
 They quickly act another part.

For beads, and baubles, we resign,
 In ignorance, our shining store;
 Discover nature's richest mine,
 And yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try,
 How he can court, or you be won:
 For love is but discovery
 When that is made, the pleasure's done.

Song in the Maid's last Prayer.

THOUGH you make no return to my passion,
 Still I presume to adore,
 'Tis in love but an odd reputation
 Faintly repulsed to give o'er:
 When you talk of your duty,
 I gaze on your beauty,
 Nor mind the dull maxim at all;
 Let it reign in Cheapside,
 With the citizen's bride,
 It will ne'er be received in Whitehall.

What apocryphal tales are you told?
 By one, who would make you believe,
 That, because of "to have and to hold"
 You still must be pinn'd to his sleeve:

'Tis apparent high treason
Against love and reason
Should one such a treasure engross ;
He that knows not the joys
That attend such a choice
Should resign to another who does.

ROBERT BLAIR.

Scotland, 1699, 1746.

Author of the *Grave*, a Poem written in the same spirit and style as the *Night Thoughts*, and popular for the same cause. An *Elegy upon Mr. William Law*, his wife's father is his only other performance; from this the specimen is extracted. It abounds with his characteristic faults, and with instances of grammatical absurdity peculiar to himself, *thou taught, thou reams, thou views, thou greets, &c.*

From "A Poem to the Memory of Mr. William Law, &c.

* * * * *

WHICH, from the crowded journal of thy fame,
Which of thy many titles shall I name?
For, like a gallant prince, that wins a crown,
By undisputed right before his own,

Variety thou hast : our only care
Is what to single out, and what forbear.

Though scrupulously just, yet not severe ;
Though cautious, open ; courteous, yet sincere ;
Though reverend, yet not magisterial ;
Though intimate with few, yet loved by all ;
Though deeply read, yet absolutely free
From all the stiffnesses of pedantry :
Though circumspectly good, yet never sour ;
Pleasant with innocence, and never more.
Religion worn by thee, attractive show'd,
And with its own unborrow'd beauty glow'd :
Unlike the bigot, from whose watery eyes
Ne'er sun-shine broke, nor smile was seen to rise ;
Whose sickly goodness lives upon grimace,
And pleads a merit from a blubber'd face.
Thou kept thy raiment for the needy poor
And taught the fatherless to know thy door ;
From griping hunger set the needy free ;
That they were needy was enough to thee.

Thy fame to please, whilst others restless be,
Fame laid her shyness by, and courted thee ;
And though thou bade the flatt'ring thing give o'er,
Yet in return, she only woo'd thee more.

How sweet thy accents ! and how mild thy look !
What smiling mirth was heard in all thou spoke !
Manhood and grizzled age were fond of thee,
And youth itself sought thy society.
The aged thou taught, descended to the young,
Clear'd up th' irresolute, confirm'd the strong ;
To the perplex'd thy friendly counsel lent,
And gently lifted up the diffident :
Sigh'd with the sorrowful, and bore a part
In all the anguish of a bleeding heart :
Reclaim'd the headstrong, and with sacred skill,
Committed hallow'd rapes upon the will :
Soothed our affections, and, with their delight,
To gain our actions, bribed our appetite.

Now who shall, with a greatness like thy own,
Thy pulpit dignify, and grace thy gown ?
Who with pathetick energy like thine,
The head enlighten, and the heart refine !
Learn'd were thy lectures, noble the design,
The language Roman and the action fine ;
The heads well ranged, the inferences clear,
And strong and solid thy deductions were :
Thou mark'd the bound'ries out 'twixt right and
wrong,
And shew'd the land marks as thou went along.

Plain were thy reasonings, or if perplex,
Thy life was the best comment on thy text;
For if in darker points we were deceived,
'Twas only but observing how thou lived.

* * * * *

MARY LEAPOR.

Marston, St. Laurence, Northamptonshire, 1722—1746.

The father of this extraordinary young woman, was gardener to Judge Blencowe. Her education was suitable to the poverty of her origin; she was merely taught to read and write. At first her parents encouraged her propensity to poetry; but afterwards fearful that it might be prejudicial to her well doing in the world, they endeavoured by every means to prevent her future indulging it. Her perseverance conquered. Her life was however very short, and her talents not known till she could reap no benefit from fame. Two volumes of her Poems were printed, 1748 and 1751.

The Crucifixion and Resurrection.

AN ODE.

WHAT means the reeling earth? O why
 These wonders in the dreadful sky?
 The frighted sun withdraws its beams,
 Deep groans are heard and doleful screams.
 O say, what this convulsion means:
 Afflicted Nature with a shriek replies,
 A God expires, a mighty Saviour dies.

The conscious stars their rays deny,
The moon receives a crimson dye.
The temple conscious of its fall,
Now shakes its emblematick wall.
The ocean stagnates, and the mountains bow,
And angels weep that never wept till now.

Still tremble, earth, and still, O sky,
Thy ever-cheering lamps deny :
Amazed still let the ocean stand,
But what remains for guilty man ?
What groans ? what sorrows are for him decreed !
For man whose crimes have made Perfection bleed !

But see, O see, the sun returns !
No more afflicted Nature mourns !
The stars their vacant orbs regain !
And the moon sheds a silver beam !
While heavenly voices warble in the skies,
“ Behold your Saviour from his tomb arise !”

While saints attend the blessed morn,
He rose :—The God in human form,
A form not made of vulgar clay :
Which, tho’ it slept, could not decay !
Hail, mortals ; hail (transported Seraphs cry)
Redeem’d, and favour’d by the God most high.

Heaven let joys eternal flow,
And mercy in the worlds below ;
The penitent shall peace obtain,
And not a tear shall fall in vain.
Join, ye worlds, in one glad chorus sing,
To Messiah, and th' Almighty King.

The Beauties of the Spring.

Happy shades, and hail thou chearful plain,
Where peace and pleasure unmolested reign ;
Where dewy buds their blushing bosoms show,
Where cool rivers murmur as they flow :
Where flow crowfoots deck the gaudy hills,
Where the faint primrose loves the purling rills :
Where busy bees their labours now renew,
Where round the blossoms, and extract their dew :
Where in new liveries the green woods appear,
Where smiling Nature decks the infant year ;
Where on proud elm that shines in borrow'd charms,
Where the curl'd woodbines deck her aged arms.

Where the streak'd east receives a lighter gray,
Where the birds prepare to meet the early day ;
Where through the glad bowers the shrill anthems run,
Where the groves glitter to the rising sun !

Then Phillis hastens to her darling cow,
Whose shining tresses wanton on her brow,
While to her cheek enliv'ning colours fly,
And health and pleasure sparkle in her eye.
Unspoil'd by riches, nor with knowledge vain,
Contented Cymon whistles o'er the plain ;
His flock dismisses from their nightly fold,
Observes their health, and sees their number told.
Pleased with its being, see the nimble fawn
Sports in the grove, or wantons o'er the lawn,
While the pleased coursers frolick out the day,
And the dull ox affects unwieldy play.

Then haste, my friend, to yonder sylvan bowers,
Where peace and silence crown the blissful hours ;
In those still groves no martial clamours sound,
No streaming purple stains the guiltless ground ;
But fairer scenes our ravish'd eyes employ,
Give a soft pleasure and a quiet joy ;
Grief flies from hence, and wasting cares subside,
While wing'd with mirth the laughing minutes
glide.

See, my fair friend, the painted shrubs are gay ;
And round thy head ambrosial odours play ;
At sight of thee the swelling buds expand,
And op'ning roses seems to court thy hand ;

Hark, the shrill linnet charms the distant plain,
And Philomel replies with softer strain ;
See those bright lilies shine with milky hue,
And those fair cowslips drop with balmy dew ;
To thee, my fair, the chearful linnet sings,
And Philomela warbles o'er the springs ;
For thee those lilies paint the fertile ground,
And those fair cowslips are with nectar crown'd ;
Here let us rest to shun the scorching ray,
While curling zephyrs in the branches play.
In these calm shades no ghastly woe appears,
No cries of wretches stun our frightened ears ;
Here no gloss'd hate, no sainted wolves are seen,
Nor busy faces throng the peaceful green ;
But fear and sorrow leave the careful breast,
And the glad soul sinks happily to rest.

ISAAC WATTS.

Southampton, July 17, 1674. Nov. 25, 1748.

A man of learning, of piety, and of genius. In his latter days he changed his sentiments concerning the Trinity. It is said of Johnson, I know not on what authority, that when a Lady in dispute with him upon the subject, observed that Dr. Watts opened his eyes when he died,—did he Madam? he answered,—then the first thing he saw was the Devil. The reply is to be imputed more to his wit than his intolerance.

Watts was included in the first edition of the Dunciad for his version of the Psalms. As Pope professed to satirize none but those who attacked him, Watts observed to Richardson the painter, that he had given no provocation, and his name was accordingly omitted.

Some absurdities and many beauties might be collected from his Poems. He has the rare merit of being seldom dull; and except where he has purposely stooped to the capacity of children for the best and most praiseworthy motives, he usually displays a skilful ear and an active fancy, a mind well-stored with knowledge, and a heart full of piety and goodness.

*The Day of Judgment.**AN ODE.*

WHEN the fierce North wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury ;
And the red lightning with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down.
How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble !
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them.
Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like these earthly)
Such the dire terror when the great Archangel
Shakes the creation ;
Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes.
See the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around them !
Hark the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches !
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
Stare through their eye-lids, while the living worm
lies
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,

And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance

Rolling afore him.

Hopeless immortals ! how they scream and shiver
While devils push them to the pit wide-yawning
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong

Down to the centre.

Stop here, my fancy : (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas !) come, arise to Jesus,
How he sits God-like ! and the saints around him

Throned, yet adoring !

O may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations ! then ascend to glory,
While our Hosannas all along the passage

Shout the Redeemer.



To Dr. Thomas Gibson.

The Life of Souls, 1704.

SWIFT as the sun revolves the day

We hasten to the dead,

Slaves to the wind we puff away,

And to the ground we tread.

'Tis air that lends us life, when first
 The vital bellows heave :
 Our flesh we borrow of the dust ;
 And when a mother's care has nursed
 The babe to manly size, we must
 With weary pay the grave.
 Rich juleps drawn from precious ore
 Still tend the dying flame ;
 And plants and roots, of barbarous name,
 Torn from the Indian shore.
 Thus we support our tottering flesh,
 Our cheeks resume the rose afresh.
 When bark and steel play well their game
 To save our sinking breath,
 And Gibson with his awful power,
 Rescues the poor precarious hour
 From the demands of Death.
 But art and nature, powers and charms,
 And drugs, and recipes, and forms,
 Yield us, at last, to greedy worms
 A despicable prey ;
 I'd have a life to call my own,
 That shall depend on heaven alone ;
 Nor air, nor earth, nor sea
 Mix their base essences with mine,
 Nor claim dominion so divine
 To give me leave to be.

Sure there's a mind that reigns
O'er the dull current of my veins ;
I feel the inward pulse beat high
With vigorous immortality.
Let earth resume the flesh it gave,
And breath dissolve amongst the winds ;
Gibson, the things that fear a grave,
That I can lose, or you can save,
Are not akin to minds.
We claim acquaintance with the skies,
Upward our spirits hourly rise,
And these our thoughts employ :
When Heaven shall sign our grand release,
We are no strangers to the place,
The business, or the joy.

False Greatness.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the West
Meet and conspire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Why reason can't descend so low.

Let a broad stream with golden sands
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.
He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And proudly poising what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore.
He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
When Cræsus mounts his throne,
And both stand up, and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown.
Alas ! how vain their fancies be
To think that shape their own !

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
Cræsus himself can never know ;
His true dimensions, and his weight
Are far inferior to their show.
Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul :
The mind's the standard of the man.

The Ant, or Emmet.

THESE Emmets, how little they are in our eyes !
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies
Without our regard or concern :
Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores :
They manage their work in such regular forms
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and
the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time.
When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all my prime !

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are
in bloom,
Let me think what will serve me when sickness
shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiven.

Let me read in good books, and believe and obey,
That when Death turns me out of this cottage of
clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

A Summer Evening.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the
sun,
How lively and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain !
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian : His course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his
sins,
And melts into tears : Then he breaks out and
shines,
And travels his heavenly way :
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days
Of rising in brighter array.

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

Blandford, 1699—1748.

The translator of the *Æneid*, he completed a version of Lucan while a school boy at Winchester.

It may be amusing to readers who have leisure, to compare the work of Dryden with that of Pitt, but they will do well to take the comparison which Dr. Johnson has already made along with them.

Pitt was distinguished in his youth by the friendship of several eminent literary characters, who could also estimate his worth as a man. On his tombstone we are told that he lived innocent and died beloved. He was Rector of Pimperm near Blandford in Dorsetshire.

Ode to John Pitt Esq,

*Advising him to build a Banqueting house on a hill
that overlooks the Sea.*

O’ER curious models as you rove
The vales with piles to crown,
And great Palladio’s plans improve
With nobler of your own ;

O bid a structure o'er the floods
From this high mountain rise,
Where we may sit enthroned like gods,
And revel in the skies.

The ascending breeze, at each repast,
Shall breathe an air divine,
Give a new brightness to the taste,
New spirit to the wine.

Or these low pleasures we may quit
For banquets more refined,
The works of each immortal wit,
The luxury of the mind.

Plato, or Boyle's or Newton's page
Our towering thoughts shall raise,
Or Homer's fire, or Pindar's rage,
Or Virgil's lofty lays.

Or with amusive thoughts the sea
Shall entertain the mind,
While we the rolling scene survey,
An emblem of mankind.

While like sworn foes, successive all,
The furious surges run,

To urge their predecessor's fall,
Though followed by their own.

Where, like our moderns so profound,
Engaged in dark dispute,
The skuttles cast their ink around
To puzzle the dispute.

Where sharks, like shrew'd directors thrive,
Like lawyers, rob at will;
Where flying fish, like trimmers live,
Like soldiers, sword fish kill.

Where on the less the greater feed,
The tyrants of an hour,
Till the huge royal whale succeed,
And all at once devour.

Thus in the mortal world we now
Too truly understand,
Each monster of the sea below
Is match'd by one at land.

JAMES THOMSON.

Ednam, near Kelso, Roxburghshire. Sept. 11, 1700,
1748.

The Seasons, and still more the Castle of Indolence, entitle Thomson to be ranked among the good English Poets: nor should it be forgotten that the song of Rule Britannia is his, a song which will be the political hymn of this country as long as she maintains her political power.

So egregiously lazy was Thomson that he has been seen standing at a peach tree, with both hands in his pockets, eating the fruit as it grew. And once being discovered in bed at a very late hour in the day, when he was asked why he did not rise, his answer was "troth mon I hae nae motive." It is recorded to the honour of Quin, the Actor, that when Thomson was in great distress he visited him, and told him he was in his debt. Thomson, who did not suppose that any man could owe him a single farthing, answered with the jealousy of misfortune somewhat peevishly, as if he thought the assertion was meant to deride him. Quin answered "Sir I am one of many who are in your debt for the pleasure which your Poem of the Seasons has afforded us, and you will give me leave to discharge my portion of it now that there is a fit opportunity;" and so saying presented him with a note for a hundred pounds.

Ode on Æolus's Harp.

ETHEREAL race, inhabitants of air,
Who hymn your God amid the secret grove;
Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,
And raise majestick strains, or melt in love.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid!
With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
Who dy'd of love, these sweet complainings part.

But hark! that strain was of a graver tone,
On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;
Or he the sacred bard, who sat alone,
In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
When by Euphrates' stream they made their
 plaint,
And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
Angelick harps, to soothe a dying saint.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir,
Through heaven's high dome their awful anthems
raise ;

Now chaunting clear, and now they all conspire
To swell the lofty hymn, from praise to praise.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,
Who, as wild fancy prompts you touch the string,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For till you cease, my muse forgets to sing.

Hymn on Solitude.

HAIL, mildly pleasing solitude,
Companion of the wise and good,
But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh ! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.

Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem ;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky ;
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face :
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Harford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rivall'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat :
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landskip swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage, and swain,

Plain innocence in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head :
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine :
About thee sports sweet liberty;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell !
And in thy deep recesses dwell ;
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain ;
Then shield me in the woods again.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

1671—1749.

The praise of the Guardian and the satire of Pope, has made Ambrose Philips remembered when his Poems are neglected. Pope, in whom contempt seems always to have been mingled with envy, accuses him of poverty in a couplet wherein a falsehood is told in bad English: but whatever inconvenience he may have suffered from narrow circumstances in early life, he obtained affluence by honourable means, and lived to a good old age to enjoy it. His Pastorals, if the reader can so far lay aside all common sense as to forget the inherent absurdity of Pastorals, deserve much of the commendation which they once received. His Namby-Pamby Pieces are in a style of his own invention, and the silliness of the style may be excused to the silliness of the subject. At least half his book, says Johnson, deserves to be read. Few of our minor poets have obtained so favourable a sentence.

To the Earl of Dorset.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which Northern winds forbid to
flow,

What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing ?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse to invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships unmoved, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
And spouts his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain :
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, even here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,

At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsully'd froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes :
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow :
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes
 yield,
Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise :
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering
 pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frightened birds, the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.

When if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies,
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends :
Or if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintery charm,

The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees :
Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious
 meads,

While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabricks there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magick paths pursue,
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

To the Honourable Miss Carteret.

Bloom of beauty, early flower
Of the blissful bridal bower,
Thou, thy parents' pride and care,
Fairest offspring of the fair,
Lovely pledge of mutual love,
Angel seeming from above,
Was it not thou day by day
Dost thy very sex betray,

Female more and more appear,
Female, more than angel dear,
How to speak thy face and mien,
(Soon too dangerous to be seen)
How shall I, or shall the Muse,
Language of resemblance choose?
Language like thy mien and face,
Full of sweetness full of grace!

By the next returning spring,
When again the linnets sing,
When again the lambkins play,
Pretty sportlings full of May,
When the meadows next are seen,
Sweet enamel! white and green,
And the year in fresh attire,
Welcomes every gay desire,
Blooming on shalt thou appear
More inviting than the year,
Fairer sight than orchard shows,
Which beside a river blows:
Yet, another spring I see,
And a brighter bloom in thee:
And another round of time,
Circling, still improves thy prime:
And, beneath the vernal skies,
Yet a verdure more shall rise,

Ere thy beauties, kindling slow,
In each finish'd feature glow,
Ere, in smiles and in disdain,
Thou exert'st thy maiden reign,
Absolute, to save or kill,
Fond beholders, at thy will,
Then the taper-moulded waist
With a span of ribbon braced,
And the swell of either breast,
And the wide high-vaulted chest,
And the neck so white and round,
Little neck with brilliants bound.
And the store of charms which shine
Above, in lineaments divine,
Crowded in a narrow space
To complete the desperate face,
These alluring powers and more,
Shall enamour'd youths adore ;
These, and more, in courtly lays,
Many an aching heart shall praise.

Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men,
Who, in courtship greatly sped,
Wins the damsel to his bed,

Bears the virgin-prize away,
Counting life one nuptial day :
For the dark-brown dusk of hair,
Shadowing thick thy forehead fair,
Down the veiny temples growing,
O'er the sloping shoulders flowing.
And the smoothly pencil'd brow,
Mild to him in every vow,
And the fringed lid below,
Thin as thinnest blossoms blow,
And the hazely lucid eye,
Whence heart-winning glances fly,
And that cheek of health, o'erspread
With soft blended white and red,
And the witching smiles which break
Round those lips, which sweetly speak,
And thy gentleness of mind,
Gentle from a gentle kind,
These endowments, heavenly dower !
Brought him in the promised hour,
Shall for ever bind him to thee,
Shall renew him still to woo thee.

CATHERINE COCKBURNE.

1679—1749.

A good woman, who enjoyed great reputation for writing dull metaphysical treatises.

A Poem, occasioned by the busts set up in the Queen's Hermitage; designed to be presented with a book in vindication of Mr. Locke, which was to have been inscribed to her Majesty.

OF Albion's splendid court unmoved I hear,
 Grandeur and pomp at distance can revere,
 Content, nor wish the dazzling scene were near.
 In glories more refined my thoughts delight,
 Chief the famed hermitage would charm my sight.
 Delicious Richmond! were thy prospect mine,
 With rapture I should view great Caroline,
 Where, in her native lustre, most she'll shine;
 There her superior soul itself displays,
 That Locke and Newton could design to raise.
 Rich in themselves she knew the solid ore,
 And gave the royal stamp to dignify it more.

Yet each new honour, added to their name,
Shall back reflect on her's a brighter fame.
Great Caroline shall gloriously resound,
Whilst Clarke, and Locke, and Newton, are re-
nown'd.

But not for such illustrious names alone,
Has that choice seat her care of merit shewn :
Shared by the most obscure, who greatly aim
Struggling thro' all impediments to fame,
A daring bard she views, tho' deep distress'd,
By art unaided, and by want depress'd,
Whilst toils the day, and cares the night molest;
Yet snatching moments from those cares and
toils,

To court the Muse, transported with her smiles :
The bounteous Queen, with th' unwonted sight,
To aid th' aspiring genius in his flight,
From all incumbrances to disengage,
Seats him at ease near her loved Hermitage.

Thrice happy Thresher ! now exert thy force,
Whilst all incitements join to urge thy course.
Sweet are thy labours there, thy toils refined,
With arts to cultivate the fallow mind.
The venerable busts, that honour'd stand,
Placed by thy royal patroness's hand,

Instruct thee in her taste, and bid thee raise
To subjects worthy her thy future lays :
By them stupendous truths thou may'st be taught,
Thy maker's awful works excite thy thought,
His wisdom in their structure to rehearse,
And deep philosophy inform thy verse.

O! would the mighty Queen once more descend
The low to raise, the fearful to defend ;
Whom yet nor fears, nor malice, could avert
From daring injured merit to assert ;
Tho' not the flail and sickle could retard,
Or cares discourage, more the rural bard,
Than those restraints, which have our sex confined,
By partial custom, check the soaring mind :
Learning deny'd us, we at random tread
Unbeaten paths, that late to knowledge lead ;
By secret steps break thro' th' obstructed way,
Nor dare acquirements gain'd by stealth display.
If some advent'rous genius rare arise,
Who on exalted themes her talent tries,
She fears to give the work, tho' praised, a name,
And flies not more from infamy, than fame.
Would royal Caroline our wrongs redress,
Vouchsafe acceptance of this mean address ;
Favour a Muse, who, tho' she weakly soars,
With glory wing'd, thy patronage implores ;

Yet trembles, whilst she tenders at thy feet
Her bold essay great Locke to vindicate.
What worthy thee, or him, can gain the light,
Whilst blackening clouds depress, and damp our
flight ?

If not the work, give the attempt applause,
And patronise in her the sex's cause.

No added honours she pretends to give,
Nor greater lustre could thy bust receive
By aught the ablest artist can produce :
Yet are the humble instruments of use,
That brush the dust and vermin, as they rise
To hide that lustre, and their worth disguise.
Such is my task——O ! were like theirs my fate,
Th' obscurest corner of that blest retreat !
But I alas ! in northern climes grown old,
No more my native country shall behold ;
Since providence has cast my latest lot,
Her pleasing streams and shades be now forgot.

Yet, gracious Queen, a more auspicious fate
May crown those labours, which thy sentence wait,
If thou, indulgent to the author's aim,
With partial praise, commend the work to fame,

Admitted by thy choice a place to have,
Tho' in the lowest class, of Merlin's cave.

O! might I thus the blest occasion prove,
Fair emulation in the sex to move!
Beholding one, who could but well design,
Protected thus by royal Caroline.
Important is the boon! nor I alone,
The female world its influence would own,
T' approve themselves to thee, reform their taste,
No more their time in trifling pleasures waste;
In search of truths sublime, undaunted soar,
And the wide realms of science deep explore.
Quadrille should then resign that tyrant sway,
Which rules despotic, blending night with day;
Usurps on all the offices of life,
The duties of the mother, friend, and wife.
Learning, with milder reign would more enlarge
Their powers, and aid those duties to discharge;
To nobler gain improve their vacant hours:
Be Newton, Clarke, and Locke, their mattadores.
Then, as this happy isle already vies
In arms with foes, in arts with her allies;
No more excell'd in aught by Gallia's coast,
Our Albion too should of her Daciers boast.

Aberdeen, Aug. 1792.

LEONARD WELSTED.

1688—1749.

Flow, Welsted, flow, like thine inspirer, beer,
Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkisk, and so smoothly dull,
Heady, not strong, and foaming, tho' not full.

*The Genius; an Ode; Written on occasion of the
Duke of Marlborough's Apoplexy, 1717.*

AWFUL Hero, Malborough, rise :
Sleepy charms I come to break :
Hither turn thy languid eyes :
Lo ! thy Genius calls ; awake !

Well survey this faithful plan :
Which records thy life's great story ;
'Tis a short, but crowded span,
Full of triumphs, full of glory.

by one thy deeds review :
yes, battles thick appear ;
mer wonders, lost in new,
atly fill each pompous year.

is Blenheim's crimson field,
t with gore, with slaughter stain'd !
re retiring squadrons yield,
l a bloodless wreath is gain'd !

der in thy godlike mind
the wonders thou hast wrought ;
ants, from their pride declin'd,
the subject of thy thought !

t thee here, while life may last :
utmost bliss, to man allow'd,
o trace his actions past,
l to own them great and good.

'tis gone—O mortal born !
ft the fading scenes remove—
them pass with noble scorn :
ne are worlds, which roll above.

Poets, Prophets, Heroes, Kings,
Pleas'd, thy ripe approach foresee ;
Men, who acted wondrous things,
Though they yield in fame to thee.

Foremost in the Patriot band,
Shining with distinguish'd day,
See thy friend Gedolphin stand !
See ! he beckons thee away.

Yonder seats and fields of light
Let thy ravish'd thought explore :
Wishing, panting for thy flight !
Half an angel ; man no more.

The Picture of a fine April Morning.

THE snows are melted, and the frosts are past ;
No longer do we dread the wintry blast :
What garland shall Amintor now design ?
What wreath, Zelinda, round thy temple twine ?
For wreaths of every kind the season yields :
And garlands rest in plenty through the fields.

The dawning year revives the poet's fire ;
Soft strains of Love returning suns inspire :
In every wood, behold, in every glade,
The unsully'd verdure, and the growing shade !
All nature, like a bride, emerges bright ;
And her lap teems, luxuriant with delight.

O'er tepid plains the tempering zephyrs pass,
Call forth the bursting leaves, and spring the
grass :
Afresh the painted pansy rears its head ;
The whiten'd meadow starry daisies spread :
The birds sweet-warble from the sappy boughs ;
And swains in tuneful sighs renew their vows.

Inspire, oh blooming Maid, my artless lay,
While I recall our first auspicious day ;
The dawn ! my fair, when early I address'd
My tender suit, and sigh'd upon thy breast !
Zelinda blush'd ; a blush the morning wore :
Zelinda smiled ; nor was it day before.
The sun a radiant lustre holds awhile ;
The image of Zelinda's gleamy smile :
A feeble shine does on the water play,
And disappear by turns, a fickle ray.

Zelinda wept ; when soon the changing skies
Grow black with gathering clouds, that westward
rise ;

Thin scatter'd now the drops, like gems, descend :

Now with the frequent shower the lilies bend ;
How calm the air ! a pleasing stillness reigns ;
And the moist verdure brightens through the
plains !

Soft-sinking falls the silver rain : when, lo !
Athwart th' horizon stretch'd, the watery bow
Swells its proud arch, with braided colours gay,
That interchange their dyes, and swift decay.
The clouds disperse : the sun pursues on high
His vaulted course, and glows along the sky :
The linnets in the dewy bushes sing ;
And every field is redolent of spring.

Such was the morn, Zelinda ; may it prove
A happy emblem of Amintor's love !
Begun by smiling hopes, but soon o'ercast !
Our jealous fears, like clouds, dispersed at last.
Pensive I hung my head, like drooping flowers ;
And tears my bosom dew'd, like gentle showers :

But soon with settled joys my soul is blest;
Thy face, my heaven, in lasting smiles is drest.
Let fond distrust no more past pains renew :
While thou art kind, Amintor will be true.

SAMUEL BOYSE.

Dublin, 1708—1749.

The miseries of this idle, selfish, dishonest, wretched man, have often been related by those who are desirous to assist the claims of Literature ; but whatever compassion may be excited by the sufferings of Boyse, and such as Boyse, is effectually counteracted by indignation at the vices which provoked and deserved them.

His Poem upon Deity was highly praised by Fielding. To write piously upon such a theme may expiate the presumption of the attempt, but cannot palliate the folly. Boyse's life will always be read, for the records of human absurdity will always be interesting. His Poems may be consigned to oblivion ; they excite little pleasure, and impart no instruction.

ANNIVERSARY ODE.

Sacred to the Memory of a Daughter.

Ob. An. 1726.

BEGIN my Muse, and strike the lyre,
Let grief the melting notes inspire !
And sadly consecrate the day,
That snatch'd my soul's delight away !

When first the beauteous infant maid,
The early seeds of sense displayed,
With her dear prattle soothed my cares,
And charm'd my fond transported ears.

How did her opening bloom arise !
And as it struck my ravish'd eyes,
Oft promised to my year's increase,
A store of innocence and peace.

But soon, too soon, these flattering joys,
Fate's interposing hand destroys ;
And lost in death's all-gloomy shade,
The dear delusive vision fled.

So does the early-budding rose,
Its blushing fragrancy disclose,
Allure the touch, and smell, and sight,
And yield each sense a soft delight.

Till some rash foe its pride invade,
And ravish'd from its native bed,
Its odour and its hue decay ;
And all its beauties fade away.

Thus were my dreams of comfort crost,
And with the fav'rite virgin lost ;

And all my schemes of bliss to come,
Enclosed within her early tomb !

Thence clouds of new afflictions rise,
And brooding o'er the darken'd skies
With their sad melancholy shade,
The horizon of life o'erspread.

While o'er the young Sabina's urn,
Thus with paternal grief I mourn :
Around my soul new sorrows break,
And leave my woes no room to speak.—

On Atticus' delightful age,
Fate next employ'd his cruel rage ;
With ease dissolved life's feeble chain,
And freed the suffering saint from pain.

O ever honour'd sacred name !
If in the bright immortal train
One thought of earth can touch thy rest,
Look down on this afflicted breast.

Teach me, like thee, through life to steer,
Patient and calm my lot to bear ;
Teach me thy heavenly steps to trace,
And reach like thee the realms of peace !

*On the Extraordinary Execution of Captain John
Porteous, Sept. 7, 1736.*

“ BY their own arts, 'tis righteously decreed,
“ The dire artificers of death shall bleed.”
PORTEOUS ! thou strong example, timely given,
How sovereigns should employ the power of
 heaven ;
Thy wanton hands a sanguine deluge spread,
Thy country's equal voice pronounced thee dead :
But tools like thee were thought such useful things,
That sordid greatness moved all secret springs ;
In vain the great applied, the court reprieved,
Eternal Justice thought too long you lived :
Mercy grew vain ; when such a crime grew slight,
'Twas time the people should assert their right.
Yet let the Muse the just encomium draw,
Self-injured, how they kept the sight of law,
The gentleness, denied their fellows, gave,
And left thee time to arm thee for the grave :
Let none behold thy exit with regret,
You died the noblest way, a public debt :
May the auspicious omen rise in you,
And villains (screen'd however) meet their due !

J. T. DESAGULIERS.

1749.

*From the Newtonian System of the World the best
Model of Government. An allegorical Poem, 1728.*

WHAT praises to Copernicus are due,
Who gave the motions and the places true ;
But what the causes of those motions were,
He thought himself unable to declare.

Cartesius after, undertook in vain,
By vortices, those causes to explain ;
With fertile brain contrived, what seem'd to be
An easy, probable, philosophy ;
No conjuring terms or geometrick spells ;
His gentle readers might be beaux and belles.
In Plato's school none could admitted be,
Unless instructed in geometry ;
But here it might (nay must) aside be laid,
And calculations that distract the head.

Thus got his vogue the physical romance,
Condemn'd in England, but believed in France ;
For the bold Britons, who all tyrants hate,
In sciences as well as in the state,
Examined with experimental eyes,
The vortices of the Cartesian skies,
Which try'd by facts and mathematick test,
Their inconsistent principles confess'd,
And jarring motions hastening to inactive rest.
But Newton the unparallel'd, whose name
No time will wear out of the book of Fame,
Celestial Science has promoted more,
Than all the sages that have shone before.
Nature compell'd, his piercing mind, obeys,
And gladly shews him all her secret ways ;
'Gainst Mathematicks she has no defence,
And yields t' experimental consequence :
His towering genius, from its certain cause,
Every appearance a priori draws,
And shews th' Almighty Architect's unalter'd
laws.

That Sol self-pois'd in Ether does reside,
And thence exerts his virtue far and wide ;
Like ministers attending every glance,
Six worlds sweep round his throne in mystick
dance.

He turns their motion from its devious course,
And bends their orbits by attractive force,
His power, coerced by laws, still leaves them free,
Directs but not destroys, their liberty ;
Tho' fast and slow, yet regular they move,
(Projectile force restrain'd by mutual love),
And reigning thus with limited command,
• He holds a lasting sceptre in his hand.
By his example, in their endless race,
The Primaries lead their Satellites,
Who guided, not enslaved, their orbits run,
Attend their chiefs but still respect the Sun,
Salute him as they go, and his dominion own.
Comets, with swiftness, far at distance, fly,
To seek remoter regions in the sky ;
But tho' from Sol, with rapid haste, they roll'd,
They move more slowly as they feel the cold ;
Languid, forlorn, and dark, their state they moan,
Despairing when in their Aphelion.
But Phebus, soften'd by their penitence,
On them benignly sheds his influence,
Recalls the wanderers, who slowly move
At first, but hasten as they feel his love :
To him for mercy bend, sue and prevail ;
Then atoms crowd to furnish out their tail.
By Newton's help, 'tis evidently seen
Attraction governs all the world's machine.

But now my cautious Muse consider well
How nice it is to draw the parallel :
Nor dare the actions of crown'd heads to scan :
(At least within the memory of man)
If the errors of Copernicus may be
Apply'd to ought within this century,
Whene'er the want of understanding laws,
In government, might some wrong measures cause,
His bodies rightly placed still rolling on,
Will represent our fix'd succession,
To which alone the united Britons owe,
All the sure happiness they feel below.
Nor let the whims of the Cartesian scheme,
In politicks be taken for thy theme,
Nor say that any prince shou'd e'er be meant,
By Phœbus, in his vortex, indolent,
Suffering each globe a vortex of his own,
Whose jarring motions shook their master's throne,
Who governing by fear instead of love,
Comets, from ours, to other systems drove.
But boldly let thy perfect model be,
NEWTON'S (the only true) philosophy :
Now sing of princes deeply versed in laws,
And truth will crown thee with a just applause ;
Rouse up thy spirits, and exalt thy voice
Loud as the shouts, that speak the people's joys ;

When Majesty diffusive rays imparts,
And kindles zeal in all the British hearts,
When all the powers of the throne we see
Exerted, to maintain our liberty :
When ministers within their orbits move,
Honour their King, and shew each other love :
When all distinctions cease, except it be
Who shall the most excel in loyalty :
Comets from far, now gladly wou'd return,
And, pardon'd, with more faithful ardour burn.
Attraction now in all the realm is seen,
To bless the reign of GEORGE and CAROLINE.

AARON HILL.

London, 1684—1750.

Aaron Hill deserves to be mentioned with respect for his talents and his virtues. He holds the first place for liberality and beneficence among the literary men of his country.

His Poems are all faulty, and yet all bear the marks of talents. That upon Bellaria at her spinet will remind the reader of Darwin.

His character of Pope in "The Progress of Wit," is particularly just, elegant, and severe, and was occasioned by the following four lines in the Dunciad.

Then Hill essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light;
He bears no token of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

Hill did not like the mixture of ill-nature and compliment, and replied thus:

Tuneful Alexis on the Thames' fair side,
The Ladies' play-thing, and the Muses' pride;
With merit popular, with wit polite,
Easy though vain, and elegant though light,

Desiring and deserving other's praise
Poorly accepts a fame he ne'er repays ;
Unborn to cherish, sneakingly approves,
And wants the soul to spread the worth he loves.

Bellaria at her Spinet.

SWEETLY confused, with scarce consenting will,
Thoughtless of charms, and diffident of skill ;
See ! with what blushful bend, the doubting fair
Props the raised lid—then sits with sparkling air,
Tries the touch'd notes—and, hastening light along,
Calls out a short complaint, that speaks their
wrong.

Now backening, awful, nerved, erect, serene,
Asserted musick swells her heighten'd mein.
Fearless, with face oblique, her formful hand
Flies o'er the ivory plain, with stretch'd command :
Plunges, with bold neglect, amidst the keys,
And sweeps the sounding range with magick ease.
Now, two contending senses—ear and eye,
In pride of feasted taste, for transport vie ;
But what avails two destined slaves' debate
When both are sure to fall, and share one fate ?

Whether the God within, evolving round,
 Strikes in her notes, and flows dissolved in sound ;
 Or silent in her eyes, enthroned in light,
 Blazes, confess'd to view, and wounds our sight.
 This way, or that, alike his power we try ;
 To see, but kills us—and to hear we die.
 Oh ! far felt influence of the speaking string,
 Prompt at thy call the mounting soul takes wing ;
 Waves in the gale, foreruns the harmonious breeze,
 And sinks and rises to the changeful keys.
 But, hark ! what lengthening softness, thrilling
 new,
 Steals, 'twixt the solemn swells, and threads 'em
 through :
 'Tis her transporting voice !—she sings—be still,
 Sweet strings, forbear !—ye hurt her sweeter skill.
 Yet, no—sound on—the strong and sweet should
 join ;
 With double power mix'd opposites combine.
 'Tis plain ! my captive senses feel it true ;
 Ah, what dire mischief may not union do !
 Cou'd she not save delight from half this strain ?
 Heard and beheld at once !—'tis hopeless pain.
 Fly and escape—let one press'd sense retire ;
 The raised hat shades it from the darted fire.
 Alas, vain screen—the soul's unclouded ray
 Sees from within by a new blaze of day :

Sees the spread roof, with opening glories crown'd,
And radiant deities descending round !
Throng'd in bright lines, or wing'd in ambient
air,

Spirits, in fairy forms, enclose the fair.
Some, on the keys, in amorous ambush lie,
And kiss the tune-tipt fingers dancing by.
Some hovering wide, expiring shakes prolong,
And pour 'em back to swell the rising song.
Gods in abridgment, crowd their needless aid,
And powers and virtues, guard the unconscionable
maid.

Pity with tears of joy stands weeping near ;
Kneeling devotion hangs her listening ear ;
Candour and truth firm fix'd on either hand,
Propping her chair, two sure supporters stand !
Round her, while wrong'd belief imbibes new
strength,
And hugs the instructive notes, and aids their
length,

Love, and his train of Cupids craftier cares,
Scatter, with plummy fans, the dreaded airs.
Pride, from a distant corner, glooms a leer,
And longs, yet hopes not, to be call'd more near :
But charity sits close—a well known guest,
Bold, and domestic—and demands her breast.

High o'er her cheeks, to shade their tempting
 glow,
 Shame and soft modesty their mantles throw.
 While, from her brow, majestick wisdom seen,
 Tempers her glory and inspires her mien.
 Such, and perhaps more sweet, those sounds shall
 rise,
 Which wake rewarded saints, when nature dies :
 When heaven's heard blast shall shake the stubborn
 mind,
 And one mix'd melody unite mankind ;
 When time's last wreck shall sink in seas of flame,
 And void eternity resume its name.

RONALD and DORNA.

*By a Highlander to his Mistress, from a literal
 Translation of the Original.*

COME let us climb Skorr-urran's snowy top ;
 Cold as it seems, it is less cold than you :
 Thin through its snow these lambs its heath-twigs
 crop ;
 Your snow, more hostile, starves and freezes too.

What though I loved of late in Skie's fair isle ;
And blush'd—and bow'd—and shrunk from
Kenza's eye ;
All she had power to hurt was with her smile ;
But, 'tis a frown of yours for which I die.

Ask why these herds beneath us rush so fast
On the brown sea-ware's stranded heaps to feed :
Winter, like you, with-holds their wish'd repast,
And, robb'd of genial grass, they brouse on weed.

Mark with what tuneful haste Sheleila flows,
To mix its widening stream in Donnan's lake ;
Yet should some dam the current's course oppose,
It must, per force, a less loved passage take.

Born, like your body, for a spirit's claim,
Trembling, I wait unsoul'd, till you inspire :
God has prepared the lamp, and bids it flame ;
But you, fair Dorna, have withheld the fire.

High as yon pine, when you begin to speak,
My lightening heart leaps hopeful at the sound ;
But fainting at the sense, falls, void and weak,
And sinks and saddens like yon mossy ground.

All that I taste, or touch, or see, or hear,
Nature's whole breadth reminds me but of you ;
Even heaven itself would your sweet likeness wear,
If with its power, you had its mercy too.

The Wedding Day.

'Twas one May morning, when the clouds undrawn
Exposed in naked charms the waking dawn ;
When night-fallen dews, by day's warm courtship
won,
From reeking roses, climb'd to kiss the sun ;
Nature, new-blossom'd, shed her odours round,
The dew-bent primrose kiss'd the breeze-swept
ground ;
The watchful cock had thrice proclaim'd the day,
And glimmering sun-beams faintly forced their way :
When, join'd in hand and heart, to church we
went,
Mutual in vows, and prisoners by consent.
Aurelia's heart beat high with mix'd alarms,
But trembling beauty glow'd with double charms ;
In her soft breast a modest struggle rose,
How she should seem to like the lot she chose ;
A smile she thought would dress her looks too gay ;
A frown might seem too sad, and blast the day :

But, while, nor this, nor that, her will could
bow,

She walk'd, and look'd, and charm'd,—and knew
not how.

Our hands, at length, the unchanging fiat bound,
And our glad souls sprung out to meet the sound.
Joys meeting joys unite, and stronger shine;
For passion purify'd grows half divine.

Aurelia, thou art mine, I cry'd—and she
Sigh'd soft—now, Damon, thou art lord of me.
But wilt thou, whisper'd she, the knot now ty'd,
Which only Death's keen weapon can divide,
Wilt thou, still mindful of thy raptures past,
Permit the summer of love's hope to last?
Shall not cold wintry frosts come on too soon?
Ah, say! what means the world by honeymoon!
If we so short a space our bliss enjoy,
What toils does love for one poor month employ?
Women thus used like bubbles blown with air,
Owe to their outward charms a sun-gilt glare;
Like them we glitter to the distant eye,
But, grasp'd like them, we do but weep and die.

Lest more, said I, thou should'st profane the bliss,
I'll seal thy dangerous lips with this close kiss;
Not thus the heaven of marriage-hopes blaspheme,
But learn from me to speak on this loved theme.

There have been wedlock joys of swift decay,
Like lightening, seen at once, and shot away :
But theirs were hopes, which, all unfit to pair,
Like fire and powder; kiss'd and flash'd to air.
Thy soul and mine, by mutual courtship won,
Meet, like too mingling flames, and make but one.
Union of hearts, not hands, does marriage make ;
'Tis sympathy of mind keeps love awake.
Our growing days increase of joy shall know,
And thick-sown comforts leave no room for woe.
Thou, the soft-swelling vine, shalt fruitful last ;
I, the strong elm, will prop thy beauties fast:
Thou shalt strow sweets to soften life's rough way ;
And, when hot passions my proud wishes sway,
Thou, like some breeze, shall in my bosom play.
Thou, for protection, shalt on me depend ;
And I, on thee, for a soft faithful friend.
I, in Aurelia, shall for ever view,
At once my care, my fear, my comfort too !
Thou shalt first partner in my pleasures be,
But all my pains shall last be known to thee.
Aurelia heard, and view'd me with a smile,
Which seem'd at once to cherish and revile !
O, God of love she cry'd, what joys were thine,
If all life's race were wedding days like mine !

Alone, in an Inn at Southampton, April 25, 1737.

TWENTY lost years have stolen their hours away,
Since in this inn, even in this room I lay :
How changed ! what then was rapture, fire, and air,
Seems now sad silence all, and blank despair !
Is it that youth paints every view too bright,
And life advancing, fancy fades her light ?
Ah, no !—nor yet is day so far declined,
Nor can time's creeping coldness reach the mind.
'Tis that I miss the inspirer of that youth ;
Her, whose soft smile was love, whose soul was
truth ;

Her from whose pain I never wish'd relief,
And for whose pleasure I could smile at grief.
Prospects that, view'd with her, inspired before,
Now seen without her can delight no more.
Death snatch'd my joys, by cutting off her share,
But left her griefs to multiply my care.
Pensive and cold this room in each changed part
I view, and, shock'd from every object, start :
There hung the watch, that beating hours from
day,

Told its sweet owner's lessening life away.
There her dear diamond taught the sash my name ;
'Tis gone ! frail image of love, life, and fame.

That glass, she dress'd at, keeps her form no more ;
Not one dear footstep tunes th' unconscious floor.
There sat she—yet those chairs no sense retain,
And busy recollection smarts in vain.
Sullen and dim, what faded scenes are here !
I wonder, and retract a starting tear,
Gaze in attentive doubt—with anguish swell,
And o'er and o'er, on each weigh'd object dwell.
Then to the window rush, gay views invite,
And tempt idea to permit delight.
But unimpressive, all in sorrow drown'd,
One void forgetful desert glooms around.
O life !—deceitful lure of lost desires !
How short thy period, yet how fierce thy fires !
Scarce can a passion start (we change so fast),
Ere new lights strike us, and the old are past,
Schemes following schemes, so long life's taste
explore,
That ere we learn to live, we live no more.
Who then can think—yet sigh, to part with breath ?
Or shun the healing hand of friendly death ?
Guilt, penitence, and wrongs, and pain, and strife,
Form the whole heap'd amount, thou flatterer life !
Is it for this, that toss'd 'twixt hope and fear,
Peace, by new shipwrecks, numbers each new
year ?

Oh take me, Death ! indulge desired repose,
And draw thy silent curtain round my woes.
Yet hold—one tender pang revokes that prayer;
Still there remains one claim to tax my care.
Gone though she is, she left her soul behind,
In four dear transcripts of her copy'd mind.
They chain me down to life, new task supply,
And leave me not at leisure yet to die !
Busied for them I yet forego release,
And teach my wearied heart to wait for peace :
But when their day breaks broad, I welcome nig
Smile at discharge from care, and shut out light

Verses on the Death of Mr. Dennis.

ADIEU ! unsocial excellence ! at last
Thy foes are vanquish'd and thy fears are past :
Want, the grim recompence of truth like thine,
Shall now no longer dim thy destined shrine.
Th' impatient envy, the disdainful air !
The front malignant, and the captious stare !
The furious petulance, the jealous start,
The mist of frailties that obscured thy heart,
Veil'd in thy grave shall unremember'd lie,
For these were parts of Dennis born to die !

But, there's a nobler Deity behind,
His reason dies not—and has friends to find !
Though here, revenge and pride withheld his praise,
No wrongs shall reach him through his future days :
The rising ages shall redeem his name,
And nations read him into lasting fame !
In his defects untaught ! his labour'd page,
Shall the slow gratitude of time engage.
Perhaps some story of his pitied woe,
Mix'd in faint shades may with his memory go,
To touch fraternity with generous shame,
And backward cast an unavailing blame ;
On times too cold to taste his strength of art
Yet warm contemnners of too weak a heart !

Rest in thy dust, contented with thy lot,
Thy good remember'd, and thy bad forgot :
'Tis more than Cesar and his world could give !
Spread o'er his virtues his few errors live :
Till reasoning brutes, whose speck of soul wants
 room,
To lodge the just conception of his doom.
Dare with lewd license noise his question'd fame,
And blot the sacred reverence of his name.

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

Dublin, 1712—1750.

An eccentric and unfortunate woman, whose Memoirs, as
written by herself, are well known.

The Candle.

HAIL ! thou that chear'st the face of night,
Fair, artificial world of light,
Whose radiance bids the gloom look gay,
And kindles darkness into day,
What words thy excellence can praise,
Or paint the beauties of thy blaze !

The stars that twinkle on the eye
Thro' yon immeasurable sky,
A less degree of lustre show,
And less assist this world below.

Prometheus, boldest son of earth,
Was sure the author of thy birth,
His wisdom form'd thee, fit to bear
The lucid theft thro' fields of air.

When dark-ey'd Night enshrouds the skies
With shades, and nature silent lies,
Pleased with thy gloom-dispelling fire,
I soon from care and noise retire :
Then, fond of Wisdom's charms, explore
The ancient Sages' golden store,
And grieve, to think those sons of fame
Were less immortal—than their name.

I read old Homer's nervous lines,
Where Heaven-born inspiration shines :
Great Bard ! who knew to raise delight
Even from the terrors of a fight ;
To fire the soul with martial rage,
Or give engaging charms to age,
To sway the heart with hope or fear,
And wake the grief-created tear.

By thee, I read what Flaccus writ,
With boundless elegance and wit ;
Or what the gay Anacreon sung,
Or Sappho's soul-subduing tongue :

Or Swift's, or Pope's, or Maro's lays,
All blest with universal praise,
By thee, the pleasing means I find,
To brighten and improve the mind.

But while by thirst of wisdom led,
I thus hold converse with the dead,
Thy beauty swift consumes away ;
Alas ! that fairest forms decay !
Tho' Helen heavenly charms possess
That spread delight thro' every breast,
Like thine, her beauties cou'd not save
The fair possessor from the grave.

In thee, Lætitia, tho' we find
All virtues that exalt the mind ;
Tho' Nature ev'ry gift supplies,
To make thee, more than woman, wise ;

Tho' Seraphs hymn the Pow'r divine
In strains that only equal thine ;
Tho' now with all perfections graced,
As Helen fair, as Cynthia chaste,
Yet thou, and all that's good, or great,
Must bow to wasting time and fate,
Thy sprightly wit, thy eyes divine
Shall cease,—even they shall cease to shine.

SAMUEL CROXALL.

Walton upon Thames, 1751.

Croxall's first publication excites much attention ; it was a profane Poem, founded upon the Song of Solomon, under the title of the Fair Circassian. He is now known only by his edition of *Æsop's Fables*, which keeps its ground as a school book.

From the Vision.

THE man whose life, by Virtue's model framed,
Flows calmly on unspotted and unblamed,
Whose gentle heart exults with freeborn blood,
In principles of honour richly good,
Can Envy's ugly frowns unmoved survey,
And look on civil storms without dismay :
Him nor the passive bigot can controul,
Nor tricking statesman bend his steady soul ;

His stable breast inured to persevere,
In wavering times, admits not guilty fear.
Tho' round his head loud warrior thunders roar,
And vanquish'd tyrants tempt with all their store;
Inspired by conscious worth, and nobly bold,
He scorns alike proud Bourbon's threats and gold.
Though heaving winds should burst this solid ball,
And every star in crumbling ruins fall;
His mind composed, and temper manly stern,
Would meet the dreadful crush with unconcern.

Merit like this raised Hercules of old,
And Leda's twins among the Gods enroll'd.
Thus Nassau, thus Augustus, taught to rise,
Have spurn'd the ground, and gain'd the chrystal
 skies;

Where Bacchus, sweet inventor of the vine,
Supplies in purple streams nectareous wine:
Their mortal toils in soft oblivion drown'd,
They feast reposed on fleecy clouds around,
And quaff full bowls of bliss with circling glories
 crown'd.

Toss'd with these thoughts, in vain my waking head
Sought the sweet quiet of a downy bed:
And though no cares of love usurp'd my breast,
No piercing grief my peaceful mind oppress'd,
Yet Morpheus, still averse, deny'd me rest.

On various themes I spent the tedious night,
And sleepless saw the morn's new dawning light;
Then rose, and issuing forth with early day,
Down to the woodland glade I bent my way;
Where gentle Mole rolls on his silent streams,
Through Surrian dales to meet the silver Thames.
Here in the covert of a lonely grove
Retired alike for poetry or love,
Pensive beneath a spreading oak I stood,
That veil'd the hollow channel of the flood;
Along whose shelving banks the violet blue
And primrose pale in lovely mixture grew.
High over-arch'd the bloomy woodbine hung,
The gaudy Goldfinch from the Maple sung;
The little warbling minstrel of the shade
To the gay morn her due devotion paid;
Next the soft Linnet echoing to the Thrush
With carols fill'd the smelling briar bush;
While Philomel attuned her artless throat,
And from the hawthorn breathed a trilling note.
Indulgent nature smiled in every part,
And fill'd with joy unknown my ravish'd heart.
Attent I listened while the feathered throng
Alternate finished and renew'd their song;
Then strolling on as chance or fancy led,
I gain'd the margin of a verdant mead.

Whose even surface, like th' unruffled main,
With grassy hue display'd a level plain.
Here every flower that Nature's pencil draws
In various kinds a bright enamel rose :
The silver dazy streak'd with ruddy light,
The yellow cowslip, and the snow-drop white ;
The fragrant hyacinth, Apollo's flower,
And fresh Narciss, that love the streamy shore.
There crowfeet did their purple bells unfold,
And the smooth king-cup shone with leaves of
gold.

The utmost border was a lofty mound
Of shady forest trees that grew around,
Whose boughs their little tendrils interwove,
And clasping gave a type of friendly love ;
Beyond a bushy brake o'errun the place,
Which one continued mazy thicket was.

Here, if we credit fame, the Faëry court
Nightly frequent in festival resort ;
The little Elfin train attend their Queen,
And in light gambols frisk it o'er the green ;
While the chaste moon her friendly lamp inclines,
And to the merry crew with sloping crescent
shines.

With soft reflections charm'd awhile I stood,
And touch'd with joy the lively landskip view'd,
When straight the sun, that shot a feeble beam,
Cloudless diffused a more prevailing gleam ;
Divinely clear the blue ethereal sky
With genial splendour shone and entertained the
eye.

Celestial musick warbled in the air,
And lyres unseen proclaimed some Godhead near.

Struck with surprize I eager gazed around,
And trod with secret awe the hallowed ground ;
When from the middle of the flowery mead,
Behold a rich pavilion rear'd its head.
Twelve agate pillars of a curious mold,
Their bases silver, and their cornice gold,
Justly enanged and oppositely placed,
The coverlet at once sustain'd and graced.
The gorgeous coverlet a rich brocade
Scarce yielding to the breeze which o'er it play'd:
Green silken cords, with threads of gold entwined,
Around the chapters were seen to bind,
Whose tassels dangled down, and wanton'd in the
wind.

The pavement all with coloured cheques bestrew'd
Mosaick work, some curious fancy shew'd,

And here and there bright jewels set between
With shining metals mix'd were sparkling seen.
Above five canopies of royal state,
Depending from the roof's majestick height,
Whose curtains half display'd their inwrought gold,
Furl'd by the nimble wings of Cherubs bold.
Five jasper thrones discover'd to the eye
Rising on steps of sumptuous porphyry ;
In which by magick skill completely raised
The star within its mystick garter blazed,
And to display the grandeur of the court,
The fabrick's ornament and main support,
Two lions lowly couch'd below each throne,
Emblems of might, in golden sculpture shone :
Their glittering manes waved to the distant sight,
Their rolling eyeballs glared with trembling light;
Whose beams forth-streaming in a lively ray
Illumined all the tent with artful day.

Thence as with glancing eye, I chanced to rove
Along the border of the neighb'ring grove,
A fair triumphal arch began to rise,
And shoot its spiring top among the skies.
On Gothick columns fix'd, aloft it stood,
And thro' its opening curve in prospect shew'd
The gloomy horror of the dusky wood.

When from the sylvan scene's remotest shade
Sudden appeared a princely cavalcade :
Such as did Rome's fair streets of old adorn
When young Marcellus was in triumph born ;
Or when great Julius had subdu'd the Gaul,
And laid the Northern world beneath his thrall.
Heroes and godlike men whose valiant hand
Had saved from hostile chains their native land ;
Whose souls inform'd in virtue's generous school,
Stout and impatient of tyrannick rule,
Firm by the cause of liberty had stood,
Profuse of spirit and their noble blood.
These were the Barons who in times of yore
Successful arms for England's safety bore ;
Who drew the patriot sword and stood at bay
Against th' incroaching power of lawless sway.
When vicious favourites made the crown their
tool,
And overturn'd the state by base misrule.
Fair Property to them her charter owes,
From them the living springs of freedom rose ;
Which rolling down the swift descent of time,
Refresh with lasting streams Britannia's clime.
Next these, a martial symphony appear'd ;
Drums, trumpets, fifes thro' all the grove were
heard ;

Mole and his neighbour hills return'd the sound
Which trembling skimm'd along the hollow
ground,
And fill'd with echoes sweet the vallies all around.
Strait, from the leafy covert of the wood
A large brigade of well arm'd troops ensued :
Whose lusty limbs enchas'd in armour bright
Were mark'd with scars of many a bloody fight:
Long stubborn bows were cross their shoulders
slung
Near which their winged shaft in quivers hung.
Their colour'd banners floated in the wind,
The host in even files came floating on behind.

But as by just degrees they nearer drew,
And walk'd distinguish'd in a plainer view ;
Five of a more exalted port were seen,
Their look majestick, and august their mien ;
Whose sprightly soul a brighter lustre spread,
Which blazed in glory round their awful head ;
And as they trod with grave and solemn pace,
Each motion utter'd a peculiar grace.
Walk'd first King EDWARD of uncensured fame,
First of the Norman line that bears that name.
An ermine robe his graceful person veil'd,
The globe and sceptre in his hand he held.

Quick was his eye, his stature fair and tall,
 And on his head a golden coronal.
 Thrice worthy Monarch ! who with care pursued
 And kingly love his country's chiefest good ;
 To Justice rightly yielded all her due,
 Confirm'd old charters and establish'd new.
 He wisely check'd ecclesiastick power,
 And purged the chaff from off the temple's floor :
 Pluralities as now, were then the game,
 At which aspiring clericks took their aim ;
 Who always think that church's danger near
 Where many unprovided priests appear.
 But cautious EDWARD clip'd their well-fledg'd
 wings,
 Reduced their honey and pluck'd out their stings.
 Then too some champion drone his voice might
 rear,
 And sound church-danger in each busie ear ;
 While the dull swarm alarm'd by pulpit drum
 Would buz and murmur with a drowsy hum.
 His grandson next the valiant Edward came,
 Alike in princely virtues as in name :
 Who raised the grandeur of the British isle,
 And made her gladden'd vales with plenty smile.
 The mighty sword in battle which he wore,
 Still seemed to smok embreued with hostile gore ;

The Gallick lilies quarter'd in his shield
Proclaim'd the victory of Cressy field ;
And shew'd that vanquish'd France had truckled
low

To English power four centuries ago :
Before great Marlborough saw the living light,
Or annals had recorded Blenheim fight.

Next the fifth HENRY march'd triumphant on,
Whose blazon'd scutcheon with like trophies shone :
His arms did erst with like success advance,
To scourge the growing pride of perjured France ;
To damp her haughty genius, and restrain
Her bloody thirst for universal reign :
Drawn with an English strength his arrows fly,
Obscure the day and intercept the sky ;
Then fall in rattling peals upon the foe,
Who trembles at the smart, and sinks beneath the
blow.

The goary plains with slaughter'd heaps bespread,
Groan'd, and reluctant bore the weighty dead :
Where many a luckless swain half gasping lay,
And cursed the effects of arbitrary sway.
With servile blood enrich'd, the fertile land
Yields its ripe clusters to the victor's hand ;
And all the wealthy country with its spoil
O'er pays the hardy soldier's willing toil.

Then no false statesman, bribed with foreign gold,
A peace, inglorious ! to the vanquish'd sold ;
Or chain'd the vengeful sword within its sheath
To skreen th' implacate foe from coming death.

ELISA next appear'd, fair royal maid,
In garments purple as the morn array'd,
When first the Sun peeps o'er the Eastern hills,
And all the sky with golden glory fills ;
Her lovely eyes with gladness sparkling bright,
Where'er she look'd dispensed a chearful light ;
In beams of joy that pierced the gloomy breast
And shining calm'd the stormy wind to rest.
Few scraps of paper in her hand she bore,
And, all regardless of their purport, tore.
Romish decrees, and damning Papal Bulls,
With curses charged 'gainst unsubmissive souls ;
There Anathem's new-breathed from priestly
mouth

Were cancell'd by the kind absolving South ;
While unesteem'd the pardon-traffick lay,
Or by remorseless winds was blown away.
Last came the pillar of the British state,
The richest blessing of indulgent fate ;
Immortal WILLIAM ; who from Belgia's strand
Cross'd the rough sea to save a sinking land :

Who, when tyrannick fury raised its head,
And Popish pestilence began to spread,
Shone thro' the pitchy air like some bright star
That shoots his influencing beams from far,
And yields the anxious pilot certain light
Bewilder'd in the waste of dampy night.
Then sportive Liberty for ever young
O'er all the plains in bloomy verdure sprung,
And like the dew of a soft vernal shower,
Breathed balmy sweets thro' every rural bower.
Oh Liberty ! whose dear enchanting name
Fans in each human breast a spritely flame,
That with the noblest thoughts the soul inspires,
And kindles in the heart the truest fires ;
Each gallant mind enliyen'd by thy charms,
Finds peace in war, and sweet repose in arms ;
For thee Britannia's eager sons abide
The foaming surges of the stormy tide ;
Sustain the fury of the noon-day sun
And o'er the death-charged mine intrepid run ;
Pleased in thy cause to spread their dearest blood,
Thy cause enwoven with their country's good.

WILLIAM, by Gallick forces long rever'd,
The shrilling musick of thy trumpet heard,
With speed he plunged amidst the briny wave,
Fearless of danger, while intent to save :

Till nimbly born by oriental gales,
Which then propitious fill'd his swelling sails,
He fix'd his standard on the British plains
And kindly broke the lawless tyrant's chains.
For this, ordain'd a star by mighty Joye,
Embeam'd with radiant light he shines above :
Among those ancient worthies of renown,
Who whilom having worn the English crown,
Are still appointed, for a certain space,
In their ethereal forms each day to trace
Of Albion's pleasant isle some chosen place.

* * * * *

JOHN BANCKS.

Sunning, Berkshire, 1709—1751.

At an early age Bancks was left an orphan to the care of an uncle-in-law. His schoolmaster stupidly or maliciously represented him as too dull to profit by education, and he was therefore apprenticed to a weaver. Before his term expired he broke his arm, and was disabled from pursuing this trade, or any other manual employment. Luckily at this time he received a legacy of ten pounds, with which he removed to London, purchased a parcel of old books, and set up a stall in Spitalfields.

Stephen Duck was now in his glory. Bancks thought he could write as well, and that a weaver's Miscellany might be considered as extraordinary as a thresher's. He abandoned his stall trade, because it allowed him no leisure, obtained a situation as journeyman to a bookseller, and circulated his proposals, which proved so successful, that for the remainder of his life he was enabled to support himself in easy circumstances by authorship. Among other works, he produced a *Life of Christ*, which is frequently vamped up by the periodical publishers in Paternoster-Row.

His Poems were printed in two 8vo. volumes.

*A Description of London.**In imitation of Scaron's description of Paris.*

Houses, churches, mix'd together ;
Streets, unpleasant in all weather ;
Prisons, palaces, contiguous ;
Gates ; a bridge ; the Thames irriguous.

Gaudy things enough to tempt ye ;
Showy outsides ; insides empty ;
Bubbles, trades, mechanick arts ;
Coaches, wheel-barrows, and carts.

Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid ;
Lords of laundresses afraid ;
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men ;
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen.

Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians ;
Noble, simple, all conditions :
Worth beneath a thread-bare cover ;
Villainy—bedaub'd all over.

Women, black, red, fair, and gray ;
Prudes, and such as never pray ;
Handsome, ugly, noisy, still ;
Some that will not, some that will.

Many a beau without a shilling ;
Many a widow not unwilling ;
Many a bargain, if you strike it :
This is LONDON ! how d'ye like it ?

*The Author's Picture. A fourth Epistle to
Mr. Pope.*

HAD my petitions been to those,
Who censure verse in stupid prose ;
But of their wisdom make no work,
Except by way of pun or quirk ;
Then, Sir, of course it had behoved me,
Before they damn'd me, or approved me,
To let them know, in formal guise,
My dress, religion, age, and size :
For these are always fertile fields,
The least of which sufficient yields
To guide a critick in his guess,
And make one's merit more or less.
But you judiciously can find
The intrinsick value of the mind,
Abstracted from exterior parts ;
And scorn the vulgar critick's arts :

With you the poetry's the same,
Whate'er the poet's state or name.

Yet, as our modern wits have thought,
That all the antients were in fault,
Among the gods, and nymphs, and elves,
To leave so little of themselves ;
(Themselves more worthy, 'tis agreed,
Than all the gods that fill'd their creed)
Willing to shun th' exploded error,
To time I consecrate this mirror ;
In which hereafter shall be seen
What sort of fellow I have been,
You wonder at the word hereafter :
But, gentle Sir, hold in your laughter ;
For not the writer, but receiver,
Shall make this labour live for ever.
A work so blended with your name,
Borne on that wing, aspires to fame :
And time and rage in vain shall arm
Against the virtue of that charm !
Here please to note, the Muse shall take
(For form and elegancy's sake)
The genteel pronouns him and he ;
Not, like Montaigne, talk all of me :

So, while her Pegasus trots hard on,
She craves your patience, and your pardon.

First (with his person to begin)
Like young Jess-ides, strait and thin :
Near two and twenty years of age,
(The prime for pure poetic rage :)
Full sixty-six good inches high :
Hath a small blemish in one eye ;
Complexion'd 'twixt the fair and sad :
In speech, a downright country lad.

His drapery waves before your eyes !
A scanty coat, of western frize :
(Ah ! would some friendly taylor turn it ;
For thro' each elbow he hath worn it)
His hat displays a chasm before :
His shoes can't last a fortnight more.

Tho' you might think he knows but little,
They count him learn'd in Agro-Spittle.
Not one that haunts the house he uses,
But grows familiar with the Muses ;
And can such authors' names rehearse,
As wrote in Greek and Roman verse.

The very quill-boys have been told,
That Ovid's soft, and Horace bold ;
Of Pindar's fire, Anacreon's ease,
And Virgil's—ev'ry art to please.
He often gives his neighbours rest,
By proving Ireland in the West ;
That Julius reign'd before Vespasian ;
That Charles of Sweden was no Asian ;
That Presbyterians may be Christians ;
That Brunswickers are not Philistines ;
That ev'n a Turk's a human creature ;
And twenty secrets of like nature :
For when good friends are in dispute,
And neither yields, nor can confute,
He still unties the Gordian Knot :
They give him thanks, and pay his shot.

Your daily writers, who diffuse
Good British puns in foreign news,
Some Latin phrase are often gleaning :
He, when 'tis wanted, gives the meaning ;
The publick benefit enlarging,
By writing English on the margin.
And then for epitaphs and motto's,
And hard words, such as busto's, grotto's,

Half his estate poor Landlord Knott owes;
For all which labours and endeavours,
He lives much honour'd by the weavers ;
Who give him titles, which they vary,
The Bard, the Soph, the Dictionary.

His thoughts and principles religious,
Are neither intricate nor tedious :
Founded on maxims free and rational ;
More universal than mere national.
In life, not scrupulous, nor vicious ;
In mind, not brave, nor superstitious ;
Myst'ries he leaves to men of learning,
And future things to Faith's discerning.
Unwarp'd by reverence, or contempt,
From priests, and theirs, he lives exempt :
For dreading fury, fire, and treason,
He trusts them only when they reason :
And when from myst'ry they descend,
The priest is swallowed in the friend.
Yet then, and always, he prefers
His own weak reasoning—ev'n to theirs.
For state affairs ; his humble station
Can little influence the nation :
But friends, who like him for his rhymes,
Will have his judgment of the times ;

And often interrupt his muse,
To make him comment on the news.
Hence the true scheme of politicks
He seeks, which he resolves to fix :
And finds his notions are so bright,
He oft' could set Sir Robert right.

The native temper of his mind
To melancholy seems inclined :
But brandy, porter, punch, or sherry,
Makes him extravagantly merry.
When fill'd with one of these, or in it,
He'll mete out verses in a minute ;
Tell pleasant tales ; break jests ; and play .
With wenches,—in no wanton way.

Ill-nature's what he never knew :
He pities all the snarling crew,
Who never learn'd, yet dully teach,
And rail at what they cannot reach.
He frankly owns, your works, when young,
Taught him the numbers of our tongue :
By them enlighten'd, he refined
At first his language, then his mind.

Now turn we to his inventory,
Took on the spot, the upper story.

A bedstead that supports a bed
With neither tester, post, nor head :
One curtain, strung upon a cable :
An antient, frameless, fir-tree table :
Two wooden chairs, some members lacking :
A third, half naked, half in sacking :
There is a fourth, but that is lame :
A looking-glass, which had a frame :
A broken stove, to which belongs
A rusty, clawless pair of tongs ;
Poker, and shovel ; but no fender :
Flint, matches, steel, and box for tinder ;
The stick, wherein he puts his candle :
A quart stone mug, without a handle :
An earthen jourdain, bound with cords ;
(All these his landlady affords !)
A peruke-box, his barber's loan ;
A hat-box too ;—but that's his own.

His genuine goods in order follow,
That prove him bastard of Apollo.
Old books, four hundred forty-four ;
Whereof in English half a score :

The trunk his manuscripts are seen in ;
(A leathern trunk, design'd for linen :
A wooden standish, sixpence price :
A pen, that has been mended twice :
A quartern vial, fill'd with ink :
A paper-case :—that's all, I think.
Conclude we, Sir, in form of reason :
(For jesting now were out of season)
The youth depicted in this letter,
Grown more discreet, and counsell'd better,
Here sinks at once in his pretension,
And claims no poem, place, nor pension.
His reprobation, or adoption,
He leaves entirely at your option ;
Obliged henceforwards in his muse,
If, without praising, you excuse.

A thought thus wantonly pursued,
From free to bold, from bold to rude,
Might raise a blockhead to the lawn ;
To power, a whelp that knows to fawn ;
An artful knave to guide our laws ;
But lifts no dunce to your applause.
Then thus we sum up our affairs :
That, notwithstanding former airs,
The most I seriously would hope,
Is, just to read the words, A POPE,

Writ, without sneer, or shew of banter,
Beneath your friendly Imprimantur.

To Boreas. An Ode.

BLOW Boreas, foe to human kind !
Blow blustering, freezing, piercing wind !
Blow, that thy force I may rehearse,
While all my thoughts congeal to verse !

Blow, and the strongest proofs dispense
To ev'ry doubtful reader's sense !
But chiefly chill the critick's nose,
Who dares the truths I sing oppose !

Where'er old hoary Winter's fear'd,
There thou with trembling art revered :
In thee the dreaded pow'r remains,
By which the snowy monarch reigns.

The leaves that beautify'd the trees,
And waved before a softer breeze,
Torn off by thee, are scatter'd round,
To wither on the rusty ground.

Where rapid rivers used to flow,
To glass the silent waters grow :
The mighty Volga feels thy force,
And Dwina stagnates in his course.

Even oozy Thames submits to thee ;
Thames, like the neighb'ring vallies, free !
Augusta's sons, in sportive mood,
Oft tread the surface of his flood.

To the proud Czar's terrifick fleet,
Which half the nations fear to meet;
'Thou dost thy strict injunctions give,
Nor can it stir without thy leave.

Thy presence on Britannia's plains,
To chimney-corner drives her swains :
There thy severity they shun ;
And thither I would gladly run !

But I (so Jove and Fate command)
Exposed to all thy rage must stand :
Condemn'd thy tyranny to bear,
Unpity'd, half the tedious year !

Tho' close begirt with garments three,
Not garments can defend from thee ;
Thy penetrating force will find
Or hole before, or slit behind !

In vain my hands my bosom hides !
In vain I shield them by my sides !
In vain exhale the warmer air,
Which my too feeble lungs prepare !

In vain upon the distant tiles
The God of day indulgent smiles !
His influence I should never know,
But for the drops of melted snow.

The melted snow beneath my feet,
Still makes thy Empire more complete.
My aged shoes not water proof,
Admit those droppings of the roof.

Full in my face is always driven,
By thee, whate'er descends from Heaven ;
Or snow, or rain, or sleet, or hail,
Nor can the pent-house aught avail !

But hold ! I feel my senses clog :
Down drops my Fancy, like a log :
Like thickening streams my numbers run,
And slowly drag the meaning on.

It stops ; it hardens in a trice !
Lo ! all converts to solid ice !
To prove thy power as much as needs,
Enough to freeze the wretch who reads.

THOMAS FITZGERALD,

1695,—1752.

Was an usher at Westminster School, and edited the *Mar-tial* and *Terence* in use there. He was Chaplain to the Duke of Dorset, to whom he had been Tutor; but the only church preferment he enjoyed was the Rectory of Wotton and Abinger, in Surrey, which was presented to him by Sir John Evelyn, Bart. in return for which he presented Sir John Evelyn with all the virtues set forth in the second specimen.

His Poetry seems to have been written easily and cheerfully, and with that sort of spirit which now and then prompts Ushers at great Schools to produce something better than Botch-Verses.

Fitzgerald died at his Rectory in 1752.

BEDLAM.

WHERE proud Augusta, blest with long repose,
Her ancient wall and ruin'd bulwark shows ;
Close by a verdant plain, with graceful height
A stately Fabric rises to the sight.

Yet though its parts all elegantly shine,
And sweet proportion crowns the whole design ;
Though art, in strong expressive sculpture shown,
Consummate art informs the breathing stone ;
Far other views than these within appear,
And woe and horror dwell for ever here.
For ever from the echoing roof rebounds
A dreadful din of heterogeneous sounds ;
From this, from that, from every quarter rise
Loud shouts, and sullen groans, and doleful cries ;
Heart-soft'ning plaints demand the pitying tear,
And peals of hideous laughter shock the ear.

Thus, when in some fair human form we find
The lusts all rampant, and the reason blind,
Griev'd we behold such beauty given in vain,
And Nature's fairest work survey with pain.

Within the chambers which this dome contains,
In all her frantic forms Distraction reigns.
For when the sense from various objects brings,
Through organs crazed, the images of things ;
Ideas, all extravagant and vain,
In endless swarms crowd in upon the brain :
The cheated reason true and false confounds,
And forms her notions from fantastick grounds.

Then, if the blood impetuous swells the veins,
And choler in the constitution reigns,
Outrageous fury straight inflames the soul,
Quick beats the pulse, and fierce the eye-balls roll;
Rattling his chains the wretch all raving lies,
And roars and foams; and earth and heaven defies.
Not so, when gloomy the black bile prevails,
And lumpish phlegm the thick'ned mass congeals:
All lifeless then is the poor patient found,
And sits for ever moping on the ground;
His active powers their uses all forego,
Nor senses, tongue, nor limbs their functions
know.

In melancholy lost, the vital flame
Informs, and just informs the listless frame.
If brisk the circulating tides advance,
And nimble spirits through the fibres dance,
Then all the images delightful rise,
The tickled fancy sparkles through the eyes;
The mortal, all to mirth and joy resign'd,
In ev'ry gesture shews his freakish mind;
Frolick and free, he laughs at Fortune's power,
And plays ten thousand gambols in an hour.

Now entering in, my Muse, thy theme pursue,
And all the dome, and each apartment view.

Within this lonely lodge, in solemn port,
A shivering Monarch keeps his awful court ;
And far and wide, as boundless thought can stray,
Extends a vast imaginary sway.
Utopian princes bow before his throne,
Lands unexisting his dominion own ;
And airy realms and regions in the moon.
The pride of dignity, the pomp of state,
The dazzling glories of the envy'd great,
Rise to his view, and in his fancy swell,
And guards and courtiers croud his empty cell.
See how he walks majestic through the throng !
(Behind he trails his tatter'd robes along)
And cheaply blest, and innocently vain,
Enjoys the dear delusion of his brain ;
In this small spot expatiates unconfined.
Supreme of monarchs, first of human kind !

Such joyful ecstasy as this possess
On some triumphal day great Cæsar's breast ;
Great Cæsar, scarce beneath the Gods ador'd,
The world's proud victor, Rome's imperial lord,
With all his glories in their utmost height,
And all his power display'd before his sight.
Unnumber'd trophies grace the pompous train,
And captive kings indignant drag their chain.

With laurell'd ensigns glittering from afar,
His legions, glorious partners of the war,
His conquering legions march behind the golden
car:

Whilst shouts on shouts from gather'd nations rise,
And endless acclamations rend the skies.
For this to vex mankind with dire alarms,
Urging with rapid speed his restless arms,
From clime to clime the mighty madmen flew,
Nor tasted quiet, nor contentment knew,
But spread wild ravage all the world abroad,
The plague of nations, and the scourge of God.

Poor Chloe—whom yon little cell contains,
Of broken vows and faithless man complains:
Her heaving bosom speaks her inward woe:
Her tears in melancholy silence flow.
Yet still her fond desires tumultuous rise,
Melt her sad soul, and languish in her eyes,
And from her wild ideas as they rove,
To all the tender images of love;
And still she soothes and feeds the flattering pain,
False as he is, still, still she loves her swain.
To hopeless passion yields her heart a prey,
And sighs and sings the livelong hours away.

So mourns the imprisoned lark his hapless fate,
In love's soft season ravish'd from his mate,
Fondly fatigues his unavailing rage,
And hops and flutters round and round his cage,
And moans and droops, with pining grief oppress'd,
Whilst sweet complainings warble from his breast.

* * * * *

To my Honoured Patron, Sir John Evelyn, Bart.

O born conspicuous in your sphere
To move, and shine, and far and near
To shed your influence round !
Of each ingenuous art possess'd,
With every useful talent bless'd,
With every virtue crown'd.

For ever in some worthy aim,
Your care exerted still the same,
Its generous ardour shows ;
And yet, if haply for a while,
Unbending from your glorious toil,
You snatch a short repose ;

Say, does not the retirement please ?
The sweet still life, the learned ease,
The solitude serene :
Where every charm of Nature meets
In Wotton's elegant retreats
And rich romantick scene ?

For me, I own, I ever loved
Far, far from courts and crowds removed,
The calm unenvied state,
And, Sir, the utmost of my view,
(Thanks to all-gracious Heav'n and you)
Is now my happy fate.

Not that my hours I idly spend,
Whilst my parochial charge I tend,
Nor run they on in vain,
Or social converse when I chuse,
Or turn my books, or court my muse
To tune the sprightly strain.

As these alternately engage,
I solace my declining age,
And cast old care aside :
And hence such harmless pleasures flow
As the great world can never know
With all its pomp and pride.

Blest is the man without offence,
From the plain paths of innocence,
That never went astray ;
And the next blest is he who mourns
His errors, and repenting turns
Back to the sacred way.

But oh ! 'tis bliss beyond compare,
Such solid joys as yours to share,
Recalling still to mind
An active life from first to last,
In one perpetual labour past,
To benefit mankind.

An Epigram.

DICK's sprightly wit, like bottled beer,
For ever bouncing out,
In froth pursues its full career,
And spatters all about.

Whene'er the hum'rous topicks rise,
Nor stop nor stay he knows,
But slap the picquant raill'ry flies,
Alike at friends or foes.

Not the most clear or sacred name,
Can 'scape the trying test ;
But still, let Heaven and earth reclaim,
Still he must urge his jest.

And hence, with joy too dearly prized,
Tho' thus he rules the roast,
Soon shall he see himself despised,
And all his friendships lost.

As he has his, he soon must find
The world will have their whim.
He laughs and sneers at all mankind,
And all mankind at him.

ELIZABETH TOLLET.

1694—1754.

Was the daughter of George Tollet, Esq. Commissioner of the Navy, in the reigns of King William and Queen Anne. In a short preface to a volume of her Poems, printed in 1755, she is mentioned as a woman of great virtue, and excellent education. Her poetry does not rise above mediocrity, and she shews most of the spirit and softness of her sex in the Winter Song, which is the last of the specimens subjoined.

Pastoral. On a rural Amour.

TELL me, O ! tell me, why with cold disdain
 You scorn the passion of an artless swain ?
 Why now with haughty charms and conscious
 pride
 You frown severe, and turn your head aside ?

VOL. II.

O

Perhaps, my form and courtship rude are thought,
Love is not unsincere because untaught.
Far from your town, and distant from resort,
In woods has been my business and my sport :
Yet Love, if pleasing tales may be believed
From antient bards to listening youth derived,
Has in the shady forest's dark retreat
Composed his bower, and fix'd his rural seat.
They say the mother and the queen of love
Forsook the starry skies, and chose to rove,
And trace a favourite shepherd thro' the grove.
And some good gentry in our town, 'tis said,
Have met their lovers in the neighbouring glade :
Not that I close intrigues to light would bring,
But you perhaps have heard of such a thing :
By these examples warn'd, fair Maid ! remove
That pride that is the obstacle of love.
This form, the object you so much despise,
Our country maids beheld with other eyes :
With envious care and rival art they strove
Who first should gain, and longest keep my love.
I loved, or thought I loved, what youth could
choose ?
So fairly proffer'd, how could I refuse ?
But then no pain, no anxious care I knew ;
That future triumph was reserved for you.

You may remember, I remember well,
And still my thoughts on that loved image dwell,
'Twas when the earth had welcomed jolly May,
Beneath an oak upon the sands I lay,
And with my hook deceived the finny prey.
Careless I lay, for then my only care
Was o'er the lawns to course the timorous hare ;
Or to disperse the missive deaths in air.
With youthful pride and vain delight I knew,
How my strong arm could bend the stubborn yew ;
But when you came, I to my grief confess
A surer marksman that had pierced my breast.
You came, and chose that oak for your retreat,
Where I was shelter'd from the noon-tide heat :
Your shining hat was with a ribbon-ty'd,
And but adorn'd the charms it seem'd to hide,
With modest quietude and decent pride.
You sate ; and on my sportive labours smiled :
While I the fish, the fisher you beguiled :
'Twas from that fatal day the source arose
Of all my griefs, the date of all my woes ;
I'll call it so, unless you should relent,
And prove it blest and happy by the event *
How oft, at your approach, my faded cheek
Betray'd the passion which I durst not speak ?
Aw'd by your eyes, how oft the accents hung
And dy'd imperfect on my faltering tongue ?

By day, the woodland solitudes I sought,
To hide my passion, and indulge my thought :
By night, upon the ground my limbs I spread,
And on the mossy roots reposed my head.
My altered eyes roll'd wild with gloomy care ;
And doubt increasing ended in despair :
My love-sick heart no longer could maintain
Its vital functions, or support its pain.
'Twas then you came, by kind compassion moved
With looks which bid me hope to be beloved.
Why are you changed ? while I am still the same,
While life shall feed the inexhausted flame :
While your dear image in my tortured breast,
Disturbs my haunted dreams and broken rest ;
I madly from pursuing love would run,
And bear about the torments which I shun.
So strive the feather'd tribes in vain to fly
The fowler's certain arm and constant eye :
While on extended pennons they forsake
The sheltering thicket, or the sedgy lake,
Dangerous their flight, nor less unsafe their stay,
Fate, swifter-wing'd, o'ertakes their mounting
way.

Against Chance and Fate.

'Tis not wild Chance, or arbitrary Fate,
Fond man ! that guides thy fluctuating state :
Poor Reason yields in vain her feeble aid,
Alike by each fantastick scheme betray'd.
Could wandering atoms, in their casual fall,
Compose the fabrick of this wonderous ball :
Are modes of matter capable of thought,
With act reflex, and clear ideas fraught ?
Then well may Chance in endless mazes run,
And rule the system which it first begun.
But see ! the earth with useful plenty bless'd,
The plants of vegetable life possess'd ;
Observe by beasts, in every species, shown
A dubious reason which we blush to own :
Then thou, whose boasted power can all controul,
Consult the native dictates of thy soul ;
And if thou there discern the Maker's hand,
Confess his care, resign to his command,
Others, as vain, to human acts apply
A fatal series and necessity :
And think that choice, which we imagine free,
Was pre-determined by severe decree.
Why then must man, of liberty debarr'd,
Or suffer punishment, or meet reward ?

Whence springs the difference of good and ill,
Our deed constrained, and over-ruled our will ?
Must we the guilt of fancy'd freedom bear ?
Why is our blinded reason forced to err ?
Does this consist with rules by justice taught,
That power should punish which compell'd the
 fault ?

Thus vainly in the jangling schools engage
Fond Epicurus and the * Cyprian sage :
'Till heaven the interposing curtain draws,
A word created, and superior cause
Now stand reveal'd ; and in his works is shown,
Who long was sought in vain, a God unknown.
From whence this consequential system flows,
The whole subsisting by his sole dispose :
That his eternal wisdom does dispense
The various bounties of his providence,
To thee, O man ! a reasoning soul is given,
Form'd to be happy, capable of heaven ;
Thy act is free, and unconstrain'd thy will,
In good instructed, and forewarn'd of ill :
And hence that punishment, deserved and due,
To those who know the good, the worst pursue.
Perplex'd and weary'd in the tedious chace,
Reason thus far a Providence may trace :

* Zeno.

Here she must rest ; nor can her dazzled sight
Pierce the bright regions of eternal light.
How does it mock her labour to explain
How we from Adam's crime derive a stain ?
How can her force a proper victim show
Our guilt to expiate, and avert our woe ?
How in one person, tho' not mix'd, are joined
The human nature and eternal mind ?
How he who was e'er time in time had birth,
Uncircumscribed by heaven inhabits earth ?
Whose sacred blood, by impious fury spilt,
Man's greatest crime, atones man's greatest
guilt.

Canst thou, who hast with subtilty defined
The closest operations of the mind,
Canst thou, I say, with like discernment trace
Th' effective influence of celestial grace ?
Canst thou distinguish, with acutest skill,
How the bless'd spirit leads thy proper will ?
Then, feeble Reason ! thy pursuit must cease !
Implore the God of knowledge, truth and peace,
To teach that rebel Folly we call wit,
That 'tis her noblest conquest to submit.
Vain man, whom pride and obstinacy sway,
Persists disputing when he should obey ;

To terms of honour given he scorns to yield,
And strives, tho' vanquish'd, to maintain the
field.

Here end thy search ; and fix thy lasting trust
On the most wise, most pow'rful, and most just.

On a Death's Head.

ON this resemblance, where we find
A portrait drawn from all mankind,
Fond lover ! gaze a while, to see
What beauty's idol charms shall be.
Where are the balls that once could dart
Quick lightning thro' the wounded heart ?
The skin, whose teint could once unite
The glowing red and polish'd white ?
The lip in brighter ruby drest ?
The cheek with dimpled smiles opprest ?
The rising front, where beauty sate
Throned in her residence of state ;
Which, half-disclosed and half-conceal'd,
The hair in flowing ringlets veil'd !
'Tis vanished all ! remains alone
This eyeless scalp of naked bone :

The vacant orbits sunk within :
The jaw that offers at a grin.
Is this the object then that claims
The tribute of our youthful flames ?
Must amorous hopes and fancy'd bliss,
Too dear delusions ! end in this ?
How high does Melancholy swell !
Which sighs can more than language tell :
Till Love can only grieve or fear ;
Reflect a while, then drop a tear
For all that's beautiful or dear.

Winter Song.

Ask me no more, my truth to prove,
What I would suffer for my love :
With thee I would in exile go,
To regions of eternal snow :
O'er floods by solid ice confined ;
Thro' forest bare with Northern wind :
While all around my eyes I cast,
Where all is wild, and all is waste.
If there the timorous stag you chace,
Or rouse to fight a fiercer race,

Undaunted I thy arms would bear ;
And give thy hand the hunter's spear.
When the low sun withdraws his light,
And menaces an half year's night,
The conscious moon, and stars above,
Shall guide me with my wandering love.
Beneath the mountain's hollow brow,
Or in its rocky cells below,
Thy rural feast I would provide ;
Nor envy palaces their pride ;
The softest moss should dress thy bed,
With savage spoils about thee spread :
While faithful Love the watch should keep,
To banish danger from thy sleep.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Bangour, Ayrshire, 1704—1754.

He was of an ancient, honourable, and opulent family. In 1745, he joined the Pretender, and was fortunate enough to effect his escape to France, after having wandered for some time in the Highlands, else he also would have been sacrificed by that mistaken severity which provokes more disaffection by pity than it can quell by fear.

Hamilton made no farther efforts for a hopeless cause, he passed his exile in literary amusements, made his peace with government, and returned to take possession of the family estate, which had devolved to him by the death of his brother. His constitution however was impaired, perhaps by his sufferings in the Highlands ; he went abroad to try the effect of a better climate and died at Lyons.

A SOLILOQUY,

Written in June, 1746.

MYSTERIOUS inmate of this breast,
Enkindled by thy flame ;
By thee my being's best exprest,
For what thou art I am.

With thee I claim celestial birth,
A spark of heaven's own ray ;
Without thee sink to vilest earth,
Inanimated clay.

Now in this sad and dismal hour
Of multiply'd distress,
Has any former thought the power
To make thy sorrows less.

When all around thee cruel snares
Threaten thy destined breath,
And every sharp reflection bears
Want, exile, chains or death.

Can ought that past in youth's fond reign
Thy pleasing vein restore,
Lives beauty's gay and festive train
In memory's soft store ?

Or does the Muse ('tis said her art
Can fiercest pangs appease,)
Can she to thy poor trembling heart
Now speak the words of peace.

Yet she was wont at early dawn
To whisper thy repose,

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Nor was her friendly aid withdrawn
At grateful evening's close.

Friendship, 'tis true its sacred might,
May mitigate thy doom,
As lightning shot across the night,
A moment gilds the gloom.

O God ! thy providence alone
Can work to wonder here,
Can change to gladness every moan,
And banish all my fear.

Thy arm all powerful to save,
May every doubt destroy ;
And from the horrors of the grave,
New raise to life and joy.

From this, as from a copious spring,
Pure consolation flows ;
Makes the faint heart 'midst sufferings sing,
And 'midst despair repose.

Yet from its creature gracious heaven,
Most merciful and just,
Asks but for life and safety given,
Our faith and humble trust.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

To Lady Jane Home.

Imitation of the Ancient Scottish Manner.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow?
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bony bony bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
A. I gat her where I dare nae weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bony bony bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bony bony bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun
she weep,

Laung maun she weep, with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun, I nae mair weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luvver luvver dear,
Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain,
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow red ?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of Sorrow ?
And why yon melancholeous weids
Hung on the bony birks of Yarrow.

What yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude ?
What yonder floats ? O dule and sorrow !
'Tis he the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waeful wise,
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,
And warn from fight, but, to my sorrow,
O'er rashly bald a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell'st on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows
the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as, sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luvè, fair fair indeed thy luvè,
In floury bands, thou him didst fetter,
Though he was fair and weil belov'd again,
Than me he never leud the better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bony bony bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bony bony bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luvè on the Braes of Yarrow.

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my luvè,
My luvè, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn seuing,
Ah! wretched me! I little little kenn'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white
steed,

Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,
But e'er the toofal of the night
He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoiced that wæful wæful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang'e'er night the spear was floun
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luvèr's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo
me?

My happy sisters may be may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffin,
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My luvèr nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to muve me,
My luvèr's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me luvè thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar ye bridal maids the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is ?
His hands methinks are bathed in slaughter ;
Ah me ! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding afar.

Pale as he is, here lay him lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow,
Take off take off these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee !
Yet lie all night between my briests,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my briests,
No youth shall ever lie there after.

A. Return return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow,
Thy luvver heeds not of thy sighs,
He lies a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

GEORGE JEFFREYS.

1678—1755.

Except the Translations of Vida's Chess and Vaniere's Country Farm, with two or three Dramatick and Musical Pieces, the flights of this Author's Muse were short and desultory.

A Quarto Volume of his poems was published in 1767, with a Dedication to the Marquis of Carnarvon dated in 1754.

Though it be contrary to the general plan of this work to give translations as specimens of the poetick talents of the age, yet that which is subjoined may perhaps from its excellence justify the departure from this rule.

To Mr. Addison, on his Tragedy of Cato, 1713.

Now we may speak, since Cato speaks no more ;
'Tis praise at length ! 'twas rapture all before !
When crowded Theatres with Io's rung,
Sent to the skies from whence thy genius sprung :

Even civil rage a while in thine was lost,
And factions strove but to applaud thee most :
Nor could enjoyment pall our longing taste,
But every night was dearer than the last.

As when old Rome, in a malignant hour,
Deprived of some returning conqueror,
Her debt of triumph to the dead discharged,
For fame, for treasure, and her bounds enlarged ;
And, while his Godlike figure moved along,
Alternate passions fired the adoring throng,
Tears flow'd from every eye, and shouts from every
tongue.

So in thy pompous lines has Cato fared
Graced with an ample, though a late, reward ;
A greater victor we in him revere,
A nobler triumph crowns his image here.

With wonder, as with pleasure, we survey
A theme so scanty wrought into a play ;
So vast a pile on such foundations placed,
Like Ammon's temple rear'd on Libya's waste.
Behold its glowing paint ! its easy weight !
Its nice proportions ! and stupendous height !
How chaste the conduct ! how divine the rage !
A Roman worthy on a Grecian stage !

But where shall Cato's praise begin, or end ;
Inclined to melt, and yet untaught to bend ;
The firmest patriot, and the gentlest friend ?
How great his Genuis, when the traitor croud,
Ready to strike the blow their fury vow'd,
Quell'd by his look, and listening to his lore,
Learn, like his passions, to rebel no more !
When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove
The cure of slavish life, and slighted love,
Brave Marcus now in early death appears,
While Cato counts his wounds and not his years ;
Who, checking private grief, the public mourns,
Commands the pity he so greatly scorns :
But when he strikes (to crown his generous part)
That honest, staunch, impracticable heart,
No tears, no sobs, pursue his parting breath ;
The dying Roman shames the pomp of death.

O sacred Freedom ! which the powers bestow
To season blessings, and to soften woe,
Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
The toil of ages, and the crown of wars !
If, taught by thee, thy poet's wit has flow'd
In strains as precious as his hero's blood ;
Preserve those strains and everlasting charm,
To keep that blood, and thy remembrance warm ;

Be this thy guardian image still secure ;
In vain shall force invade, or fraud allure :
Our great Palladium shall perform its part,
Fix'd and inshrined in every British heart.

A Riddle of Dean Swift's, versified.

You ask a story, not more strange than true ;
Nor must I hide it from a friend like you :
Without disguise my wretched lot behold,
In all its train of circumstances told :
And tho' perhaps, what I shall first advance,
May make the whole resemble a romance ;
A solemn truth it is—no whim, nor jest ;
Which, if you please—the Parson shall attest.

Know then, dear Sir, my present situation
Is in a small and sorry habitation,
Ill fitted up, and fenced ; upon the waste,
Like other clay-built cottages, 'tis placed.
In this poor hut I breathe with care and pain ;
And, what is harder, if I durst complain,
One minute's warning turns me out again,

Held by a sort of copy, it appears
An easy bargain for the first seven years :
For, free from rent, I only then resort,
As bound in duty, to the Manor court ;
There once a week, or more, to custom true,
My landlord claims the suit and service due.
The twenty following years require a rose
In annual payment, to my worst of foes.
My next acknowledgment is stranger still ;
For, soon or later, at my landlord's will,
Each third, or second year, or oftener yet,
A tooth discharges my unwelcome debt ;
And, when to answer more demands I fail,
A meagre catchpole hurries me to jail !
No miscreant, so remorseless ever tore
Thy journals, Fog, or knock'd at Franklin's door.

In days of old, on better terms than these,
I might have occupied the premises,
Ere a false step, my fond great Grandsire made,
Warp'd by a wheedling wife, their race betray'd.
An orchard to the Manor-house adjoin'd,
Rich in delicious fruits of ev'ry kind :
In robbing it, the graceless pair were caught,
By a bad neighbour to their ruin taught :

For by that slip, without retrieve, was lost
A certain privilege they once could boast ;
And from the hour when they were turn'd adrift,
Their hapless line have made this woful shift.

However, rubbing onward as I may,
I spare no pains to patch my house of clay ;
And keep it in a tenantable way.
A little kitchen serves to dress my fare,
Shap'd like an oven, rather round than square :
My garrets, poorly furnish'd, I may load
Perhaps too much, with lumber a-la-mode.
To this low state uncomfortably ty'd,
Well as I can, for rent-day I provide ;
That when my term (as soon it must) shall cease,
My gracious Lord may sign a full release.

When I am ousted, a mean creeping race,
Doom'd to succeed me, have secured the place ;
Where they are sure to multiply amain,
Triumphant o'er their foe in Abchurch Lane.

Meanwhile this lodge, or call it what you please,
Has one snug hole, contriv'd for warmth and ease :
On the left side of my abode it lies,
And for my friends a resting-place supplies :

This to your use with pleasure I resign;
Yours is the lodging, while the house is mine.

To Eliza, inviting me to her Wedding.

HAD you your charms resign'd
To him who loves you best,
The summons had been kind,
And I completely blest.

Those tender words, "Prepare
"For bliss so long delay'd,"
An age of black despair
At once had overpay'd.

But, doom'd to rival arms,
You mock your Lover's smart;
A dance your blood alarms,
A ribbon fires your heart:

Tho' clogg'd with fool and debt,
The dear estate you prize,
And view without regret,
The martyr of your eyes.

But I ; can I behold
The Heav'n I must forego ?
And grace, like slaves of old,
The triumph of my foe ?

You will not give delight ;
And would you add to pain ?
Your hate improves to spite ;
To malice your disdain.

Yet, tyrant, in your turn,
The stroke of justice, due
To cruelty and scorn,
Perhaps may humble you.

In honour's school untaught,
Your sot may go astray,
And you, like me, be brought
To curse your wedding-day.

Horace, Ode XIII. Book I.

ON Telephus his blooming charms,
And Telephus his waxen arms,
While you, my Lydia, dwell, .

By turns my colour shifts its seat ;
By turns my mind ; with stifled heat
My lab'ring vitals swell.

The moisture, stealing down my cheeks,
The slowly-wasting fever speaks,
That dries my languid veins ;
Nor can my eye the wine support,
That, spilt by him in drunken sport,
Your snowy bosom stains.

If on your mouth a biting kiss
Has mark'd the furious lover's bliss ;
Can such a love be true ?
Whose savage transports could annoy
The lips which Venus bathed for joy,
In her celestial dew.

Thrice happy they, and more than thrice,
Whom passion, free from strife or vice,
To chaste endearments guides ;
Unbroken union is their lot,
And no resentments tear the knot,
Which only death divides.

A Fable.

A SURGEON, traversing the plain,
Across his road, with loosened rein,
A saddled courser found ;
The rider with his hands display'd,
And neck awry, was near him laid,
Incumbent on the ground,

Our Artist, zealous to fulfil
A work of charity and skill,
To help the wretch, alights :
This newly broken neck (he cry'd,)
Tho' most confoundedly aside,
May yet be set to rights.

Then, handling the distorted part
The son of Pæan gave a start,
To hear his patient snore :
But, when to stretch it he began,
It rous'd at once the sleeping man ;
For he but slept before.

No sooner waken'd, than aware
Of what was going forward, spare,
(He said) my shapeless neck ;

Which, form'd by Nature thus awry,
(However it offends your eye)
To straighten were to break.

MORAL.

With visions of Utopia fraught,
Or in the school of Plato taught,
Let politicians prate;
And, arguing where they should obey,
Their skill in surgery display
To set a broken state.

But ancient forms to recommend,
Let evils that on change attend,
Be still before our eyes;
Experience carries it from rules;
And faults are sooner found by fools,
Than mended by the wise.

EPIGRAM.

TEMPT but the fair with pieces ten;
If naughty, she'll consent t' ye;
But is she chaste? excuse her then,
She yields not under twenty.

WILLIAM HAY.

Glynbourn, Sussex, 1695,—1755.

Whenever "the gift divine of Song" is bestowed with other amiable and worthy qualities, it derives from such combination a merit and a lustre beyond that which it intrinsically possesses, and calls on us for a higher degree of love and approbation.

In the preface to his works, published in 2 vols. 4to. 1794, Mr. Hay is thus described: "But it is not merely as a man of letters that Mr. Hay should be remembered; as an English Gentleman, the Master of a family, a Magistrate, a Member of the British Parliament, and in the domestick relations of a husband, and a father, he ought not to be forgotten. Many years are elapsed since he was removed from this scene of things, yet some persons are still living who remember him in each of these characters; and it is to be wished that they would recollect all they knew of him; for his mind was liberal, and his views were extended to the Publick, with qualifications and a desire to serve it, without low or selfish designs; and his private and domestick life was beneficial to the circle within its influence."

He has left a few original pieces in rhyme, besides some useful essays in prose, and numerous translations from the Epigrams of Martial.

Mount Caburn, a Poem.

* * * * *

BUT now my Muse, by quick poetick flight,
 Doth leave these ruins and on nearer 'light ;
 Where a famed abbey of a later date,
 But the same order, shared her sister's fate.
 (Nor these alone, but each monastick cell,
 Sunk, when their parent superstition fell.)
 Wide o'er the vale its rude remains are spread :
 Above, the castle rears its aged head ;
 As much decay'd, his origin the same :
 Each is a monument of Warren's fame.
 These the great founder hoped, but hoped in vain,
 Should safe, whilst flow'd the neighbouring stream,
 remain.
 The stream, which through the verdant pastures
 stray'd,
 The rising fabricks then with pride survey'd ;
 Passing the ruin'd dome, and sinking tower,
 Now mourns the faded glories of his shore,
 Whilst his own current still the same doth last ;
 So much man's works by nature's are surpast.

The castle, once its mighty lord's abode,
Presses the mountain with a useless load ;
Dreadful its high-raised broken walls impend,
Threatening to crush the town they did defend ;
And o'er the people sudden ruin spread,
Like infants by their nurses overlaid.
And lo ! the monastery's sacred wall,
A nest to ravens, and to herds a stall.

In this recess the hooded friar lay,
Dissolved in ease, and slumbering life away :
Luxurious fared, his matins duly said,
Sang o'er the dead, and on the living prey'd :
The supple layman treated as he pleased,
Tortured with penance, or with pardon eased,
To poverty the gates of Heaven were barr'd,
But for the rich to enter was not hard ;
Brokers in sin did their assistance lend ;
Who paid the monks never could God offend.
They to Religion blind, but worldly wise,
For lands and houses barter'd Paradise.
Unlearn'd, and skill'd in pious frauds alone,
They gave us Heav'n to make the earth their own.

To them these fair possessions Warren gave,
Reserved a pardon, and a sainted grave.

But long the pile hath been by time o'erthrown,
His tomb is vanish'd and the place unknown.
He, whom the adjacent tracts did once obey,
Here lies a piece of undistinguish'd clay :
How is his glory fled, who now 'is grown
Part of the field, which once he call'd his own !
O all ye rich, ye fortunate, ye great,
Can ye be proud, and think on Warren's fate ?

Far happier thou of Denmark's royal race,
Whose great remains a neighbouring temple grace !
Where the informing stone still takes a pride
To tell those virtues, which you strove to hide ;
Who from the world did prudently retire,
And all that grandeur which the vain admire ;
And to high titles, dignity, and blood,
Prefer the nobler praise of being good.
To watch thy urn may angels never cease !
And may thy honour'd dust long rest in peace !

Beyond, the hills an even carpet spread,
Tempting their sons to sport upon their head.
See ! the light riders on the well-bred horse
Spring from the goal, and urge the rapid course :
So instantly they gain upon the way,
That time itself flies not so swift as they :

The silver mew, which skims the nether air,
Seems tardy on the wing, when they are near :
Forward they press, while shouts ascend the
clouds,
'Midst chariots, neighing steeds, and gazing crowds.

Different the contest was, the place the same,
(The place which bears the captive monarch's
name)

When hapless Henry, too imperious lord,
Here lost his liberty, but ours restored.
Thence firm the long-contested charter stood,
Which England purchased with her noblest blood,
And ever will esteem her noblest good.
The greater Edward did this grant approve,
And fix'd his empire in his people's love.
He knew (as all recorded times have shewn)
Invading subjects rights kings lose their own.
Still may we bless the day, when on this plain
The tyrant broke his rod, the slave his chain.
Then liberty did higher thoughts impart,
And with more generous courage fire the heart.
Then property, adored by ev'ry swain,
Advanced with laughing plenty in her train.
Justice prevail'd, oppression fled the field ;
Law was a curb to might, to right a shield.

The rescued nation smiled, whilst all around
She saw the foreign realms in fetters bound ;
Nor thought she did too dear those blessings gain,
Which she enjoys secure in George's reign,
Which Frederick's virtues promise long shall last,
And future times be happy as the past.

But if this hill one king did captive see,
A neighbouring town since set another free.
When to her shore Charles, like a hart pursued,
Fled from the hounds late flesh'd with royal blood.
By stratagem escaped his father's fate,
Transform'd from regal to a low estate ;
For furious storms the stately oak o'erthrow,
Whilst humble shrubs beneath in safety grow.
Here, from the kind protection of the wood,
He came, imploring mercy from the flood.
Bear me, he cried, from that inhuman band,
To foreign air, and a less guilty land.
Meanly disguised the royal exile went,
And soon the offending nation did relent ;
The injured prince, whom they expell'd before,
Recall'd in triumph to his native shore ;
So from the eclipse breaks the returning light,
So sets the sun, to rise again more bright.

Returning thence, behold a mouldering tower
Receives my Muse, and claims one labour more;
Whose walls the mystick buckles still adorn,
A royal spoil from Gallia's monarch borne.
Whoe'er did thus the ancient structure grace,
What could he hope more noble from his race?
Little he knew, that, as the pile should fail,
Its rising titles should o'er age prevail :
Or that his trophies should, in time to come,
Be hence transferr'd to Windsor's sacred dome;
There, high advanc'd, immortal glory share,
And take new lustre from the silver star.
When, in th' Elysian plain, Æneas cast
His eyes on Roman heroes as they pass'd,
His thoughts in secret extacy were lost,
But great Augustus fired his soul the most.
So could some ancestor, who to that plain
From hence descended, thence return again,
And from the solemn ruins of this place,
View all his numerous and distinguish'd race,
Chiefly on him with transport would he gaze,
Whom o'er the rest superior honours raise,
The faithful statesman by his prince approved,
The generous patriot by his country loved.

But 'tis not mine to celebrate each name,
Long since enroll'd in the records of fame:

Vain the attempt, and endless were the toil,
To sing the ancient heroes of this soil,
Whose praise shall long my feeble lay survive,
And in their progeny for ever live ;
Well worthy of the stock from whence they grew ;
Who with their honours share their virtues too ;
For without virtue, what is noble birth ?
Or what high titles, if estranged from worth ?
A gilded idol, and a bastard gem,
Which fools admire, and which the wise condemn ;

Not with more pleasure, o'er the fruitful grounds
Where he was bred, the untamed courser bounds,
Than o'er this landscape I in fancy speed,
Convey'd exulting on the Muse's steed,
A happier paradise to me this place
Than Eden to the parent of our race ;
For, when he view'd his subject world around,
All one sad silent solitude he found :
I find, where'er my raptur'd sight I bend,
Some kind relation, or some honour'd friend !
Remarking here each well known spot can tell
Where truth, where honour, where good-nature
 dwell ;
And trace religion to her private cell.

Can see where secret merit shuns the day,
And where ten thousand charms in ambush lay/
Where can the God of Love find keener darts?
Or where employ them on more generous hearts?
Such matchless beauty, and such manly worth,
Jove and Astræa might recal to earth.

With what regret I quit the smiling view,
For ever pleasing and for ever new!
The more I look, the more I am amused;
So Maro charms a thousand times perused.

O! may some bard, more favour'd of the nine,
Thy glories paint in an immortal line;
His fancy bear resemblance to thy clime,
Rich as thy vales, and as thy hills sublime;
His strains more lasting than thy oaks abide,
And his smooth numbers like thy currents glide!
Then all thy deeds and monuments of old,
Which the eye sees, or babbling fame hath told,
When sinking underneath the weight of time,
Again shall rise, and flourish in his rhyme.

Perhaps he'll say, viewing my cell beneath;
(Where I began, and where will cease to breathe),

Here lived the man, who to these fair retreats
First drew the Muses from their ancient seats ;
Though low his thought, though impotent his
 strain,

Yet let me never of his Song complain ;
For this the fruitless labour recommends,
He loved his native country, and his friends.

STEPHEN DUCK.

1756.

This extraordinary man left the school which gave him his little education at the age of fourteen, and was employed in the meanest labour of husbandry, during which time he forgot all he had learned. This gave him so much vexation, that he resolved to recover it; and at the age of 24, married, in servitude, with little leisure, and no money or books, he set about his plan of improvement. By working longer than his fellows he increased his pay and thus raised a fund for his purpose; purchasing books of Arithmetick, and applying himself to that science in those hours which he stole from sleep. With a friend who glowed in the cause equally with himself, he made up a joint stock of books, small indeed, but they cherished his natural turn for Poetry. His perseverance was so great that he read Milton twice or thrice with a Dictionary before he could understand the language.

His history and talents becoming known, Queen Caroline sent for him, took him under her protection, and gave him a pension, which gave rise to the following illnatured and jealous Epigram of Swift's.

On St. Duck, the Thresher and favourite Poet.

The Thresher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail,
 The proverb says, "no proof against a sail."
 From threshing corn, he turns to thresh his brains,
 For which her Majesty allows him grains.
 Tho' 'tis confess'd that those who ever saw
 His poems, think them all not worth a straw.
 Thrice happy Duck ! employ'd in threshing stubble,
 Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profit's double.

Duck was after this admitted into orders, and preferred to the living of Pyfleet in Surrey. There he learned Latin, wrote his own Sermons, and became popular as a preacher, till falling into melancholy, he threw himself into the Thames from a Bridge near Reading and was drowned.

From "The Thresher's Labour."

YE reapers, cast your eyes around the field,
 And view the scene its different beauties yield :
 Then look again with a more tender eye,
 To think how soon it must in ruin lie.
 For once set in, where'er our blows we deal,
 There's no resisting of the well-whet steel :
 But here or there, where'er our course we bend,
 Sure Desolation does our steps attend.
 Thus, when Arabia's sons, in hopes of prey,
 To some more fertile country take their way ;

How beauteous all things in the morn appear,
There villages, and pleasing cots are here ;
So many pleasing objects meet the sight,
The ravish'd eye could willing gaze 'till night :
But long e'er then, where'er their troops have
past,
Those pleasant prospects lie a gloomy waste,

The morning past, we sweat beneath the sun,
And but uneasily our work goes on.
Before us we perplexing thistles find,
And corn blown adverse with the ruffling wind :
Behind our backs the female gleaners wait,
Who sometimes stoop, and sometimes hold a
chat.

Each morn we early rise, go late to bed,
And labouring hard, a painful life we lead :
For toils, scarce ever ceasing, press us now,
Rest never does, but on the Sabbath show,
And barely that, our master will allow.
Nor, when asleep, are we secure from pain,
We then perform our labours o'er again :
Our mimick fancy always restless seems,
And what we act awake, she acts in dreams.
Hard fate ! Our labours even in sleep don't cease,
Scarce Hercules e'er felt such toils as these.

At length in rows stands up the well-dry'd corn,
A grateful scene, and ready for the barn.
Our well-pleased master views the sight with joy,
And we for carrying all our force employ.
Confusion soon o'er all the field appears,
And stunning clamours fill the workmen's ears ;
The bells, and clashing whips, alternate sound,
And rattling waggon's thunder o'er the ground.
The wheat got in, the pease, and other grain,
Share the same fate, and soon leave bare the
plain :

In noisy triumph the last load moves on,
And loud huzza's proclaim the harvest done.
Our master joyful at the welcome sight,
Invites us all to feast with him at night.
A table plentifully spread we find,
And jugs of humming beer to cheer the mind ;
Which he, too generous, pushes on so fast,
We think no toils to come, nor mind the past.
But the next morning soon reveals the cheat,
When the same toils we must again repeat :
To the same barns again must back return,
To labour there for room for next year's corn.

*to Mr. Winter, Agent to General Herbert's Regiment
of Dragoon Guards.*

At length the tedious winter's fled,
No vapours noxious influence shed,
No fleecy snows descend :
No more the chilling frost detains
The captive streams in chrystal chains,
Nor winds the welkin rend.

But Phebus kindly warm displays
On teeming earth his genial rays
To fertilize her womb ;
Soft rains and zephyr's gentle breeze
Unbind the glebe, awake the trees,
And call forth all their bloom.

New vigour animates the soil,
The fields rejoice, the meadows smile,
Adorn'd with vivid green ;
Ten thousand fragrant flowers arise
That, varied with ten thousand dyes,
Diversify the scene.

See bending cowslips dropp'd with gold,
And crimson pinks their leaves unfold,
 Jonquils and lilies fair ;
Which breathe their balmy essence round,
And while their colours paint the ground,
 Their sweets embalm the air.

Nature has clothed the hawthorn bush,
Where sings the wildly warbling thrush,
 In robes of flowery May,
While flaunting honey-suckles twine
Round bridal elms their amorous vine,
 Luxuriant, sweet, and gay.

Then quit the smoky town, my friend,
Where busy bustling crowds contend
 For honours, fame, and gold ;
Enjoy the rural scene awhile,
See how the vernal beauties smile,
 Much better seen than told.

We'll visit Southcote's fragrant shade
Where art and nature's happy aid
 Harmoniously combine ;
Or Ligonier's delightful seat,
Or friendly Spence's sweet retreat,
 And then with pleasure dine.

My parsonage shall afford us meat,
A little homely wholesome treat
Proportion'd to my wealth :
Where no intemperance shall be found,
And not a bumper push'd around
Except to Herbert's health.

GILBERT WEST.

1706,—1756.

West was the son of Dr. West, Prebendary of Winchester, who married the sister of Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Lord Cobham. He was originally designed for the church, but entered into his uncle's regiment of horse, which after some time he quitted for a post in the office of the Secretary of State, where his promotion was impeded by his uncle's opposition to the Ministry. He quitted this situation in disgust for another of uncertain and remote advantage, that of clerk extraordinary of the Privy Council, which was obtained for him in the year 1729; but it was not till 1752 that he succeeded to the regular clerkship.

It is to West's credit that during these disappointments he never forgot the cultivation of his morals and talents, and that even the drudgery and dulness of an office, did not extinguish his love of literature.

With West, that school of poetry originated, which has produced Akenside, Gray, Mason, and the Wartons.

ODE,

From "Institution of the Order of the Garter.

* * * * *

STROPHE I. BARDS.

CELESTIAL Maid!

Bright spark of that ethereal flame,
Whose vivid spirit, through all nature spread,
Sustains and actuates this boundless frame!

O, by whatever style to mortals known,
Virtue, Benevolence, or Public Zeal,
Divine assessor of the regal throne,
Divine protectress of the commonweal,
O in our hearts thy energy infuse!

Be thou our Muse,

Celestial maid,

And, as of old, impart thy heavenly aid,
To those, who, warm'd by thy benignant fire,
To public merit and their country's good
Devoted ever their recording lyre,
Wont along Deva's sacred flood,

Or, beneath Mona's oak retired,

To warble forth their patriot lays,

And nourish with immortal praise

The bright heroick flames by thee inspired.

ANTISTROPHE I.

I feel, I feel

Thy soul-invigorating heat ;
 My bounding veins distend with fervent zeal,
 And to Britannia's fame responsive beat,
 Hail Albion, native country ! but how changed
 Thy once grim aspect, how adorn'd and gay
 Thy howling forests ! where together ranged
 The naked hunter and his savage prey :
 Where amid black inhospitable woods,
 The sedge-grown floods
 All cheerless stray'd,
 Nor in their lonely wandering course survey'd,
 Or tower, or castle, heaven-ascending fane,
 Or lowly village, residence of peace
 And joyous industry, or furrow'd plain,
 Or lowing herd, or silver fleece
 That whitens now each verdant vale ;
 While laden with their precious store
 For trading barks to every shore,
 Swift heralds of Britannia's glory, sail.

EPODE I.

These are thy shining works : this smiling face
 Of beauteous nature thus in regal state,
 Deck'd by each handmaid art, each polish'd grace,
 That on fair liberty and order wait.

This pomp, these riches, this repose,
To thee imperial Britain owes.
To thee, great substitute of heaven,
To whom the charge of earthly realms was given;
Their social systems by wise nature's plan
To form and rule by her eternal laws;
To teach the selfish soul of wayward man,
To seek the public good, and aid the common cause.
So didst thou move the mighty heart
Of Alfred, founder of the British state :
So to Matilda's scepter'd son,
To him whose virtue and renown
First made the name of Edward great,
Thy ample spirit so didst thou impart ;
Protecting thus in every age,
From greedy power and factious rage,
The law of Freedom which to Britain's shore,
From Saxon Elva's many-headed flood,
The valiant sons of Odin with them bore,
Their national, adored, inseparable good.

STROPHE II.

On yonder plain,
Along whose willow-fringed side
The silver footed Naiads, sportive train,
Down the smooth Thames amid the cygnets glide,

I saw, when at thy reconciling word,
Injustice, anarchy, intestine jar,
Despotick insolence, the wasting sword,
And all the brazen throats of civil war,
Were hush'd in peace ; from his imperious throne
Hurl'd furious down,
Abash'd, dismay'd,
Like a chased lion to the savage shade
Of his own forests, fell oppression fled
With vengeance brooding in his sullen breast.
Then justice fearless rear'd her decent head,
Heal'd every grief, each wrong redress'd,
While round her valiant squadrons stood,
And bade her awful tongue demand,
From vanquish'd John's reluctant hand,
The deed of Freedom purchased with their blood.

ANTISTROPHE II.

O vain surmise !

To deem the grandeur of a crown
Consists in lawless power ! to deem them wise
Who change security and fair renown,
For detestation, shame, distrust, and fear !
Who shut for ever from the blissful bowers
With horror, and remorse at distance hear

The musick that enchants th' immortal pow'rs,
The heavenly music of well-purchased praise,
Seraphic lays
The sweet reward
On heroes, patriots, righteous kings conferr'd.

* * * * *

WILLIAM COLLINS.

Chichester, 1721,—1756.

Langhorne, knowing that Collins was buried at Chichester, travelled thither to visit the grave of his favourite poet. On enquiry he found that Mr. Collins was interred in a sort of garden, surrounded by the cloyster of the Cathedral, which is called the Paradise, and into this burial ground he was admitted by the Sexton. In the evening he slept with an inhabitant of the town, and describing to him the spot sacred to his sorrow, he was told that his effusions of feeling had not been misapplied, for he had been lamenting a very honest man, and a very useful member of society, Mr. Collins the taylor.

But William Collins, from whose Poems these Specimens are selected, was also the son of a very useful member of society, though not a taylor, but a hatter; and what is more important with those who value distinctions and honours, an alderman of Chichester.

At Winchester school he shewed proof of his early powers, which obtained for him a Demyskip of Magdalen College.

Subsequent disappointments and poverty broke his spirits, and rendered his fine talents inapplicable to his advancement in life. An accession of fortune, which might have

been of benefit to him earlier, came too late to take him from habits destructive of his mind, which at last failed him altogether; and after remaining some time in a house opened for the cure of lunatics, he died at Chichester, where his sister had taken him with female goodness under her own protection.

Ode to Simplicity.

O THOU, by nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong :
Who first on mountains wild,
In fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe and Pleasure's, nursed the powers of song !

Thou who with hermit heart
Disdainst the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall :
But com'st a decent maid,
In attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call !

By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore,

By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her, whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings slow,
Soothed sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear :

By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,
On whose enamell'd side,
When holy freedom died,
No equal haunt allured thy future feet.

O sister meek of truth,
To my admiring youth
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse !
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You loved her hills, and led her laureate band ;
But staid to sing alone,
To one distinguish'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The passions own thy power,
Love, only love, her forceless numbers mean :
For thou hast left her shrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius bless
To some divine excess,
Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole ;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canst raise the melting soul !

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale :
Where oft my reed might sound,
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

COLLEY CIBBER.

London, 1671.—1757.

AN ODE

To his Majesty, on New-Year's Day, 1731—1732.

Awake, with joyous songs, the day !
The day that leads the opening year !
The year, advancing, to prolong
Augustus' sway,
Demands our song,
And calls for universal cheer.

Your ancient annals, Britons, read !
And mark the reign you most admire ;
The present shall the past exceed,
And yield enjoyment to desire.

Or, if you find the coming year,
In blessings should transcend the last,
The difference only will declare,
The present sweeter than the past,

But ah ! the sweets his sway bestows,
Are greater far, than greatness knows ;
With various pensive cares opprest,
Unseen, alas ! the Royal breast
Endures his many, many a weight,
Unfelt by swains of humble state.

Thus brooding on her lonely nest,
Aloft the Eagle wakes,
Her due delight forsakes,
Though Monarch of the air confest.

Her drooping eyes refuse to close ;
While fearless of annoy,
Her young, beloved, enjoy
Protection, food, and sweet repose.
What thanks, ye Britons, can repay,
So mild, so just, such tender sway ?

Annual aids, when he desires,
Less the king, than land, requires ;
All the dues, to him, that flow,
Are but royal wants for you.

So the seasons lend the earth
Kindly rains, to raise her birth :

Well the mutual labours suit,
His the glory, yours the fruit.

Assist ! assist ! ye splendid throng,
Who now the Royal circle form,
With duteous wishes blend the song,
And every grateful wish be warm.

Chorus.

May Cesar's health his reign supply,
'Till faction shall be pleased, or die :
'Till loyal hearts desire his fate,
'Till happier subjects know,
Or foreign realms can shew,
A land so blest, a king so great.

EDWARD MOORE.

Abingdon. 1711—1757.

Editor of the *World*, which is often published, though perhaps not often read; and author of the *Foundling*, and the *Gamester*, which still keep possession of the stage.

The Lover and the Friend.

O THOU, for whom my lyre I string,
Of whom I speak, and think, and sing !
Thou constant object of my joys,
Whose sweetness every wish employs !
Thou dearest of thy sex ! attend,
And hear the Lover and the Friend.

Fear not the poet's flatt'ring strain ;
No idle praise my verse shall stain ;
The lowly numbers shall impart
The faithful dictates of my heart,

Nor humble modesty offend,
And part the Lover from the Friend.

Not distant is the cruel day,
That tears me from my hopes away :
Then frown not, fairest ! if I try
To steal the moisture from your eye,
Or force your heart a sigh to send,
To mourn the Lover and the Friend.

No perfect joy my life e'er knew,
But what arose from love and you ;
Nor can I fear another pain
Than your unkindness, or disdain ;
Then let your looks their pity lend,
To cheer the Lover and the Friend.

Whole years I strove against the flame,
And suffered ills that want a name :
Yet still the painful secret kept,
And to myself in silence wept ;
Till grown unable to contend,
I own'd the Lover and the Friend.

I saw you still. Your generous heart
In all my sorrows bore a part ;

Yet while your eyes with pity glow'd,
No words of hope your tongue bestow'd,
But mildly bid me cease to blend
The name of Lover with the Friend.

Sick with desire and mad with pain,
I seek for happiness in vain :
Thou, lovely Maid ! to thee I cry,
Heal me with kindness, or I die !
From sad despair my soul defend,
And fix the Lover and the Friend.

Cursed be all wealth that can destroy
My utmost hope of earthly joy !
Thy gifts, O Fortune ! I resign,
Let her and Poverty be mine !
And every year that life shall lend,
Shall bless the Lover and the Friend.

In vain, alas ! in vain I strive
To keep a dying hope alive ;
The last sad remedy remains,
'Tis absence that must heal my pains,
Thy image from my bosom rend,
And force the Lover from the Friend.

Vain thought! though seas between us roll,
Thy love is rooted in my soul ;
The vital blood that warms my heart
With thy idea must depart,
And death's decisive stroke must end
At once the Lover and the Friend.

MOSES MENDEZ.

1758.

The poetry of Mendez will serve to shew that it is not necessary for a man to starve in order to qualify him for writing well. He was born in affluence, and dignified his ease by literature, and the company of literary men. He was the author of several dramattick pieces, as well as other poems.

Mendez was of Jewish extraction, and inherited the national industry of his forefathers; for he once meditated the profession of the law in Doctor's-commons, though he was at the same time a poet, and possessed of an hundred thousand pounds.

To Mr. S. Tucker.

THE SONS of men, by various passions led,
The paths of business, or of pleasure tread;
The florist views his dear carnation rise,
And wonders who can doat on Flora's eyes;

'The lover sees, unmoved, each gaudy streak,
And knows no bloom, but that on Daphne's cheek ;
While some grow pale o'er Newton, Locke, or
Boyle,

Miss reads romances, and my Lady, Hoyle ;
'Thus inclination binds her fetters strong,
And, just as judgment marks, we're right or wrong.

Fair are those hills where sacred laurels grow,
Ruled by the power who draws the golden bow ;
But see how few attain the dangerous road,
How few are born to feel the inspiring God !
Yet all to reach the arduous summit try,
From soaring Pope to reptile Ogleby.
Among the rest your friend attempts to climb,
But ah, how different poesy and rhyme !

The midnight bard reciting to his bell,
Who breaks our rest, and tolls the Muse's knell ;
Is just a poet matchless and divine
As he a Raphael, who on ale-house sign,
Seats his bold George in attitude so quaint,
That none can tell the Dragon from the Saint.

Reckon each sand on wide Newmarket plain,
Mount yon blue vault, and count the starry train ;

But numbers ne'er can comprehend the throng
Of retail dealers in the art of song.
Like summer flies they blot the solar ray,
And, like their brother insects, live a day.
Am I not blasted by some friendless star,
To know my wants, yet wage unequal war?
I own I am ; and dabbling thus in rhyme,
'Tis folly's bell that rings the pleasing chime.
Bit by the bard's tarantula I swell,
Write off the raging fit, and all is well.

And yet, perhaps, to lose my time this way,
Is better far, than some mis-spend the day.
The fatal dice-box never fill'd my hand,
By me no orphan weeps his ravish'd land ;
What ward can tax me with a deed unjust ?
What friend upbraid me with a broken trust ?
Some few except, whom pride and folly blind,
I found them chaff, and gave them to the wind.
Like a poor bird, and one of meanest wing,
Around my cage I flutter, hop, and sing.
Unlike in this my brethren of the bays,
I sue for pardon, and they hope for praise ;
And when for verse I find my genius warm,
Like infants sent to school I keep from harm.

What time the dog-star with unbating flames
Cleaves the parch'd earth, and sinks the silver
Thames ;

While the shrill tenant of the sun-burnt blade,
(A poet he, and singing all his trade)
Tears his small throat, I brave the sultry ray,
And deep embower'd, escape the rage of day.
Thrice blest the man, who, shielded from the
beam,

Sings lays melodious to the sacred stream ;
Thrice bless'd the stream, who views his banks of
flowers,

Crown'd with the Muse's or imperial towers,
Whose limpid waters as they onward glide,
See humble osiers nod, or threatening squadrons
ride.

Health to my friend, and to his partner peace,
A good long life and moderate encrease ;
May Dulwich garden double treasures share,
And be both Flora's and Pomona's care.
Ye Walton Naiads, guard the favourite child,
Drive off each marsh-born fog, ye zephyrs mild,
Fan the dear innocent ! ye fairies keep
Your wonted distance, nor disturb his sleep ;
Nor in the cradle, while your tricks you play,
The changeling drop, and bear our boy away.

However chance may chalk his future fate,
Or doom his manhood to be rich or great,
Is not our care ; oh, let the guiding power
Decide that point, who rules the natal hour ;
Nor shall we seek, for knowledge to enrich,
The Delphick tripod, or your Norwood witch.

But Tucker doubts, and " if not rich " he cries
" How can the boy reward the good or wise ?
Give him but gold, and merit ne'er shall freeze,
But rise from want to affluence and ease :
The Guido's touch shall warm his throbbing heart,
The patriot's bust shall speak the Sculptor's art ;
But if from Danaës precious shower debarr'd
The Muse he may admire, but ne'er reward."

All this I grant ; but does it follow then,
That parts have drawn regard from wealthy men ?
Did Gay receive the tribute of the great ?
No, let his tomb be witness of his fate :
For Milton's days are too long past to strike,
The rich of all times ever were alike.

See him whose lines " in a fine frenzy roll,"
He comes to tear, to harrow up the soul ;

Bear me, ye Powers, from his bewitching sprite,
 My eyeballs darken at excess of light ;
 How my heart dances to his magick strain,
 Beats my quick pulse, and throbs each bursting
 vein !

From Avon's bank, with every garland crown'd,
 'Tis his to rouse, to calm, to cure, to wound :
 To mould the yielding bosom to his will,
 And Shakespeare is inimitable still.
 Opprest by fortune, all her ills he bore,
 Hear this ye Muses, and be vain no more.

Nor shall my Spencer want his share of praise,
 The heaven-sprung sisters wove the laureat's bays,
 Yet what availed his sweet descriptive power,
 The faery warrior, or enchanted bower ?
 Though matchless Sydney doated on the strain,
 Loved by the learned shepherd* on the main,
 Observe what need his latest labours crown'd,
 Belphebe smiled not, and stern Burleigh frown'd.
 If still you doubt, consult some well-known friend,
 Let Ellis speak, to him you oft attend,
 Whom truth approves, whom candour calls her
 own,
 Known by the God, by all the Muses known.

* Sir Walter Raleigh.

Where tower his hills, where stretch his lengths of
vale,

Say where his heifers load the smoaking pail ;
Oh may this grateful verse my debt repay,
If aught I know, he shewed the arduous way ;
Within my bosom fann'd the rising flame,
Plumed my young wing, and bade me try for fame.
Since then I scribbled, and must scribble still,
His word was once a sanction to my will ;
And I'll persist, till he resume the pen,
Then shrink contented, and ne'er rhyme again.

Yet, ere I take my leave, I have to say,
That while in sleep my senses wasted lay,
The waking soul which sports in fancy's beam,
Work'd on my drowsy limbs, and form'd a dream ;
Then to my lines a due attention keep,
For oft when poets dream, their readers sleep.

On a wide champaign where the surges beat
The extended beach, then sullenly retreat,
A dismal cottage rear'd its turfy head,
O'er which a yew her baleful branches spread ;
The owl profane his dreadful dirges sung,
The passing bell the foul night raven rung ;
No village cur here bay'd the cloudless moon,
No golden sunshine cheer'd the hazy noon,

But ghosts of men by love of gold betray'd
In silence glided through the dreary shade.
Then sate pale grief in melancholy state,
And brooding care was trusted with the gate ;
Within, extended on the cheerless ground,
An old man lay in golden fillet bound ;
Rough was his beard, and matted was his hair.
His eyes were fiery red, his shoulders bare ;
Down furrow'd cheeks hot tears had worn their
 way,
And his broad scalp was thinly strewed with grey ;
A weighty ingot in his hand he prest,
Nor seem'd to feel the viper at his breast.

Around the caitiff, glorious to behold,
Lay minted coinage, and historick gold ;
High sculptured urns in bright confusion stood,
And streams of silver formed a precious flood.

On nails, suspended rows of pearls were seen,
Not such the pendants of the Egyptian queen,
Who, joy luxurious swelling all her soul,
Quaffed the vast price of empires in her bowl.

As seas voracious swallow up the land,
As raging flames eternal food demand,

So this vile wretch, unblest'd with all his store,
Repined in plenty, and grew sick for more ;
Nor shall we wonder when his name I tell,
'Twas Avarice the eldest born of hell.

But hark ! what noise breaks in upon my tale ?
Be hush'd each sound, and whisper every gale ;
Ye croaking rooks your noisy flight suspend,
Guessed I not right, how all my toil would end !
My heavy rhymes have jaded Tucker quite ;
He yawns, he nods,—he snores ! Good night,
good night.

RICHARD LEVERIDGE.

1670,—1758.

This man was a singer on the Stage. He published a Collection of his Songs, in two pocket volumes, 1726.

Truth.

I HAVE been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
This many, and many a year ;
And those are three plagues enough any should
think,
For one poor mortal to bear :

'Twas love made me fall into drink,
And drink made me run into debt,
And tho' I have struggled and struggled and strove,
I cannot, I cannot get out of 'em yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain.
'Twill pay all my debts, and remove all my lets,
And my mistress that cannot endure me,
Will love me and love me again.
Then, then, then, I'll fall to my loving and drink-
ing amain.

Cupid over-reached.

YOUNG Cupid I find
To subdue me inclined,
But at length I a stratagem found,
That will rid me of him,
For I'll drink to the brim,
And unless he can swim,
He'll like other blind puppies be drown'd.

The Cure of Love.

IMPORTUNATE love begone,
My heart you no more shall have,
With freedom and ease my senses I'll please,
And never be more thy slave.

With whining and pining, a lover must shew his
art,
professing no blessing like gaining the fair one's
heart,
Which once in possessing like others confessing,
e soon, he soon will be ready to part,
at he that the grape is caressing,
Will always find a true blessing,
or that never cloy's but ripens his joys,
nd makes him look frolick and gay,
en fill up your glass, and round let it pass,
nd thus, thus, thus, to the God you will say.

Importunate love begone,
Thy quiver is now in vain,
With freedom and ease, my senses I'll please,
And ne'er be in love again.

Importunate love begone,
Thy quiver is now in vain,
With freedom and ease, my senses I'll please,
nd ne'er be in love again, no, no, no, no,
No, no, I'll ne'er be in love again.

Good Advice.

WHY all this whining, why all this pining,
Love is a folly and beauty is vain,
Nothing so common, as wealth and women,
To raise the vapours and so dull the brain.
To him that's merry, that's frolick and airy,
Nothing is grievous nor nothing is sad.
Then rouse thy spirit, and take off thy claret,
In one smiling bumper a cure's to be had.
Then rouse thy spirit, and take off thy claret,
In one smiling bumper a cure's to be had.

If Cloe fly thee
And still deny thee,
Never look sneaking nor never repine,
If 'tis her fashion,
To slight your passion,
Then seem most easy and deny her thine.
Yet sily woo her,
And closely pursue her,
Or she'll prove a tyrant and laugh ye to scorn,
When she seems waggish,
Coquetish and prudish,
Then give her her humour and let her begone.

When next you meet her,
Again intreat her,
And if you find still she'll make you her tool,
Nere let it vex you,
Or once perplex you,
She'll soon repent it, and find whose the fool.
Then to requite her,
Despise her and slight her,
And what you commended, as much discommend,
But if love grieve thee,
And still will not leave thee,
Then e'en love thyself first, and next love thy
friend.

JOHN DYER.

Carmarthenshire, 1700,—1758.

Dyer was originally a painter, in which character he travelled to Italy, where he planned his poem, "The Ruins of Rome," which he finished on his return in 1740. After this he married and entered the Church. The Genius of his original profession appears in his Works, and Grongar Hill is read and admired by every one who delights in the beauties of rural scenery.

The Country Walk.

THE morning's fair, the lusty sun
With ruddy cheek begins to run ;
And early birds, that wing the skies,
Sweetly sing to see him rise.

I am resolved, this charming day,
In the open field to stray ;
And have no roof above my head,
But that whereon the Gods do tread.
Before the yellow barn I see
A beautiful variety
Of strutting cocks advancing stout,
And flirting empty chaff about.
Hens, ducks, and geese, and all their brood,
And turkeys gobbling for their food ;
While rusticks thrash the wealthy floor,
And tempt all to crowd the door.
What a fair face does nature show !
Augusta, wipe thy dusty brow :
A landscape wide salutes my sight,
Of shady vales, and mountains bright ;
And azure heavens I behold,
And clouds of silver and of gold.
And now into the fields I go,
Where thousand flaming flowers glow ;
And every neighbouring hedge I greet,
With honey-suckles smelling sweet :
Now o'er the daisy meads I stray,
And meet with, as I pace my way,
Sweetly shining on the eye,
A rivulet gliding smoothly by,

Which shows with what an easy tide
The moments of the happy glide ;
Here finding pleasure after pain,
Sleeping, I see a wearied swain,
While his full scrip lies open by,
That does his healthy food supply.
Happy swain, sure happier far,
Than lofty kings and princes are !
Enjoy sweet sleep, which shuns the crown,
With all its easy beds of down.
The sun now shows his noon-tide blaze,
And sheds around me burning rays.
A little onward, and I go
Into the shades that groves bestow ;
And on green moss I lay me down,
That o'er the root of oak has grown ;
Where all is silent but some flood
That sweetly murmurs in the wood ;
But birds that warble in the sprays,
And charm even silence with her lays.
O powerful silence, how you reign
In the poet's busy brain !
His numerous thoughts obey the calls,
Of the tuneful water-falls,
Like moles, whene'er the coast is clear,
They rise before thee without fear,
And range in parties here and there.

Some wildly to Parnassus wing,
And view the fair Castalian spring,
Where they beheld a lonely well,
Where now no tuneful Muses dwell;
But now and then a slavish hind
Paddling the troubled pool they find.
Some trace the pleasing paths of joy,
Others the blissful scene destroy;
In thorny tracks of sorrow stray,
And pine for Clio far away.
But stay... methinks her lays I hear,
So smooth! so sweet! so deep! so clear!
No 'tis not her voice I find,
'Tis but the echo stays behind.
Some meditate ambition's brow,
And the black gulph that gapes below:
Some peep in courts, and there they see
The sneaking tribe of flattery.
But, striking to the ear and eye,
A nimble deer comes bounding by!
When rushing from yon rustling spray,
It made them vanish all away.
I rouse me up, and on I rove,
'Tis more than time to leave the grove.
The sun declines; the evening breeze
Begins to whisper through the trees;

And, as I leave the sylvan gloom,
As to the glare of day I come,
An old man's smoky nest I see,
Leaning on an aged tree :
While willow walls, and furzy brow,
A little garden sway below.
Through spreading beds of blooming green,
Matted with herbage sweet, and clean,
A vein of water limps along,
And makes them ever green, and young.
Here he puffs upon his spade,
And digs up cabbage in the shade :
His tattered rags are sable brown,
His beard and hair are hoary grown :
The dying sap descends apace,
And leaves a withered hand and face.
Up Grongar hill I labour now,
And catch at last his bushy brow :
Oh, how fresh, how pure the air !
Let me breathe a little here.
Where am I, Nature ? I descry
Thy magazine before me lie,
Temples, and towns, and towers, and woods,
And hills, and vales, and fields, and floods,
Crowding before me, edged around
With naked wilds, and barren ground.

See below, the pleasant dome,
The poet's pride, the poet's home,
Which the sun-beams shine upon,
To the even, from the dawn.
See her woods where echo talks,
Her gardens trim, her terrace walks,
Her wildernesses, fragrant brakes,
Her gloomy bowers, and shining lakes.
Keep, ye Gods, this humble seat,
For ever pleasant, private, neat.
See yonder hill, uprising steep,
Above the river slow and deep :
It looks from hence a pyramid,
Beneath a verdant forest hid ;
On whose high top there rises great,
The mighty remnant of a seat,
An old green tower, whose battered brow
Frowns upon the vale below.
Look upon that flowery plain,
How the sheep surround their swain,
How they crowd to hear his strain !
All careless with his legs across,
Leaning on a bank of moss,
He spends his empty hours at play,
Which fly as light as down away.
And there behold a bloomy mead,
A silver stream, a willow shade,

Beneath the shade a fisher stand,
Who with the angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.
In blushes the descending sun
Kisses the streams while slow they run ;
And yonder hill remoter grows,
Or dusky clouds to interpose.
The fields are left, the labouring hind,
His weary oxen does unbind ;
And vocal mountains, as they low,
Re-echo to the vales below ;
The jocund shepherds piping come,
And drive the herd before them home ;
And now begin to light their fires,
Which send up smoke in curling spires !
While with light hearts all homeward tend,
To Abergasney I descend.
But, oh ! how bless'd would be the day,
Did I with Clio pace my way,
And not alone and solitary stray.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

1709—1759.

A man of talents who wrote personal and political verses with much wit and little decency ; they were therefore admired beyond their merits in his days, and are forgotten in ours.

The second specimen has not appeared in print.

AN ODE

To the Right Honourable Stephen Poyntz, Esq.

WHILST William's deeds, and William's praise,
Each English breast with transport raise,
Each English tongue employ ;
Say, Poyntz, if thy elated heart,
Assumes not a superior part,
A larger share of joy ?

But that thy country's high affairs
Employ thy time, demand thy cares,
 You should renew your flight ;
You only should this theme pursue—
Who can for William feel like you ?
 Or who like you can write ?

Then to rehearse the Hero's praise,
To paint this sun-shine of his days,
 The pleasing task be mine—
To think on all thy cares o'erpaid,
To view the Hero you have made,
 That pleasing part be thine.

Who first should watch, and who call forth,
This youthful Prince's various worth,
 You had the public voice ;
Wisely his royal Sire consign'd
To thee, the culture of his mind,
 And England blest the choice.

You taught him to be early known
By martial deeds of courage shown,
 From this, near Mona's flood,
By his victorious Father led,
He flesh'd his maiden sword, he shed,
 And proved the illustrious blood.

Of virtue's various charms you taught,
 With happiness and glory fraught;
 How her unshaken power
 Is independent of success;
 That no defeat can make it less,
 No conquest make it more.

This, after Tournay's fatal day,
 'Midst sorrow, cares, and dire dismay,
 Brought calm, and sure relief;
 He scrutinized his noble heart,
 Found Virtue had perform'd her part,
 And peaceful slept the chief.

From thee he early learnt to feel
 The Patriot's warmth for England's weal;
 (True Valour's noblest spring)
 To vindicate her church distrest;
 To fight for Liberty opprest;
 To perish for his King.

Yet say, if in thy fondest scope
 Of thought, you ever dared to hope
 That bounteous heaven so soon
 Would pay thy toils, reward thy care,
 Consenting bend to every prayer,
 And all thy wishes crown.

We saw a wretch, with traitorous aid,
 Our King's and Church's rights invade;
 And thine, fair Liberty!
 We saw thy Hero fly to war,
 Beat down Rebellion, break her spear,
 And set the nations free.

Culloden's field, my glorious theme,
 My rapture, vision, and my dream,
 Gilds the young Hero's days :
 Yet can there be one English heart,
 That does not give thee, Poyntz, thy part,
 And own thy share of praise ?

Nor is thy fame to thee decreed,
 For life's short date : when William's head,
 For victories to come,
 The frequent laurel shall receive :
 Chaplets for thee, our sons shall weave
 And hang 'em on thy tomb.

To Miss Woffington, 1740.

If when the breast is rent with pain
It be no crime the nymph should know it,
Oh WOFFINGTON accept the strain,
Pity, though you'll not cure, the poet.

Should you reject my ardent prayer
Yet send not back the amorous paper ;
My pangs may help to curl your hair,
My passion fringe the glowing taper.

No more the Theatre I seek
But when I'm promised there to find you ;
All Horton's merits now grow weak
And Clive remains far far behind You.

'Tis thus the polished pebble plays,
And gain awhile some vulgar praises,
But soon withdraws its feeble rays
When the superior diamond blazes.

Who sees you shine in Wildair's part,
But sudden feels his bosom panting,
Your very sex receive the dart
And almost think there's nothing wanting.

JAMES CAWTHORN.

Sheffield, 1721,—1761.

An imitator of Pope, more in the uniformity of his numbers than in any other circumstance.

His poetry does not want spirit, or harmony, but with these excellencies it is evidently laboured and artificial, and frequently wants taste in the versification. Cawthorn was master of Tunbridge school, where he wielded the bischen sceptre of Learning in great state, and founded, and annexed to that seminary, a Library.

He was fond of riding other horses besides that which he borrowed of the Muses, from one of which he was thrown and killed by the fall on the 15th April, 1761.

*A Father's Extempore Consolation, on the Death of
two Daughters, who lived only two Days.*

LET vulgar souls endure the body's chain,
Till life's dull current ebbs in every vein,

Dream out a tedious age, ere wide displayed,
Death's blackest pinion wraps them in the shade.

These happy infants, early taught to shun
All that the world admires beneath the sun,
Scorn'd the weak bands mortality could tie,
And fled impatient to their native sky.

Dear precious babes !—alas ! when, fondly wild,
A mother's heart hung melting o'er her child,
When my charm'd eye a flood of joy expressed,
And all the father kindled in my breast,
A sudden paleness seized each guiltless face,
And death, though smiling, crept o'er every grace.
Nature ! be calm—heave not the impassioned sigh,
Nor teach one tear to tremble in my eye.
A few unspotted moments passed between
Their dawn of being, and their closing scene :
And sure no nobler blessing can be given,
When one short anguish is the price of heaven.

To Miss ——— of Horsemanden in Kent.

WHEN Wit and Science trimmed their withered
bays,
At Petrarch's voice, and beamed with half their rays,

Some heaven-born genius, panting to explore
The scenes oblivion wish'd to live no more,
Found Abelard in grief's sad pomp array'd,
And call'd the melting mourner from the shade.
Touch'd by his woes, and kindling at his rage,
Admiring nations glow'd from age to age ;
From age to age the soft infection ran,
Taught to lament the hermit in the man ;
Pride dropt her crest, ambition learn'd to sigh,
And dove-like pity stream'd in every eye.

Sick of the world's applause, yet fond to warm
Each maid that knows with Eloise to charm,
He asks of verse to aid his native fire,
Refines, and wildly lives along the lyre ;
Bids all his various passions throb anew,
And hopes, my fair, to steal a tear from you.

O blest with temper, blest with skill to pour
Life's every comfort on each social hour !
Chaste as thy blushes, gentle as thy mien,
Too grave for folly, and too gay for spleen ;
Indulged to win, to soften, to inspire,
To melt with musick, and with wit to fire ;
To blend, as judgment tells thee how to please,
Wisdom with smiles, and majesty with ease ;

se to virtue as the graces known,
proud to love all merit but thy own !

se are thy honours, ~~these~~ will charms supply,
en those dear suns shall set in either eye ;
ile she, who, fond of dress, of paint, and place,
is but to be a goddess in the face,
1 all thy sex illumines to despise,
mad for thought, too pretty to be wise,
nts for a year fantastically vain,
h half our fribbles dying in her train ;
n sinks as beauty fades and passion cools,
scorn of coxcombs, and the jest of fools.

JAMES RALPH.

1762.

Silence ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls
And makes Night hideous,—answer him ye owls!

Pope's note upon this passage is a compound of abuse and falsehood. Ralph was not an illiterate man; and he was undoubtedly the best political writer of his day. The Ministry silenced him by Sir Robert Walpole's usual method, which upon such occasions was more effectual, more politic and probably on the whole less expensive, than a system of coercion and terror.

From the first Book, on Night. A Poem.

O BEAR me far, my guardian angel, hence
From hostile nations, and from scenes of blood,
To these obscure, and solitary shades,
Which bold Columbus first explor'd; there, lost
In peace and silence, my contented soul
May slumber life away remote from war;
Nor hear the crush when mighty empires fall,
And shakes with pond'rous ruins half the world.

—There Nature pours, with lavish'd hand, her
sweets,

And in profusion every blessing gives.

When lively spring returns, fresh verdure greens,

The thickening forests, and renews the shades :

Wide o'er the dusky lands, they wave aloft,

And dance, and murmur to the wanton gale ;

Which fumed with odours, (from the chearful
bloom

Of teeming trees in purple blossoms gay)

Wafts up a fragrant vapour to the stars :

Beneath, with scented herbs, and opening flowers

The earth embalmed, while down the neighb'ring
hills,

Soft murmuring roll a thousand gentle streams,

And lull the thoughtless savage to repose :

Charm'd with the various joy soft sleep descends,

And dewy slumbers on his eyelid sheds ;

The silent god sinks easy on his breast,

And folds his drowsy limbs in midnight down.

But can the murmurs of descending floods,

And mingled fragrance of the blooming earth

Or secret shades, and solitude relieve

The inborn sorrows, and perplexing cares

Which torture deep the miserable soul ?

Alas ! in vain he courts the spicy gale,
The floating musick, or the lonely shade ;
No pause of grief attends the rapturous scene,
But down he sinks oppress'd with cureless woe :
—Black melancholy glooms his mournful thought,
And gives a dreadful horror to the night :
All sad she rises o'er the pensive fields,
And with her dusky wing embrowns the darkening
green ;

Where-e'er she turns, contagion flies along,
And fades the honours of the blooming tree ;
Infects the odours of the springing flowers,
And veils the beauty of the silken leaves :
Now plaintive down the headlong wave she glides,
And wakes lone echo with the saddening sound ;
Now on the sighing breeze sublimely rides,
And murmurs solemn in the waving boughs :
Ascending thence the Stygian vapour shades
The twinkling glories of the heavenly vault,
And all the planets of malignant rule,
Gleam on the midnight earth their baleful rays.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

1762.

A woman of vivacity and talents. Her letters from Constantinople, whither she accompanied her husband the Ambassador, are in every one's hands.

*Epistle from Arthur Grey, the Footman, after his
Condemnation for attempting a Rape.*

READ lovely nymph, and tremble not to read,
I have no more to wish, nor you to dread:
I ask not life, for life to me were vain,
And death a refuge from severer pain.
My only hope in these last lines I try;
I would be pitied, and I then would die.

Long had I lived as sordid as my fate,
Nor cursed the destiny that made me wait

A servile slave : content with homely food,
 The gross instinct of appetite pursued :
 Youth gave me sleep at night, and warmth of blood.
 Ambition yet had never touch'd my breast ;
 My lordly master knew no sounder rest ;
 With labour healthy, in obedience blest.
 But when I saw—oh ! had I never seen,
 That wounding softness, that engaging mein !
 The mist of wretched education flies,
 Shame, fear, desire, despair, and love arise,
 The new creation of those beauteous eyes.
 But yet that love pursued no guilty aim,
 Deep in my heart I hid the secret flame.
 I never hoped my fond desire to tell,
 And all my wishes were to serve you well.
 Heavens ! how I flew, when wing'd by your com-
 mand,
 And kiss'd the letters given me by your hand.
 How pleased, how proud, how fond was I to wait,
 Present the sparkling wine, or change the plate !
 How when you sung, my soul devour'd the sound,
 And every sense was in the rapture drown'd !
 Though bid to go, I quite forgot to move ;
 You knew not that stupidity was love !
 But oh ! the torment not to be express'd,
 The grief, the rage, the hell that fired this breast,

When my great rivals, in embroidery gay,
 Sat by your side, or led you from the play.
 I still contrived near as I could to stand,
 (The flambeau trembling in my shaking hand)
 I saw, or thought I saw those fingers press'd,
 For thus their passion, by my own I guess'd,
 And jealous fury all my soul possess'd,
 Like torrents, love and indignation meet,
 And madness would have thrown me at your feet.

Turn, lovely nymph (for so I would have said)
 Turn from those triflers who make love a trade;
 This is true passion in my eyes you see!
 They cannot, no—they cannot love like me.
 Frequent debauch has pall'd their sickly taste,
 Faint their desire, and in a moment past:
 They sigh not from the heart, but from the brain;
 Vapours of vanity, and strong champagne.
 Too dull to feel what forms, like yours, inspire,
 After long talking of their painted fire,
 To some lewd brothel they at night retire;
 There pleased with fancied quality and charms,
 Enjoy your beauties in a strumpet's arms.
 Such are the joys, those toasters have in view,
 And such the wit and pleasure they pursue:
 —And is this love that ought to merit you?

Each opera-night a new address begun,
 They swear to thousands what they swear to one.
 Not thus I sigh—but all my sighs are vain—
 Die, wretched ARTHUR, and conceal thy pain :
 'Tis impudence to wish, and madness to complain.

Fix'd on this view, my only hope of ease,
 I waited not the aid of slow disease :
 The keenest instruments of death I sought,
 And death alone employed my labouring thought.
 This all the night—when I remember well
 The charming tinkle of your morning bell !
 Fired by the sound, I hastened with your tea ;
 With one last look to smooth the darksome way—
 But oh ! how dear that fatal look has cost !
 In that fond moment my resolves were lost.
 Hence all my guilt, and all your sorrows rise—
 I saw the languid softness of your eyes ;
 I saw the dear disorder of your bed ;
 Your cheek all glowing with a tempting red ;
 Your night-cloaths tumbled with resistless grace ;
 Your flowing hair play'd careless round your face ;
 Your night-gown fasten'd with a single pin ;
 —Fancy improved the wondrous charms within !
 I fix'd my eyes upon that heaving breast,
 And hardly, hardly I forebore the rest ;

Eager to gaze, unsatisfied with sight,
My head grew giddy with the near delight !
—Too well you know the fatal following night !
Th' extremest proof of my desire I give,
And since you will not love, I will not live.
Condemn'd by you, I wait the righteous doom,
Careless and fearless of the woes to come.
But when you see me waver in the wind,
My guilty flame extinct, my soul resign'd,
Sure you may pity what you can't approve,
The cruel consequence of furious love.
Think the bold wretch, that could so greatly dare,
Was tender, faithful, ardent, and sincere :
Think when I held the pistol to your breast,
Had I been of the world's large rule possess'd,
That world had then been yours, and I been blest !
Think that my life was quite below my care,
Nor fear'd I any hell beyond despair.

If these reflections, tho' they seize you late,
Give some compassion for your ARTHUR's fate :
Enough you give, nor ought I to complain ;
You pay my pangs, nor have I dy'd in vain !

GEORGE BUBB DODINGTON LORD
MELCOMBE.

Dorsetshire, 1691—1762.

Lord Melcombe is more known as a Politician than as a Poet ; his DIARY is a curious private history of the public life of a man ever eager to promote his own aggrandizement, and sacrificing his honour to his ambition and interest : of the class of which he was an individual perhaps it would not be harsh to say *AB UNO DISCE OMNES*. It is a pity that with talents and dispositions to be admired, and loved, Lord Melcombe should have mistaken both the end and the means ; he had a taste for literature, of which he was a Patron, at least he was praised by its followers, and their panegyrics were probably not bestowed gratuitously. Thomson inscribed to him one of his Seasons, and Young addressed to him one of his Satires, his own poems are not above mediocrity.

Letter to Dr. Young.

KIND companion of my youth
Loved for genius, worth and truth,

Take what friendship can impart,
Tribute of a feeling heart ;
Take the Muse's latest spark
Ere we drop into the dark.
He who parts and virtue gave
Bade thee look beyond the grave ;
Genius soars, and virtue guides
When the love of God presides.
There's a gulph 'twixt us and God ;
Let the gloomy path be trod :
Why stand shivering on the shore ?
Why not boldly venture o'er ?
Where unerring virtue guides
Let us brave the winds and tides :
Safe, through seas of doubts and fears
Rides the bark which virtue steers.

Love thy country, wish it well,
Not with too intense a care ;
'Tis enough, that when it fell
Thou its ruin didst not share.
Envy's censure, Flattery's praise,
With unmoved indifference view ;
Learn to tread life's dangerous maze
With unerring Virtue's clue.

Void of strong desire and fear,
Life's wide ocean trust no more
Strive thy little bark to steer
With the tide, but near the shore.
Thus prepared, thy shorten'd sail
Shall, whene'er the winds encrease,
Seizing each propitious gale
Waft thee to the port of Peace.
Keep thy conscience from offence
And tempestuous passions free ;
So, when thou art call'd from hence,
Easy shall thy passage be.
Easy shall thy passage be
Chearful thy allotted stay
Short the account 'twixt God and thee,
Hope shall meet thee on the way :
Truth shall lead thee to the gate,
Mercy's self shall let thee in,
Where its never-changing state
Full Perfection shall begin.

Oct. 27, 1761.

*Verses under the Bust of Comus in a Buffet at Ham-
mersmith.*

WHILE rosy wreaths the goblet deck,
Thus Comus spoke, or seem'd to speak :
" This place for social hours design'd,
" May care and business never find,
" Come, every Muse, without restraint.
" Let Genius prompt, and fancy paint ;
" Let Wit and Mirth, with friendly strife,
" Chase the dull gloom that saddens life :
" True Wit that firm to Virtue's cause
" Respects religion and the laws ;
" True Mirth, that cheerfulness supplies
" To modest ears and decent eyes ;
" Let these indulge their liveliest sallies,
" Both scorn the cankered help of malice ;
" True to their country and their friend,
" Both scorn to flatter or offend."

JOHN BYROM.

1691,—1763.

The well known song ' My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,' in the Spectator, with two Essays on Dreams in the same volume were the productions of this singularly ingenious man. During one part of his life he supported himself by teaching a short hand of his own invention, till an estate devolved to him by the death of an elder brother. His poems were printed at Manchester in two volumes, and something like an apology for his criticisms in rhyme is offered.—If a reader seeks for information upon subjects of criticisms it cannot be given too briefly, nor if for amusement too pleasantly.—Byrom's verse flows or trips easily, as he could cull what words he pleased out of three languages,

" Just then as they rise, to explain my ideas,
Let the Lexicon tell what is meant by *οὐρανός*."

When a man is not in a hurry he will perhaps read the Epistles of Byrom with as much pleasure, and not less profit than the old scholia.

Nonumque prematur in annum.

YE poets, and criticks, and men of the schools,
 Who talk about Horace, and Horace's rules;
 Ye learned admirers, how comes it, I wonder,
 That none of you touch a most tangible blunder,
 I speak not to servile, and sturdy logicians,
 Who will, right or wrong, follow printed editions;
 But you, that are judges, come rub up your eyes,
 And unshackle your wits, and I'll show where it
 lies.

Amongst other rules, which your Horace has writ,
 To make his young Piso for poetry fit,
 He tells him that verses should not be pursued,
 When the Muse or Minerva was not in the mood;
 That whate'er he should write, "he should let it
 descend

"To the ears of his father, his master, his friend;"
 And let it lie by him—now prick up your ears—
Nonumque prematur in annum—nine years.

Nine years! I repeat—for the sound is enough
 With the help of plain sense, to discover the stuff.
 If the rule had been new, what a figure would nine
 Have made with your Piso's, ye masters of mine!

Must a youth of quick parts, for his verse's perfection

Let it lie for nine years—in the House of Correction.

Nine years if his verses must lie in the heaven,
Take the young rogue himself, and transport him
for seven.

To make this a maxim, that Horace infuses,
Must provoke all the laughter of all the nine
Muses.

How the wits of old Rome, in a case so facetious,
Would have joked upon Horace, and Piso, and
Metius,

If they all could not make a poetical line,
Ripe enough to be read, till the year had struck nine!
Had the boy been possest of nine lives, like a cat,
Yet surely he'd ne'er have submitted to that.

Vah ! says an old critic, indefinite number—
To denote many years—(which is just the same
lumber)

Quotes a length of Quintilian for time to retouch
But wisely stops short at his blaming—too much.
Some took many years; he can instance—in fine,
Isocrates ten—poor Cinna just nine ;

Rare instance of taking, which had he been cool,
The old critick had seen, never could be a rule.

Indeed, says a young one, nine years, I confess,
Is a desperate while for a youth to suppress ;
I can hardly think Horace would make it a point ;
The word to be sure must be out of its joint ;
Lie by with a *nonum* !—had I been his Piso,
I'd have told little *Fatty*, mine never should be so.
Had he said for nine months, I should think them
enoo ;

This reading is false, Sir—pray tell us the true.

Why, you are not far off it, if present conjecture
May furnish the place with a probable lecture ;
For by copies, I doubt, either printed or written,
The hundreds of editors all have been bitten.
Nine months you allow—yes—well, let us, for fear
Of affronting Quintilian, e'en make it a year :
Give the critics their *numque*, but as to their *no*—
You have *one* in plain English more fit to bestow.

I take the correction—*unmuque, prematur*—
Let it lie for one twelve month,—ay, that may hold
water ;

And time enough too for consulting about,
Master Piso's performance, before it came out.
What ! would Horace insist, that a sketch of a boy
Should take as much time, as the taking of Troy ?
They, that bind out the young one, say, when the
old fellow,
Took any time like it, to make a thing mellow ;

Tho' correct in his trifles—Young man you say
right,
And to them that will see, it is plain at first sight ;
But criticks that will not, they hunt all around
For something of sameness, in sense, or in sound ;
It is all one to them ; so attach'd to the letter,
That to make better sense, makes it never the better
Nay, the more sense in readings, the less they will
own 'em ;
You must leave to these sages their *mumpsimus*
nonum.

Do you think, they cry out, that with so little wit
Such a world of great critics on Horace have writ ?
That the poets themselves, were the blunder so plain,
In a point of their art too, would let it remain,
For you are to consider these critical chaps
Do not like to be snubb'd ; you may venture per-
haps,

An amendment, where they can see somewhat
amiss ;
But may raise their ill blood, if you circulate this.

It will circulate, this, Sir, as sure as their blood,
Or if not, it will stand—as in Horace it stood.
They may wrangle and jangle, unwilling to see,
But the thing is as clear as a whistle to me.
This *nonum* of theirs no defence will admit,
Except—that a blot is no blot, till it's hit ;
And now you have hit it, if *nonum* content 'em,
So would, if the verse had so had it, *nongentum*.

You'll say this is painting of characters—true ;
But really, good Sirs, I have met with these two :
The first, in all comments, quite down to the Del-
phin

A man if he likes it, may look at himself in :
The last, if you like, and along with the youth,
Prefer to *Nonumque* poetical truth,
Then blot out the blunder, how here it is hinted,
And by all future printers *Unumque* be printed.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

The Leasowes, 1714,—1763.

If Shenstone had done nothing more than suggest to Percy, the scheme of publishing the *Relicks of Ancient Poetry*, he would have been a great benefactor to the Literature of his country. But we owe to him the *School Mistress*, a delightful poem, which pleases alike the young and old, and which the herd of criticks, in direct contradiction to their own miserable system, are compelled to praise and to admire.

The Extent of Cookery.

WHEN Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
A plain brown bob he wore ;
Read much, and look'd as though he meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's Inn repair,
His resolution flag ;
He cherishes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
But gets into the house,
And soon a Judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu ye bobs, ye bags give place,
Full bottoms come instead !
Good Lord to see the various ways
Of dressing—a calf's head !



Inscription at the Leasowes.

O you that bathe in courtly blysse
Or toyle in fortune's giddy spheare ;
Do not too rashly deem amyss
Of him that bydes contented here.

Nor yet disdeigne the russet stoale,
Which o'er each carelesse lymb he flyngs :
Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,
In whyche he quaffs the lympid springs.

Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,
Devoide of worldly carke he straye :
Or all beside some flowery lawne,
He waste his inoffensive daye.

So may he pardonne fraud and strife,
If such in courtlye haunt he see :
For faults there beene in busye life,
From whyche these peaceful glennes are free.

Ode to Memory.

O MEMORY ! celestial maid !
Who glean'st the flowerets cropt by time ;
And, suffering not a leaf to fade,
Preservest the blossoms of our prime ;
Bring, bring those moments to my mind
When life was new, and Lesbia kind.

And bring that garland to my sight,
With which my favour'd crook she bound ;
And bring that wreath of roses bright
Which then my festive temples crown'd ;
And to my raptured ear convey
The gentle things she deign'd to say.

And sketch with care the Muse's bower,
Where Isis rolls her silver tide ;
Nor yet omit one reed or flower
That shines on Cherwell's verdant side ;
If so thou may'st those hours prolong,
When polish'd Lycon join'd my song.

The song it 'vails not to recite---
But sure, to soothe our youthful dreams,
Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
Than other banks, than other streams :
Or, by thy soften'd pencil shown,
Assume they beauties not their own ?

And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My spirits light, my soul serene,
I breathed in verse one cordial vow :
That nothing should my soul inspire,
But friendship warm, and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
On thee the drooping Muse attends ;
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
On thy expressive power depends ;
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away
Which at ambition's shrine I made ;
Nor ever let thy skill display
Those anxious moments, ill repaid :
Oh ! from my breast that season raze,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I bestrode ;
When, pleased in many a sportive ring,
Around the room I jovial rode :
Even let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
Why did not these enjoyments last ;
How sweetly wasted I the day,
While innocence allow'd to waste !
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But ah ! for pleasure yield us pain.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, 1703,—1764.

This truly respectable man rose from the situation of a footman to be the most eminent bookseller of his age. The annexed poem is characteristic of the man, and the times in which he lived.

The FOOTMAN.

An Epistle to my Friend Mr. Wright.

DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE I am now at leisure,
And in the country taking pleasure,
If it be worth your while to hear
A silly footman's business there,
I'll try to tell, in easy rhyme,
How I in London spend my time.

And first,
As soon as laziness will let me,
I rise from bed, and down I set me,

To cleaning glasses, knives, and plate,
And such-like dirty work as that,
Which (by the bye) is what I hate.
'This done ; with expeditious care,
'To dress myself I strait prepare ;
I clean my buckles, black my shoes ;
Powder my wig, and brush my cloaths ;
'Take off my beard, and wash my face,
And then I'm ready for the chace.

Down comes my lady's woman strait :
Where's Robin ? Here. Pray take your hat,
And go--- and go--- and go--- and go--- ;
And this--- and that desire to know.
The charge received, away run I,
And here, and there, and yonder fly,
With services, and how-d'ye-does,
Then home return full fraught with news.

Here some short time does interpose,
'Till warm effluvia's greet my nose,
Which from the spits and kettles fly,
Declaring dinner-time is nigh.
To lay the cloth I now prepare,
With uniformity and care ;

In order knives and forks are laid,
With folded napkins, salt, and bread :
The side-boards glittering too appear,
With plate, and glass, and china-ware.
Then ale, and beer, and wine decanted,
And all things ready which are wanted,
The smoaking dishes enter in,
To stomachs sharp a grateful scene ;
Which on the table being placed,
And some few ceremonies past,
They all sit down, and fall to eating,
Whilst I behind stand silent waiting.

This is the only pleasant hour
Which I have in the twenty-four ;
For whilst I unregarded stand,
With ready salver in my hand,
And seem to understand no more
Than just what's called for, out to pour ;
I hear, and mark the courtly phrases,
And all the elegance that passes ;
Disputes maintained without digression,
With ready wit, and fine expression ;
The laws of true politeness stated,
And what good-breeding is, debated :

Where all unanimous exclude
The vain coquet, the formal prude,
The ceremonious, and the rude.
The flattering, fawning, praising train;
The fluttering, empty, noisy, vain;
Detraction, smut, and what's prophane.

This happy hour elapsed and gone,
The time of drinking tea comes on.
The kettle fill'd, the water boil'd,
The cream provided, biscuits pil'd;
And lamp prepared; I strait engage
The Lilliputian equipage
Of dishes, saucers, spoons, and tongs,
And all th' *Et cætera* which thereto belongs.
Which ranged in order and decorum,
I carry in and set before 'em;
Then pour or Green, or Bohea out,
And, as commanded, hand about.

This business over, presently
The hour of visiting draws nigh;
The chairmen strait prepare the chair,
A lighted flambeau I prepare;
And orders given where to go,
We march along, and bustle thro',

The parting ~~crowds~~, who all stand off
 To give us room. O how you'd laugh !
 To see ~~me~~ strut before a chair,
 And with a ~~sturdy~~ voice, and air,
 Crying--- By your leave, Sir ; have a care !
 From place to place with speed we fly,
 And rat-tatat the knockers cry :
 Pray is your lady, Sir, within ?
 If no, go on ; if yes we enter in.

• Then to the hall I guide my steps,
 Amongst a crowd of brother skips,
 Drinking small-beer, and talking smut,
 And this fool's nonsense putting that fool's out.
 Whilst oaths and peals of laughter meet,
 And he who's loudest, is the greatest wit.
 But here amongst us the chief trade is
 To rail against our Lords and Ladies :
 To aggravate their smallest failings,
 To expose their faults with saucy railings.
 For my part, as I hate the practice,
 And see in them how base and black 'tis,
 To some bye place I therefore creep,
 And sit me down, and feign to sleep ;
 And could I with old Morpheus' bargain,
 'Twould save my ears much noise and jargon.

But down my Lady comes again,
And I'm released from my pain,
To some new place our steps we bend,
The tedious evening out to spend ;
Sometimes, perhaps, to see the play,
Assembly, or the opera ;
Then home and sup, and thus we end the day.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

London, 1731,—1764.

“ Who to party gave up what was meant for mankind.”

“ We all remember, says Dr. Warton, when even a Churchill was more in vogue than Gray. He that treats of fashionable follies and the topicks of the day, that describes present persons and recent events, finds many persons whose understandings and whose passions he gratifies.” This passage which has often been quoted, is here re-quoted that it may be condemned, the general assertion is true, and its application to Churchill is true with respect to popularity or ‘*being in vogue*,’ but not with respect to fame. His popularity was in great part occasioned by the subjects of his satires which were temporary, but his fame rests and will rest upon that manly morality and manly sense which are universal and eternal.

The Author.

ACCURSED the man, whom fate ordains in spite,
And cruel parents teach, to read and write !

What need of letters ? wherefore should we spell ?
Why write our names ? a mark will do as well.
Much are the precious hours of youth misspent,
In climbing learning's rugged steep ascent ;
When to the top the bold adventurer's got,
He reigns, vain monarch, o'er a barren spot,
Whilst in the vale of ignorance below,
Folly and vice to rank luxuriance grow ;
Honours and wealth pour in on every side,
And proud preferment rolls her golden tide.
O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,
To bear the slavish drudgery of schools,
And tamely stoop to every pedant's rules ;
For seven long years debarr'd of liberal ease,
To plod in college trammels to degrees,
Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown ;
To praise each senior blockhead's thread-bare tale,
And laugh till reason blush, and spirits fail ;
Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,
And cap the fool, whose merit is his place ;
Vice-chancellors whose knowledge is but small,
And chancellors, who nothing know at all :
Ill-brook'd the generous spirit in those days
When learning was the certain road to praise,

When nobles, with a love of science bless'd,
Approved in others what themselves possess'd.
But now, when dulness rears aloft her throne,
When lordly vassals her wide empire own,
When wit, seduced by envy, starts aside,
And basely leagues with ignorance and pride,
What now should tempt us, by false hopes misled,
Learning's unfashionable paths to tread ;
To bear those labours, which our fathers bore,
That crown withheld, which they in triumph
wore ?

When with much pains this boasted learning's got,
'Tis an affront to those who have it not.
In some it causes hate, in others fear,
Instructs our foes to rail, our friends to sneer.
With prudent haste the worldly-minded fool,
Forgets the little which he learnt at school ;
The elder brother, to vast fortunes born,
Looks on all science with an eye of scorn ;
Dependent brethren the same features wear,
And younger sons are stupid as the heir.
In senate, at the bar, in church and state,
Genius is vile, and learning out of date.
Is this—O death to think ! is this the land
Where merit and reward went hand in hand,
Where heroes, parent-like, the poet view'd,
By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd ;

Where poets, true to honour, tuned their lays,
And by their patrons sanctify'd their praise ?
Is this the land, where, on our Spenser's tongue,
Enamoured of his voice, description hung ;
Where Jonson rigid gravity beguiled,
Whilst reason through her critick fences smiled ;
Where nature listening stood, whilst Shakspeare
played,

And wonder'd at the work herself had made ?
Is this the land, where mindful of her charge,
And office high, fair freedom walk'd at large
Where finding in our laws a sure defence,
She mock'd at all restraints but those of sense ;
Where health and honour trooping by her side,
She spread her sacred empire far and wide ;
Pointed the way affliction to beguile,
And bade the face of sorrow wear a smile ;
Bade those, who dare obey the generous call,
Enjoy her blessings, which God meant for all ?
Is this the land, where in some tyrant's reign,
When a weak, wicked, ministerial train,
The tools of power, the slaves of interest, plann'd
Their country's ruin, and with bribes unmann'd
Those wretches, who ordain'd in freedom's cause ;
Gave up their liberties, and sold our laws ;
When power was taught by meanness where to go,
Nor dared to love the virtue of a foe ;

When, like a leperous plague, from the foul head
 To the foul heart her sores corruption spread,
 Her iron arm when stern oppression rear'd,
 And virtue, from her broad base shaken, fear'd
 The scourge of vice ; when, impotent and vain,
 Poor freedom bow'd the neck to slavery's chain ?
 Is this the land, where in those worst of times,
 The hardy poet raised his honest rhymes,
 To dread rebuke, and bade controulment speak
 In guilty blushes on the villain's cheek,
 Bade power turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
 And made them fear the Muse, who feared not law ?

* * * * *

Dost thou contrive some blacker deed of shame,
 Something which nature shudders but to name,
 Something which makes the soul of man retreat,
 And the life-blood run backward to her seat ?
 Dost thou contrive for some base private end,
 Some selfish view, to hang a trusting friend,
 To lure him on, e'en to his parting breath,
 And promise life to work him surer death ?
 Grown old in villainy, and dead to grace,
 Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face ;
 Behold a parson at thy elbow stands,
 Louing damnation, and with open hands

Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward,
The Atheist chaplain of an Atheist lord.

Bred to the church, and for the gown decreed,
Ere it was known that I should learn to read ;
Though that was nothing, for my friends who knew
What mighty dulness of itself could do,
Never design'd me for a working priest,
But hoped, I should have been a Dean at least ;
Condemn'd (likè many more, and worthier men,
To whom I pledge the service of my pen,)
Condemn'd (whilst proud and pamper'd sons of
lawn,

Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)
In pomp of reverend beggary to appear,
To pray and starve on forty pounds a year ;
My friends, who never felt the galling load,
Lament that I forsook the packhorse road,
Whilst virtue to my conduct witness bears,
In throwing off that gown, which Francis wears.

What creature's that, so very pert and prim ;
So very full of foppery and whim ;
So gentle, yet so brisk, so wonderous sweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet,
Who looks, as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
And by his garb appears a man of God ?

Trust not to looks, nor credit outward show ;
The villain lurks beneath the cassock'd beau ;
That's an informer ; what avails the name ?
Suffice it that the wretch from Sodom came.
His tongue is deadly ; from his presence run,
Unless thy rage would wish to be undone.
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
And fear alone restrains his coward mind ;
Free him from that, no monster is so fell,
Nor is so sure a blood-hound found in hell.
His silken smiles, his hypocritick air,
His meek demeanour plausible and fair,
Are only worn to pave fraud's easier way,
And make gull'd virtue fall a surer prey.
Attend his church—his plan of doctrine view—
The preacher is a Christian, dull, but true ;
But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
That plan of doctrine's never thought of more ;
Christ is laid by neglected on the shelf,
And the vile priest is gospel to himself.
By Cleland tutor'd, and with Blacow bred,
(Blacow, whom by a brave resentment led,
Oxford, if Oxford had not sunk in fame,
Ere this, had damn'd to everlasting shame)
Their steps he follows, and their crimes partakes,
To virtue lost, to vice alone he wakes,

Most lusciously declaims 'gainst luscious themes,
And whilst he rails at blasphemy, blasphemes.
Are these the arts, which policy supplies,
Are these the steps, by which grave churchmen rise?
Forbid it heaven ! or should it turn out so,
Let me and mine continue mean and low.
Such be their hearts, whom interest controuls ;
Kidgell and I have free and honest souls.
We scorn preferment which is gained by sin ;
And will though poor without, have peace within.

ROBERT LLOYD.

. 1733,—1764.

In our whole poetical biography there are no lives so melancholy and so instructive as those of Lloyd and Churchill. The two friends ran in a similar career, and each at starting bade fair for the honours of the race, but these are given less to the swift than the industrious. They began with despising and ridiculing that cautiousness

“ which in fools supplies,

“ And amply too, the place of being wise.”

and they forgot even common prudence. Lloyd's high and brilliant spirit revolted at an Ushership of Westminster, to the duties of which he could not conform even with decency. He afterwards followed Literature as a trade, and after all the miseries incidental to such a trade, he ended his days in the Fleet Prison, his death being accelerated by that of his friend and benefactor Churchill.

The WHIM.

An Epistle to Mr. W. Wotty.

THE praise of genius will offend
A foe no doubt, sometimes a friend ;

But curse on genius, wit, and parts ;
The thirst of science, love of arts,
If inconsistent with the plan
Of social good from man to man.
For me, who will, may wear the bays,
I value not such idle praise :
Let wrangling wits, abuse, defame,
And quarrel for an empty name,
What's in this shuffling pace of rhyme,
Or grand-*pas* stride of stiff sublime,
That vanity her trump should blow,
And look with scorn on folks below ?
Are wit and folly close ally'd,
And match'd like poverty, with pride ?
When rival bards for fame contend,
The poet often spoils the friend ;
Genius self-center'd feels alone
That merit he esteems his own,
And cold, o'er-jealous and severe,
Hates, like a Turk, a brother near ;
Malice steps in, good nature flies,
Folly prevails, and friendship dies.
Peace to all such, if peace can dwell
With those who bear about a hell,
Who blast all worth with envy's breath,
By their own feelings stung to death.

None but a weak and brainless fool,
Undisciplined in fortune's school,
Can hope for favours from the wit ;
He pleads prescription to forget :
Unnoticed let him live or rot,
And as forgetful, be forgot.
Most wags whose pleasure is to smoke,
Would rather lose their friend than joke ;
A man in rags looks something queer,
And there's vast humour in a sneer ;
That jest, alike all wittings suits,
Which lies no further than the boots.
Give me the man whose open mind
Means social good to all mankind ;
Who when his friend, from fortune's round,
Is toppled headlong to the ground,
Can meet him with a warm embrace,
And wipe the tears from sorrow's face ;
Who not self-taught and proudly wise,
Seeks more to comfort than advise ;
Who less intent to shine than please
Wears his own mirth with native ease,
And is from sense, from nature's plan,
The jovial guest, the honest man ;
In short whose picture, painted true,
In every point resembles you.

And will my friend for once excuse
This offering of a lazy Muse ?
Most lazy—lest you think her not,
I'll draw her picture on the spot.
A perfect ease the dame enjoys ;
Three chairs her indolence employs .
On one she squats her cushion'd bum,
Which would not rise, though kings should come ;
An arm lolls dangling o'er another,
A leg lies couchant on its brother.
To make her look supremely wise,
At least like wisdom in disguise,
The weed, which first by Raleigh brought,
Gives thinking looks instead of thought,
She smokes, and smokes ; without all feeling,
Safe as the eddies climb the cieling,
And waft about their mild perfume,
She marks their passage round the room,
When pipe forsakes the vacant mouth,
A pot of beer prevents her drowth,
Which with potations pottle deep
Lulls the poor maudlin muse to sleep.
Her books of which she has wonderful need
But neither power nor will to read,
In scatter'd tomes lie all around
Upon the lowest shelf—the ground.

ease no doubt suits easy rhyme ;
; walk about who write sublime,
e Recitation's pompous sound
/s words sonorous all around,
Action waves her hand and head,
ose who bread and butter spread.
bards who feel not fancy's dearth,
strike the roof, and kick the earth,
se Muse superlatively high
s lodgings always near the sky ;
like the lark with daring flight
soars and sings beyond our sight ;
trumpet forth your grand sublime,
scorn our lazy lounging rhyme.
hough the lark in ether floats,
trills no doubt diviner notes,
essly perch'd on yonder spray,
innet sings a pretty lay.

t horrid what tremendous sight
as all my fabrick with affright !
Argus' hundred eyes he marks,
triple mouth the monster barks ;
while he scatters flaming brands
eus lends him all his hands.
t ! 'tis a critick—yes—'tis he—
t would your graceless form with me ?

Is it t'upbraid me with a crime
Of spinning unlaborious rhyme,
Of stringing various thoughts together
In verse, or prose, or both, or neither ?
A vein which though it must offend
You lofty sirs who can't descend,
To fame has often made its way
From Butler, Prior, Swift, and Gay.
Is it for this your brow austere
Frowns me to stone for very fear ?
Hear my just reason first, and then
Approve me right, or split my pen.
I seek not by more labour'd lays
To catch the slippery tail of praise,
Nor will I run a mad career
'Gainst genius which I must revere ;
When Phoebus bursts with genuine fire,
The little stars at once retire ;
Who cares a farthing for those lays
Which you can neither blame nor praise ?
I cannot match a Churchill's skill,
But may be Langhorne when I will :

Let the mere mimick, for each season bears,
Your mimick bards as well as mimick play'rs,
Creep servilely along, and with dull pains
Lash his low steed, in whose enfeebled veins

The cold blood lags, let him with fruitless aim
By borrowed plumes assume a borrow'd fame,
With studied forms th' incautious ear beguile,
And ape the numbers of a Churchill's stile.
Slaves may some fame from imitation hope ;
Who'd be Paul Whitehead, though he honours

Pope ?

If clinking couplets in one endless chime
Be the sole beauty, and the praise of rhyme ;
If sound alone an easy triumph gains,
While fancy bleeds, and sense is hung in chains,
Ye happy triflers hail the rising mode :
See all Parnassus is a turnpike road,
Where each may travel in the highway track
On true bred hunter, or on common hack.
For me, who labour with poetick sin,
Who often woo the muse I cannot win,
Whom pleasure first a willing poet made,
And folly spoilt by taking up the trade,
Pleased I beheld superior genius shine,
Nor tinged with envy wish that genius mine.
To Churchill's Muse can bow with decent awe,
Admire his mode nor make that mode my law :
Both may perhaps have various powers to please ;
Be his the strength of Numbers, mine the ease,
Ease that rejects not but betrays no care,
Less of the coxcomb than the sloven's air.

Your taste, as mine, all metre must offend
When imitation is its only end.
I could perhaps that servile task pursue,
And copy Churchill as I'd copy you,
But that my flippant muse, too saucy grown,
Prefers that manner she can call her own.

EDWARD YOUNG.

Upham, near Winchester, 1681—1765.

No English Poem has ever been so popular on the Continent as the *Night Thoughts*. It pleases all readers, for there is genius enough for the few, and folly enough for the many.

From a "Sea-Piece."

ODE I.

The British Sailor's Exultation.

IN lofty sounds let those delight
Who brave the foe, but fear the fight;
And bold in word, of arms decline the stroke :
'Tis mean to boast, but great to lend
To foes the counsel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

From whence arise these loud alarms ?
Why gleams the south with brandish'd arms ?
War, bathed in blood, from curst ambition springs :
Ambition ! mean, ignoble pride !
Perhaps their ardours may subside,
When weigh'd the wonders Britain's sailor sings.

Hear and revere ! at Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood
Hastes the huge oak, or shadeless forest leaves ;
The mountain-pines assume new forms
Spread canvas wings, and fly through storms,
And ride o'er rocks and dance on foaming waves.

She nods again, the labouring earth
Discloses a tremendous birth ;
In smoking rivers runs her molten ore ;
Thence monsters of enormous size,
And hideous aspect, threatening rise,
Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

These ministers of fate fulfil,
On empires wide, an island's will,
When thrones unjust wake vengeance : know ye
powers !
In sudden night, and ponderous balls,
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
When braved Britannia's awful senate lowers.

In her grand council she surveys,
In patriot pictures what may raise
Of insolent attempts a warm disdain ;
From hope's triumphant summit thrown,
Like darted lightning, swiftly down
The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

Britannia sheathes her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine ;
Her cannon slumber, till the proud aspire,
And leave all law below them ; then they blaze !
They thunder from resounding seas,
Touch'd by their injured master's soul of fire.

Then furies rise, the battle raves,
And rends the skies, and warms the waves,
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
In spite of nature, spite of Jove ;
While all-serene, and hush'd above,
Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
Hurls from her disembowel'd womb ;
Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd by strong, sulphureous blasts,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and masts ;
And leaves singed, naked, blood-drown'd, decks
behind.

Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields ;
The wreath immortal ocean yields ;
There wars whole sting is shot, whole fire is spent,
Whole glory blooms : how pale, how tame,
How lambent in Bellona's flame ;
How her storms languish on the continent !

From the dread front of ancient war
Less terror frown'd ; her scythed car,
Her castled elephant, and battering beam,
Stoop to those engines which deny
Superiour terrors to the sky,
And boast their clouds, their thunder, and their
flame.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
The graveless dead, an ocean warm'd,
A firmament by mortals storm'd,
To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

Or do I dream ? or do I rave ?
Or see I Vulcan's sooty cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame ?
Those swarthy gods of toil and heat,
Send peals on mountains anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

Ye sons of Etna ! hear my call ;
 Unfinish'd let those baubles fall,
 Yon shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue :
 Your strokes suspend, ye brawny throng !
 Chaim'd by the magic of my song,
 Drop the feign'd thunder and attempt the true.

Begin, and first take rapid flight,
 Fierce flame, and clouds of thickest night,
 And ghastly terror, paler than the dead :
 Then borrow from the North his roar,
 Mix groans and deaths ; one phial pour
 Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath ; and it is made ;
 Gaul starts and trembles—at your dreadful trade.

ODE II.

The Sailor's Prayer before Engagement.

So form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
 Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon shake ;
 If Britain's crimes support not Britain's foes,
 And edge their swords : O Power divine !
 If blest by thee the bold design,
 Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
In Britain's cause, by fame enroll'd
In deathless annal ; deathless deeds inspire ;
From oozy beds, for Britain's sake,
Awake illustrious chiefs ! awake ;
And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

The day commission'd from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full stock too feeble to sustain ;
Or firm to stand its final blow,
When vital streams of blood shall flow,
And turn to crimson the discolour'd main ;

That day's arrived, that fatal hour !—

“ Hear us, O hear, Almighty Power !

“ Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight !

“ Now war's important die is thrown,

“ If left the day to man alone,

“ How blind is wisdom, and how weak is might !

“ Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,

“ And deep remorse, and sighs sincere

“ For Britain's guilt the wrath divine appease ;

“ A wrath, more formidable far

“ Than angry nature's wasteful war,

“ The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

" From out the deep to thee we cry,
" To thee at nature's helm on high !
" Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence !
" To thee for succour we resort ;
" Thy favour is our only port ;
" Our only rock of safety, thy defence.

" O thou to whom the lions rear,
" And not unheard, thy boon implore !
" Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke ;
" Thou canst arrest the flying ball ;
" Or send it back and bid it fall
" On those from whose proud deck the thunder
 broke.

" Britain in vain extends her care,
" To climes remote, for aids in war ;
" Still farther must it stretch to crush the foe ;
" There's one alliance, one alone,
" Can crown her arms, or fix her throne ;
" And that alliance is not found below.

" Ally Supreme ! we turn to thee ;
" We learn obedience from the sea ;

“ With seas and winds, henceforth thy laws fulfil;
“ ’Tis thine our blood to freeze, or warm ;
“ To rouse or hush the martial storm ;
“ And turn the tide of conquest at thy will.

“ ’Tis thine to beam sublime renown,
“ Or quench the glories of a crown ;
“ ’Tis thine to doom, ’tis thine from death to free;
“ To turn aside his levell’d dart,
“ Or pluck it from the bleeding heart :—
“ There we cast anchor, we confide in thee.

“ Thou, who hast taught the North to roar,
“ And streaming* lights nocturnal pour
“ Of frightful aspect ! when proud foes invade,
“ Then blasted pride with dread to seize,
“ Bid Britain’s flags as meteor’s blaze ;
“ And George depute to thunder in thy stead.

“ The right alone is bold and strong ;
“ Black, hovering clouds appal the wrong
“ With dread of vengeance : nature’s awful Sire !
“ Less than one moment shouldst thou frown
“ Where is puissance and renown ?
“ Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.

* Aurora Borealis.

“ Let George the just, chastise the vain :
“ Thou who dnrst curb the rebel main,
“ To mount the shore when boiling billows rave !
“ Bid George repel a bolder tide,
“ The boundless swell of Gallick pride ;
“ And check ambition’s overwhelming wave.

“ And when (all milder means withstood)
“ Ambition, tamed by loss of blood,
“ Regains her reason ; then on angels wings,
“ Let peace descend, and shouting greet,
“ With peals of joy Britannia’s fleet,
“ How richly freighted ! it triumphant, brings
“ The poise of kingdoms, and the fate of kings.”

DAVID MALLET.

Scotland, about 1700—1785.

A man of more talents than honesty, who was always ready to perform any dirty work for interest; to blast the characters either of the dead or the living, and to destroy life as well as reputation. Mallet was "first assassin" in the Tragedy of Admiral Byng's murder.

A Winter's Day.

Written in a State of Melancholy.

Now, gloomy soul! look out... now comes thy
turn;
With thee, behold all ravaged nature mourn,
Hail the dim empire of thy darling night,
That spreads, slow-shadowing, o'er the vanquish'd
light.

Look out, with joy ; the ruler of the day,
Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimmering ray :
Already exiled to the utmost sky,
Hither, oblique, he turned his clouded eye.
Lo ! from the limits of the wintry pole,
Mountainous clouds, in rude confusion, roll
In dismal pomp, now, hovering on their way,
To a sick twilight, they reduce the day.
And hark ! imprison'd winds, broke loose, arise,
And roar their haughty triumph through the skies.
While the driven clouds, o'ercharged with floods of
rain,
And mingled lightning, burst upon the plain.
Now see sad earth . . . like thine, her altered state,
Like thee, she mourns her sad reverse of fate !
Her smile, her wanton looks . . . where are they
now ?
Faded her face, and wrapt in clouds her brow !

No more the ungrateful verdure of the plain ;
No more, the wealth-crown'd labours of the swain ;
These scenes of bliss, no more upbraid my fate,
Torture my pining thought, and rouse my hate.
The leaf-clad forest, and the tufted grove,
Ere while the safe retreats of happy love,

Stript of their honours, naked, now appear ;
This is . . . my soul the winter of their year !
The little, noisy songsters of the wing,
All shivering on the boughs forget to sing.
Hail ! reverend Silence ! with thy awful brow !
Be Music's voice, for ever mute . . . as now :
Let no intrusive joy my dead repose
Disturb : . . . no pleasure disconcert my woes.
In this moss-covered cavern, hopeless laid,
On the cold cliff, I'll lean my aching head ;
And pleased with winter's waste, unpitying, see
All nature in an agony with me !
Rough, rugged rocks, wet marshes, ruin'd towers,
Bare trees, brown brakes, black heaths,, and rushy
moors,
Dead floods, huge cataracts, to my pleased eyes—
(Now I can smile !) in wild disorder rise :
And, now, the various dreadful^{ness} combined,
Black melancholy comes to doze my mind.

See ! Nights' wish'd shades rise, spreading through
the air,
And the lone hollow gloom, for me prepare.
Hail solitary ruler of the grave !
Parent of terrors ! from the dreary cave,
Let thy dumb silence midnight all the ground,
And spread a welcome horror wide around. - - -

But hark ! a sudden howl invades my ear !
The phantoms of the dreadful hour are near.
Shadows from each dark cavern, now combine,
And stalk around, and mix their yells with mine

Stop, flying Time ! repose thy restless wing ;
Fix here - - - nor hasten to restore the spring :
Fix'd my ill fate, so fix'd let winter be - - -
Let never wanton season laugh at me !

JOHN BROWN.

Rothbury, Northumberland. 1215—1766.

He was Chaplain to Dr. Gebaldston, Bishop of Carlisle, and author of several poetical pieces, one called "Honour," written to shew that true honour can only have its foundation in Virtue, his Essay on Satire is prefixed to the second volume of Warburton's Edition of Pope's Works, and is addressed to that prelate, the specimen subjoined is extracted from it. In 1751, he published "Essays on Shaftesbury's Characteristics." In 1755 the Tragedy of Barbarossa, and in 1756 "Athelstan." In 1767 he gave to the World "An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times," which passed through seven Editions in little more than a year, and he added a second Volume to this Work in 1768. In 1766, in a fit of Insanity, Dr. Brown put a period to his life.

An Essay on Satire, occasioned by the death of Mr. Pope.

© sacred weapon, left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence !
To all, but heaven-directed hands, deny'd.
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide.

FATE gave the word, the cruel arrow sped,
And POPE lies numbered with the mighty dead ;

Exulting dulness eyed the setting light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the night :
Guilt at the signal rousing all her train,
Broods o'er the glories of her growing reign :
Th' envenom'd monsters spit their deadly foam,
To blast the laurel that surrounds his tomb :
With inextinguishable rage they burn,
And snake-hung Envy hisses o'er his urn.

But thou whose eye, from passion's film refin'd,
Can see true greatness in an honest mind ;
Can see each virtue and each grace unite,
And taste the raptures of a pure delight ;
O visit oft his awful page with care,
And view the bright assemblage treasured there.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muse,
Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues ;
Intent from this great archetype to draw,
Or faintly shadow Satire's power and law ;
Pleased, if from hence the unlearn'd may comprehend,
And reverence his and Satire's generous end.

In every breast there burns an active flame,
The love of glory, or the dread of shame :
The passion one, though different forms it wear,
As brighten'd into hope, or sunk by fear :

The lisping infant, and the hoary sire,
And youth and manhood feel the heart-born fire :
The charms of praise the coy, the modest woo,
And fly from glory that she may pursue :
(As Galatea, playful on the green,
Hides in the grove, yet wishes to be seen :)
She powerful goddess, rules the wise and great ;
Bends even reluctant hermits at her feet :
Haunts the proud city, and the lowly shade,
And sways alike the sceptre and the spade.

Heaven thus in man its friendly power displays,
To urge him on to deeds that merit praise :
But man, vain man, to folly only wise,
Rejects the manna sent him from the skies :
With rapture hears corrupted passion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
He for imagined substance quits the true :
Eager to catch the visionary prize,
In quest of glory plunges deep in vice ;
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits every praise he pants to gain.
Thus still imperious nature plies her part,
And still her dictates work in every heart :

Each power that sovereign nature bids enjoy,
 Man may corrupt, but man can ne'er destroy :
 Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
 The passions rage obstructed in their course ;
 Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
 And drown those virtues, which they fed before.

* * * * *

Nor boasts the Muse imaginary power,
 Though oft' she mourn those ills she cannot cure.
 The worthy court her, and the worthless fear ;
 Who hate her piercing eye, that eye revere :
 Her awful voice the vain and vile obey,
 And ev'ry foe to wisdom feels her sway :
 Smarts, pedants, as she smiles, no more grow
 vain ;

Desponding fops resign the clouded cane :
 Hush'd at her voice, pert folly's self is still,
 And dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
 Her hand from vice fair virtues oft hath sprung,
 As the skill'd planter raises flowers from dung :
 Weak are the ties which publick art can find,
 To quell the madness of the tainted mind :
 Cunning evades, securely wrapt in wiles ;
 And force strong-sinew'd rends the unequal toils :
 The stream of vice impetuous drive along,
 Too deep for policy, for power too strong :

Even fair religion, native of the skies,
 Scorn'd by the fool, seeks refuge with the wise.
 But Satire's arrow searches every breast ;
 She plays a ruling passion on the rest :
 Fast binds the slave that earth and heaven defy'd,
 And awes him from the battery of his pride.
 When fell corruption, by her vassals crown'd,
 Derides fall'n justice prostrate on the ground ;
 Swift to redress an injured people's groan,
 Bold Satire shakes the tyrant on his throne :
 Powerful as death, defies the sordid train,
 And slaves and sycophants surround in vain.

* * * * *

But see at length relenting Satire smile,
 And shower her choicest boon on Britain's isle :
 Behold for POPE she twines the laurel crown,
 And leads the bard triumphant to his throne ;
 Despairing guilt and dulness loath the sight,
 As goblins vanish at approaching light ;
 The gentle Thames, that pours his urn fast by,
 Surveys the structure with revering eye :
 To a clear mirror smooths his glassy tide,
 Proud to reflect a nation's justest pride.
 But oh ! what thought, what numbers shall I find,
 But faintly to express the poets mind ?

Who yonder star's effulgence can display,
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray ?
Who paint a God, unless the God inspire ?
What catch the lightning, but the speed of fire ?
So, mighty POPE, to make thy genius known,
All power is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
For thee each Muse with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left the Idalian grove ;
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attuned thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next, to her bard majestick Wisdom came ;
The bard enraptured caught the vigorous flame :
With taste superiour scorned the venal tribe ;
Whom fear can sway, or guilty greatness bribe ;
At fancy's call who rear the wanton sail,
Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale.

Sublimer views thy daring spirit bound ;
Thy mighty voyage was creation's round ;
Intent, new worlds of science to explore,
And bless mankind with wisdom's sacred store ;
A nobler joy than wit can give, impart ;
And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
Fantastick wit shoots momentary fires,
And like a meteor, while we gaze, expires ;
Wit kindled by the sulphurous breath of vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys ;

But genius fired by truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and constant, like the source of day ;
Like this, its beam prolific and refined,
Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind ;
Mildly dispells each wintry passion's gloom,
And opens all the virtues into bloom :
This praise, immortal POPE, to thee be given ;
Thy genius was indeed a gift from heaven.
Hail, bard unequall'd, in whose deathless line
Reason and wit with strength collected shine ;
Where matchless wit but wins the second praise,
Lost, nobly lost, in Truth's superior blaze.
Did friendship e'er mislead his wandering Muse ?
O let that friendship plead the great excuse ;
That sacred friendship which inspired his song,
Fair in defect, and amiably wrong.

Ye deathless names, ye sons of endless praise,
By virtue crown'd with never-fading bays !
Say shall an artless Muse, if you inspire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire ?
Should she attempt, O may she faultless claim
A small, a temporary wreath of fame ?
If such her fate ; do thou fair Truth, descend,
And watchful guard her in an honest end ;
Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
To court no friend, nor own a foe, but thine.

But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of wit ;
If her apostate heart should e'er incline
To offer incense at corruption's shrine ;
Urge, urge thy power, the black attempt confound,
And dash the smoking censer to the ground ;
Till awed to fear, instructed bards may see,
That guilt is doom'd to sink in infamy.

FRANCES SHERIDAN.

1724,—1767.]

This lady was the grand-daughter of Sir Oliver Chamberlaine, and wife of Thomas Sheridan, Esq. whose name is well known in the history of the Stage; her acquaintance with her husband arose in the production of a little pamphlet in which she defended his cause, which was the subject of dispute between two political parties in Ireland. She was a woman of amiable character and exemplary in the performance of the duties attached to her station. Of her poetical talents we have no specimen, except that which is subjoined, but its excellence is conspicuous enough to claim a place in any collection.

Ode to Patience.

UNAW'D by threats, unmoved by force
My steady soul pursues her course,
Collected, calm, resign'd ;
Say, you who search with curious eyes
The source, whence human actions rise,
Say, whence this turn of mind ?

'Tis Patience—Lenient Goddess hail !
O let thy votary's vows prevail,
Thy threaten'd flight to stay ;
Long hast thou been a welcome guest,
Long reign'd an inmate in this breast
And ruled with gentle sway.

Through all the various turns of fate,
Ordain'd me in each several state,
My wayward lot has known ;
What taught me silently to bear,
To curb the sigh, to check the tear,
When sorrow weigh'd me down ?

'Twas Patience—Temperate Goddess stay !
For still thy dictates I obey,
Nor yield to passion's power ;
Though by injurious foes borne down
My fame, my toil, my hopes o'erthrown,
In one ill-fated hour.

When robb'd of what I held most dear
My hands adorn'd the mournful bier
Of her I loved so well ;
What, when mute sorrow chain'd my tongue,
As o'er the sable hearse I hung,
Forbade the tide to swell ?

'Twas Patience!—Goddess ever calm!
Oh pour into my breast thy balm,
That antidote to pain;
Which, flowing from thy nectar'd urn,
By chemistry divine can turn
Our losses into gain.

When sick and languishing in bed,
Sleep from my restless couch had fled,
(Sleep which e'en pain beguiles)
What taught me calmly to sustain
A feverish being rack'd with pain,
And dress'd my looks in smiles?

'Twas Patience!—Heaven descended Maid
Implored, flew swiftly to my aid,
And lent her fostering breast;
Watch'd my sad hours with parent care,
Repell'd the approaches of despair
And soothed my soul to rest.

Say, when dissever'd from his side,
My friend, protector, and my guide—
When my prophetick soul,
Anticipating all the storm,
Saw danger in its direst form
What could my fears controul?

'Twas Patience!—Gentle Goddess hear !
Be ever to thy suppliant near,
Nor let one murmur rise ;
Since still some mighty joys are given
Dear to her soul, the gifts of heaven,
The sweet domestick ties.

JAMES GRAINGER.

Dunse, Berwickshire, 1724,—1767.

The Translator of Tibullus. He was brought up to the practice of Physick, and entered the army as a surgeon, his leisure was spent in literary pursuits and classical studies. After the Peace of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748 he took the degree of Doctor in Medicine and settled in London, where he enjoyed the society of Johnson, Percy, and others his contemporaries, eminent for talents and learning.

Some time subsequent to 1755, he accompanied a gentleman to the Island of St. Christophers, where he wrote his poem of the "Sugar Cane." And where having once visited England in the mean time, he died in the year 1767 lamented and loved.

Solitude, an Ode.

O SOLITUDE, romantick maid,
Whether by nodding towers you tread,

Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-years sleep
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble wastes survey,
You, recluse, again I woo,
And again your steps pursue.
Plumed Conceit himself surveying,
Folly with her shadow playing,
Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence,
Bloated empiric, puff'd Pretence,
Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
Intrusion with a fopling's face,
Ignorant of time and place)
Sparks of fire Dissention blowing,
Ductile, court-bred Fattery, bowing,
Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
Squint-ey'd Censure's artful sneer,
Ambition's buskins, steep'd in blood,
Fly thy presence, Solitude.

Sage Reflection bent with years,
Conscious Virtue void of fears,

Muffled Silence, wood nymph shy,
Meditation's piercing eye,
Halcyon Peace on moss reclined,
Retrospect that scans the mind,
Rapt earth-gazing Reverie,
Blushing artless Modesty,
Health that snuffs the morning air,
Full-ey'd Truth with bosom bare,
Inspiration, nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.
You with the tragick Muse* retired
The wise Euripides inspired,
You taught the sadly-pleasing air
That †Athens saved from ruins bare.
You gave the Cean's‡ tears to flow,
And unlock'd the springs of woe ;
You penn'd what exiled Naso thought,
'And pour'd the melancholy note.
With Petrarch o'er Valcluse you strayed,
When death snatch'd his long-loved maid ;
You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
You strew'd with flowers her virgin urn.

* In the Island of Salamis.

† See Plutarch in the life of Lysander.

‡ Simonides.

And late in *Hagley you were seen,
With bloodshed eyes, and sombre mien,
Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
But chief your own the solemn lay
That wept Narcissa young and gay;
Darkness clapp'd her sable wing,
While you touch'd the mournful string
Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-faced Melancholy smiled,
Drowsy midnight ceased to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn,
Aside their harps even Seraphs flung
To hear thy sweet complaint, O Young.
When all nature's hush'd asleep,
Nor love nor guilt their vigils keep,
Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
And wander o'er the works of men,
But when Phosphor brings the dawn
By his dappled coursers drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat,
And the early huntsman meet,
Where as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,

* Monody on the death of Mrs. Lyttelton.

Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view.
Devotion lends her heaven-plumed wings,
You mount, and nature with you sings.
But when mid-day fervours glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sun-burn'd woodman came,
Nor sportsman chased the timid game ;
And there beneath an oak reclined,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest.
'Till the tuneful bird of night,
From the neighbouring poplar's height,
Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleased echo to complain.

* * * * *

NATHANIEL EVANS.

Philadelphia, 1742,—1767.

This young man had just returned to his native country as a Missionary from the Society for propagating the Gospel, when he was cut off by an early death. His poems were edited at Philadelphia by his Tutor, William Smith.

AN ODE,

On completing my One and Twentieth Year of Age.

FATHER of old Oblivion, hail !
 Restrain thy swift-revolving glass ;
 If soothing verse can ought avail,
 To charm thy moments as they pass.
 Still shall I let thee onward glide,
 To waft me down thy boundless tide,
 And unimproved remain my soul,
When twenty-one quick Summers from me thou
 hast stole ?

Adieu ! amusements of my youth,
My childhood, and my boyish days !
For virtue, probity, and truth,
I quit my sports, and frolick lays !
Yet will remembrance bring to view,
The years, in playful bliss, that flew,
When careless of the passing hours,
My whistle sweet I blew, or cull'd the Muse's
flowers !

Then oft in Schuylkill's silver wave,
Or Delaware's majestick tide,
My limbs, delighted, would I lave,
Or through the foamy billow's glide ;
Then chase the plover o'er the brake,
Or treachery cast along the lake,
Pleased to delude the finny fry,
The perch with glittering scales, or trout of golden
dye.

Oft too, as Sol's resplendent ray
With ardour beam'd thro' Cancer's sign,
Would I the river's margent stray,
Or on its velvet brink recline.
Then would Fancy ope her treasures,
Pouring on the mind new pleasures,

Unlocking all her fairy scenes
Of gay enamell'd groves and sweet Elysian greens.

How would she then uncurtain fate,
And snatch the soul to yonder sky,
Events unknown to man create,
And read conceal'd futurity ?
Or ages old revolving o'er,
Their worthies place my eyes before ;
Hero or patriot, saint or sage,
Or who e'er smote the lyre with bold poetic rage.

Flush'd with these glowing visions bright,
What noble frenzy seized the soul !
Each phantom then of dear delight
Would round the impassion'd eye-balls roll ;
Then o'er my temples oft' the Muse
Vouchsafed to shed nectareous dew ;
How would I eye her ivy crown,
And pant, in youthful heat, for deathless fair re-
nown ?

But hence, ye fair delusions all,
'Tis time I tear you from my breast ;
Methinks ! I hear sweet Reason call,
" Be not with empty dreams possest !"

Away ye pleasing shades away,
I brook no longer fond delay—
Reluctant still ye from me fly,
Your airy forms I see Ye flit before my eye !

But come, thou habitant of heaven !
Inspirer of each gallant deed,
Virtue, bright queen, to whom 'tis given
The soul for purer joys to breed ;
High arch'd, o'er yon cerulean plain,
Sublimely shines thy sacred fane,
The graces wait its portals nigh,
Which perfect shall endure thro' vast eternity.

Come and thy gracious aid impart,
Each perishing pursuit to tame ;
O root out folly from my heart,
And thou the full possession claim.
Each roving wish, each vain desire,
O purge with thy celestial fire ;
What is the world's, the people's gaze ?
Hence with the bubble fame, and idle breath of
praise !

Whether, adown the stream of time
I pass with easy prosperous sails ;
Or o'er its waves I painful climb,
Forlorn and toss'd by stormy gales ;

Still let me check the wanton breeze,
Nor be absorb'd in slothful ease ;
But steadfast steer, when tempests rise
That rend my shatter'd bark, or mount it to the
skies.

So come what will, the adverse scene,
Or fortune's gay alluring smile,
Still shall I keep my soul serene,
Superior to all sinful guile ;
Then, whether Fate's resistless shears,
Shall clip my thread in ripen'd years ;
Or, in my prime, my doom be spoke,
Undaunted shall I yield, and fearless meet the
stroke.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

Kinneswood, Kinrosshire, 1746—1767.

A youth of real genius, whose life was embittered and
shortened by poverty.

Elegy, written in Spring.

'Tis past, the iron north has spent his rage ;
Stern Winter now resigns the length'ning day ;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
And warm o'er Ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course ;
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim winter draws his train
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore ;
Where throned on ice, he holds eternal reign ;
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests
 roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers ; and all around,
Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold ! the trees new-deck their wither'd boughs ;
Their ample leaves, the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash, disclose :
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun :
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings ;
And cheerful singing, up the air she steers ;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she
 sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden blooms,
That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and trecks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
Along the green-sward, mark'd with Roman
mound,
Beneath the blithesome shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Natures' God.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws ;
Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind ;
Thus heaven-taught Plato traced the Almighty
• • cause,
And left the wondering multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gather'd academick bays ;
Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
And bear their poets name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn ;
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn ;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when winter chill'd the aged year,
I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain ;
Though frosty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warn'd in vain.

Then sleep my nights, and quiet bless'd my days ;
I fear'd no loss, my mind was all my store ;
No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ease ;
Heav'n gave content and health—I asked no
more.

Now spring returns : but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known ;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flow'n.

Starting and shivering in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
And count the silent moments as they pass :

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest ;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate ;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe ;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful plains !
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless
ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eye
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn
arise.

LEONARD HOWARD.

1767.

Doctor Howard was Rector of St. George's Southwark, and Chaplain to the Princess Dowager of Wales. He published a Volume of Poems in quarto, in 1765.

Virtue, an Essential of Happiness.

BENEATH a beach's bowery shade
 The musing Celadon was laid,
 A brook soft dripping by his side ;
 He sung, and echo still reply'd :
 Sweet is the breath of rosy morn,
 Soft melody the sky-lark trills,
 Bright are the dew-drops on the thorn,
 Fresh are the zephyrs on the hills.
 Pure are the fountains in the vale below,
 And fair the flowers that on their borders blow :

Yet neither breath of roseate morn,
Nor wild notes which the sky-lark trills,
Nor dew that glitters on the thorn,
Nor gales that fan the rising hills,
Nor streams that musically-murmuring flow,
Nor flowers that on their mossy margins grow,
Can any joy suggest
But to the temper'd breast,
Where virtue's animating ray,
Illumines every golden day,
Beams on the mind, and makes all nature gay.

*To Thomas How, Esq. ; when I was in a dangerous
fit of Illness.*

Tho' I call'd not for death,
To deprive me of breath,
Yet this is to tell my dear Tommy,
That I find myself ill,
Even Isaac wants skill
To keep the grim skeleton from me

With his pale horses prancing,
That prince is advancing,

We divines call the black king of terrors ;
Who will soon close the scene
Of a life that has been
Full of cares, disappointments, and errors,

Is it so ? let him come,
That meagre old bum,
His latitat can't be prevented ;
I've been in the paw
Of that lion the law,
With all ills but of his been prevented.

Now from life I am hurl'd,
From my friends and the world,
From my friends did I say ? O how few !
If I had but a dozen
Like you pick'd and chosen,
Should be sorry to bid you adieu.

*Upon looking at a Picture in my Chamber of an Angel
trampling a Skeleton under foot, in the same Illness,
and almost in a Delirium.*

ONE day in great pain and tormented with grief,
I form'd many schemes and look'd round for relief ;

To physicians I went for my cure but in vain,
Never thought on their passion for fees, and for
gain.

They bade me get up, and at court bade me fawn,
That a cure for a parson's diseases was lawn ;
But as sick I remain'd, and assured I should die,
This picture I saw, and no Bishop so high.
Then no more will I seek or for medicines or cures,
The bench I shall sit on for ever endures,
Ye dignified priests ! shall wear robes white as
yours,

Such robes as the bishop of bishops shall give,]
To those who have faith and like clergymen live:

Here death appears conquer'd deprived of his sting,
And the power, I trust in, his honours will bring.
Then cringe, ye sleek Levites, and dangle at court,
The promotion I want is of different sort.
I have bow'd, have been squeezed, and been flatter'd
like you,

Not reflected on joys which now ravish my
view ;

Then come away death, and ambition depart,
For God is my hope, and the strength of my heart.

Song to a Tune in the Beggar's Opera.

A CURSE attends the doating fool
That woman's always pleasing,
Depend on't he'll be made her tool,
And she'll be ever teasing.
He spoils the sex that too much bears,
In softest terms I'd woo them ;
But if they shew'd their female airs,
I never would pursue them.

If thus we act they'll lose their sway,
The nymphs will all come to us,
But if we take the other way
They surely will undo us.
If once we're shy the women fret,
Discover soon their passions ;
But if we're eager they coquet,
And hide their inclinations.

Then follow lads this wholesome scheme,
And then no flame they'll smother,
No courtship's will so tedious seem,
But soon you'll know each other :

You'll then possess your Sylvia's charms,
Nor will so long be sighing ;
But soon she'll leap into your arms,
And save a whole years lying.

A Court Tale.

A CHAPLAIN once most tender-hearted,
When a good Queen from earth departed,
Began to mount at court the rostrum :
To get preferment form'd a nostrum ;
Many, says he, on this occasion,
Have artfully condoled the nation,
That loss of such a Queen as she,
To be repair'd can never be ;
Have in their pulpits mobb'd old Death,
For boldly stopping royal breath ;
I'll do as they have done before,
And think I can do something more ;
Of thriving now as strong the scent is,
If I can *addere inventis* :
I think, says he, I can't miscarry,
Nor long for great promotion tarry,

As opiates make the restless sleep,
I'll use some art to make me weep.
Says Roger, it is wisely said,
But you've no fountains in your head ?
And how your tears will trickle down,
To me, such art, is quite unknown.
Then whispering low, 'twill do, says he,
Betty the cook did so by me ;
And when I saw her grief and tears,
I thought she loved me, tho' in years.
I jump, good Sir, in your opinion,
Then fetch me, Hodge, says he, an onion .
Strait to a green-stall Roger trudges,
Nor sixpence for an onion grudges ;
This, says the chaplain, is the thing,
Which will its strong effuvia bring,
And soon as it bestows its juices,
Open kind nature's tender sluices :
Thus of his weeping charm possest,
Up mounted now this cunning priest,
Slowly he climbs the pulpit stair,
And blubbers something like a prayer.
With onion then he wipes his eyes,
Which favoured well his sly disguise.
And thus begins his sad oration,
" Fain would I on this great occasion,
" This cause for England's lamentation,

“ Of my dear Mistress something say,
“ Of royal virtue turn'd to clay,
“ But flowing tears will force their way.”
Then stoops his head and disappears,
To wipe and force his artful tears.
The onion well performs its part,
And you'd have thought them from his heart;
Till sobbing out her royal graces,
And straining hard to wet all faces,
The onion from its cloathing pops,
And down the stairs most nimbly hops :
From step to step it makes its way,
And the poor chaplain did betray ;
As it jump'd down the verger smiled,
Surely, says he, the man is wild ;
Immediately he pick'd it up,
And then ascended to the top,
And gave it to the flattering minion,
With these expressions—Sir your onion.
Thus was the knave and fool exposed,
And thus, good Sirs, my tale is closed.

JOHN GILBERT COOPER.

1723,—1769.

An imitator and translator from the French. The English Anacreon he has been called ! Anacreon, and Pindar, and Homer, and Juvenal, have been used as scurvily by our complimentary criticks, as Brutus, and Aristides, and Anacharsis were by the wild Jacobins in France.

A Hymn to Health. Written in Sickness.

SWEET as the fragrant breath of genial May,
Come, fair Hygeia, Goddess heavenly born,
More lovely than the sun's returning ray
To northern regions, at the half-year's morn.

Where shall I seek thee ? in the wholesome grot,
Where temperance her scanty meal enjoys ?
Or peace contented with her humble lot
Beneath her thatch the inclement blast defies ?

Swept from each flower that sips the morning dew,
Thy wing besprinkles all the scenes around;
Where'er thou fliest the blossoms blush anew,
And purple violets paint the hallow'd ground.

Thy presence renovated nature shows,
By thee each shrub with varied hue is dyed,
Each tulip with redoubled lustre glows,
And all creation smiles with flowery pride,

But in thy absence joy is felt no more,
The landscape wither'd e'en in spring appears,
The morn lowers ominous o'er the dusky shore,
And evening sun sets half extinct in tears.

Ruthless disease ascends, when thou art gone,
From the dark regions of the abyss below,
With pestilence, the guardian of her throne,
Breathing contagion from the realms of woe.

In vain her citron groves Italia boasts,
Or Po the balsam of his weeping trees;
In vain Arabia's aromack coasts
Tincture the pinions of the passing breeze.

No wholesome scents impregn the western gale,
But noxious stench exhaled by scorching heat,
Where gasping swains the poisonous air inhale
That once diffused a medicinal sweet.

Me, abject me, with pale disease oppress'd,
Heat with the balm of thy prolifick breath,
Rekindle life within my clay-cold breast,
And shield my youth from canker-worms of death.

Then on the verdant turf, thy favourite shrine,
Restored to thee a votary I'll come,
Grateful to offer to thy power divine,
Each herb that grows round Æsculapius' tomb.

SAMUEL DERRICK.

1769.

From his Poems, published 1755. The greatest part of them were written at an early period of life, and those which are original compositions have not any transcendent merit.

The Fowler and the Nightingale. A Fable.

FORTUNE, fickle as the wind,
 Always too, like Cupid, blind;
 Now, but rarely virtue crowns,
 Now, on vice and folly frowns,
 Now, without distinction, throws
 Pomp and titles, care and woes;
 Heedless where her gifts descend,
 Fortune seldom has a friend :
 Whimsical as woman, she
 Nought is but inconstancy ;
 Woo her, virgin-like, she'll fly,
 But neglect her, she'll comply :

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Deals the Goddess good, or ill,
Giddy she, and lavish still.
Your lot enjoy, nor idly stretch
To grasp at good beyond your reach :
Thus joy shall wing each happy hour,
And mock the busy wanton's power ;
My meaning let a tale display ;
Silence ! the Muse directs the way.

In hope some store of game to get,
A cunning Fowler cast his net ;
And Philomela, in her flight,
Chanced within the toil to light ;
Her native freedom to regain,
She tried her tangled wings, in vain ;
Of strength deprived, and almost spent,
Since hope no distant prospect sent,
She would have sunk in death content.
But that, which breaks through every law,
Necessity, a loop-hole saw,
And whisper'd slyly on her ear—
“ How ineffectual is your fear ?
“ A little art will oft prevail,
Where giant force is sure to fail ;
“ Compose yourself, with patience sit,
“ Reserve your strength, and try your wit.”

Advised, she thus, in soothing strain,
Try'd wonted liberty to-gain.
" Good friend," said she, " if you'll restore
" The parted freedom I deplore,
" Three precious secrets I'll disclose,
" And wisdom from the knowledge flows ;
" I see compassion in thy face,
" Pity's innate in human race ;
" Doubt not, but every word believe
" Revoke the grant, if I deceive."
The Fowler paused, but bade proceed ;
Having to the request agreed ;
And in those honest days, observe,
On promises one need not starve ;
Then man held faith his better part,
Words were the index of the heart ;
Then honour was the courtier's guide,
And virtue was his greatest pride ;
Nor was it reckoned ungentleel,
Another's misery to feel.
" Restrain," cried she, " your fond belief,
" Credulity's the cause of grief ;
" Because, in fancy's glare survey'd,
" Our thoughts their own delusion aid,
" Ere you determine, weigh with care,
" Let reason the decision bear.

"Pursue not what you can't attain ;
"Idle such pursuit, and vain.
"Learn to forget, or to endure,
"The evils which you cannot cure."
Thus Philomel her wisdom show'd,
The Fowler liberty bestow'd ;
While, disengaged, on gladsome wings
Into the freer air she springs :
Yet, ere she gains her native sky,
She cunningly resolv'd to try
Of what effect, her maxims proved,
Whether he was by reason moved ;
And thus began the artful round :
"Thou fool ! of fools the most profound !
"Why with such ease didst let me go,
"When, had you rip'd my belly, know,
"You'd found a gem as rich, as bright,
"As e'er Indostan gave to sight."
At this, with grief, the Fowler pined,
The maxims blotted from his mind ;
Cursed his hard fate, and loudly swore
He ne'er was bubbled so before ;
While she, secure, in liquid air,
Smiles at his rage, and mocks his care.
Again the snare was fruitless spread,
She was no more to be misled ;

Nor ambush'd art, nor open force,
Could bar the freedom of her course ;
Now, just in reach, his hope beguiles ;
Then, at a distance, mocks his toils ;
Now sweeps above the mountain's brow
Then skims along the vale below ;
While he pursues,—the love of gain
Suspends the sense of present pain.
The day, at length, began to close,
And fast the evening vapours rose ;
The homely housewife ceased to spin,
The peasant from his work came in ;
While from the clay-built chimnies smoke,
A gladsome sign, in volumes broke ;
The night brought on the dewy cold,
The flocks were safe within their fold,
The feather'd songsters sought their nest,
All nature nodded into rest ;
When Philomel, from stately oak,
In words like these, insulting spoke :
“ Is this, says she, your boasted sense ?
“ Can you to reason have pretence,
“ Yet blot my maxims from your breast,
“ Like characters on sand impress'd ?
“ The road to happiness neglect,
Tho' in your hands the clue direct ?

" Had you but my advice observed,
" You had not thus to folly swerved,
" Nor been to avarice a slave,
" Depending on the rules I gave ;
" My words had seem'd a shining cheat,
" A study'd vengeance, all deceit :
" How could you think that gems should fall
" Unto a simple Nightingale ?
" Or think to match my flight, while I,
" The airy region soaring try ?
" While you to duller earth confined,
" Can only tower with the mind ;
" And even here your flight's curtail'd,
" Or else my lesson had avail'd."
The bird thus having finish'd, fled,
The Fowler blush'd, and hung his head.

Such is the pilgrimage through life,
Successless toil, incessant strife,
Wealth's teeming hoard of care to attain,
Or envy'd heights of pomp to gain.
The end this mighty truth will show,
Content was never found below ;
He who its perfect bliss wou'd taste,
To heaven must soar, for there 'tis placed.

JAMES MERRICK.

Reading, 1719,—1769.

He began to publish while a boy at school, was engaged in a correspondence with the learned Reimarus before he was twenty, and translated Tryphiodorus at the same age. His other poetical works are, 1st. Poems on Sacred Subjects. 2. The Psalms paraphrased. Mr. Tattersall has adapted Musick to this Version, and is labouring, not without success, to introduce it in the place of the wretched Rhymes of Nahum Tate, and Nicholas Brady.

The Benedicite, Paraphrased.

YE works of God, on him alone,
In earth his footstool, heaven his throne,
Be all your praise bestow'd;
Whose hand the beauteous fabrick made,
Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
And saw that all was good.

Ye winds, that oft' tempestuous sweep
The ruffled surface of the deep,
 With us confess your God ;
See through the heavens, the King of kings,
Up-borne on your expanded wings,
 Comes flying all abroad.

Ye floods of fire, where-e'er ye flow,
With just submission humbly bow,
 To his superior power,
Who stops the tempest on its way,
Or bids the flaming deluge stray,
 And gives it strength to roar.

Ye summer's heat, and winter's cold,
By turns in long succession roll'd,
 The drooping world to cheer ;
Praise him, who gave the sun and moon,
To lead the various seasons on,
 And guide the circling year.

Ye frosts, that bind the watery plain,
Ye silent showers of fleecy rain,
 Pursue the heavenly theme ;
Praise him who sheds the driving snow,
Forbids the harden'd waves to flow,
 And stops the rapid stream.

Ye days and nights that swiftly borne
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
 Alternate glide away ;
Praise him, whose never-varying light,
Absent, adds horreur to the night,
 But present gives the day.

Light,—from whose rays all beauty springs,
Darkness,—whose wide-expanded wings
 Involve the dusky globe ;
Praise him, who, when the heavens he spread,
Darkness his thick pavillion made,
 And light his regal robe.

Praise him, ye lightnings, as ye fly,
Wing'd with his vengeance through the sky,
 And red with wrath divine ;
Praise him, ye clouds, that wandering stray,
Or fix'd by him in close array,
 Surround his awful shrine.

* * * * *

Ye secret springs, ye gentle rills
That murmuring rise among the hills,
 Or fill the humble vale ;

Praise him, at whose almighty nod
The rugged rock dissolving flow'd,
And form'd a springing well.

* * * * *

Let Levi's tribe the lay prolong,
'Till angels listen to the song,
And bend attentive down ;
Let wonder seize the heavenly train,
Pleased, while they hear a mortal strain,
So sweet, so like their own.

And you, your thankful voices join,
That oft at Salem's sacred shrine
Before his altars kneel ;
Where throned in majesty he dwells,
And from the mystick cloud reveals
The dictates of his will.

Ye spirits of the just and good,
That eager for the blest abode,
To heavenly mansions soar ;
O ! let your songs his praise display,
'Till heaven itself shall melt away,
And time shall be no more.

Praise him, ye meek and humbly train,
Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain
The boundless bliss to share ;
O ! praise him, 'till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there.

Let us, who now impassive stand,
Awed by the tyrant's stern command,
Amid the fiery blaze ;
While thus we triumph in the flame,
Rise, and our Maker's love proclaim,
In hymns of endless praise.

The Monkeys, a Tale.

WHOE'ER with curious eye has ranged,
Through Ovid's tales, has seen
How Jove, incensed, to monkeys changed
A tribe of worthless men.

Repentant, soon the offending race
Intreat the injured pow'r,
To give them back the human face,
And reason's aid restore.

Jove, soothed at length, his ear inclined,
And granted half their prayer ;
But t'other half he bade the wind
Disperse in empty air.

Scarce had the thunderer given the nod
That shook the vaulted skies,
With haughtier air the creatures strode,
And stretch'd their dwindled size.

The hair in curls luxuriant now
Around their temples spread ;
The tail that whilom hung below,
Now dangled from the head.

The head remains unchanged within,
Nor alter'd much the face ;
It still retains its native grin,
And all its old grimace.

Thus, half transform'd, and half the same,
Jove bade them take their place
(Restoring them their ancient claim)
Among the human race.

Man with contempt the brute survey'd,
Nor would a name bestow ;
But woman lik'd the motley breed,
And call'd the thing a Beau.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

Scotland, 1770.

The Sailor's Poet. What little he has written beside the
Shipwreck, is of little value.

From "The Midshipman."

* * * * *

DEEP in that fabrick, where Britannia boasts
- O'er Seas to waft her Thunder and her Hosts,
A cavern lies ! unknown to cheering day ;
Where one small taper lends a feeble ray :
Where wild Disorder holds her wanton reign,
And careless mortals frolick in her train—
Bending beneath a hammock's friendly shade,
See Æsculapius all in arms display'd ;
In his right hand the impending steel he holds,
The other round the trembling victim folds ;

His gaping Myrmidon the deed attends,
Whilst in the pot the crimson stream descends ;
Unawed young Galen bears the hostile brunt,
Pills in his rear, and Cullen in his front ;
Whilst, musterd round the medicinal pile,
Death's grim militia stands in rank and file.

In neighbouring Mansions, lo ! what clouds arise,
It half conceals its Owner from our eyes ;
One penny light with feeble lustre shines,
To prove the Mid in high Olympus dines :
Let us approach—the preparation view !
A Cockpit Beau is surely something new !
To him Japan her varnish'd joys denies ;
Nor bloom for him the sweets of Eastern skies :
His rugged limbs no lofty mirror shows,
Nor tender couch invites him to repose :
A pigmy glass upon his toilet stands,
Crack'd o'er and o'er, by awkward, clumsy hands ;
Chesterfield's page polite, the Seaman's Guide,
An half-eat biscuit, Congreve's Mourning Bride,
Bestrew'd with powder, in confusion lie,
And form a chaos to the intruding eye—
At length this Meteor of an hour is drest,
And rises an Adonis from his chest :

Cautious he treads, lest some unlucky slip
Defiles his cloaths with Burgou, or with Flip :
These rocks escaped, arrives in statu quo,
Bows, dines, and bows ; then sinks again below.

Not far from hence a joyous group are met,
For social mirth, and sportive pastime set ;
In cheering grog, the rapid course goes round,
And not a care in all the circle's found :
Promotion, Mess-debts, absent Friends, and Love
Inspired by Hope, in turn their topicks prove :
To proud superiors then, they all look up,
And curse all discipline in ample cup.
Hark ! yonder voice in hollow murmur swells ;
Hark ! yonder voice the Mid to Duty calls !
Thus summon'd by the Gods, he deigns to go,
But first makes known his consequence below :
At slavery rails, scorns lawless sway to hell,
And dooms the power allow'd a white Lapel :
Vow's that he's free !—to stoop, to cringe disdains—
Ascends the ladder, and resumes his chains.

In canvass'd birth, profoundly deep in thought,
His busy mind with Sines and Tangents fraught,
A Mid reclines !—in calculations lost !
His efforts still by some intruder crost :

Now to the Longitude's vast height he soars,
And now formation of Lapscour explores ;
Now o'er a field of Logarithms bends,
And now, to make a pudding he pretends :
At once the Sage, the Hero, and the Cook,
He wields the sword, the saucepan, and the book.
Opposed to him a sprightly mess-mate lolls,
Declaims with Garrick, or with Shuter drolls ;
Sometimes his breast great Cato's virtue warms,
And then his task the gay Lothario charms ;
Cleone's grief his tragick feelings wake,
With Richard's pangs th' Orlopian Cavern shake !
No more the Mess for other joys repine,
When Pea-soup entering, shews 'tis time to dine.

But think not meanly of this humble seat,
Whence sprung the guardians of the BRITISH

FLEET :

Revere the sacred spot, however low,
Which form'd to martial acts—an Hawke ! an
Howe !

HENRY JONES .

Drogheda, 1770.

This Author was a Bricklayer whom Lord Chesterfield patronised, long after his profligacy had made him unworthy of all assistance. At last he borrowed eight guineas of his Lordship's servant, and never ventured to revisit the house. His Tragedy of the Earl of Essex procured him a footing in the theatre, which enabled him to levy contributions upon the players by writing puffs and praising them in verse. His poetry was also of use to him in the Spunging-house, where he was a frequent guest, and he generally contrived to make the wife or daughter of the bailiff his friend, by praising her in rhyme. He used to boast that he had thus prevailed upon a bailiff's daughter to let him escape, and that another time he had actually borrowed two guineas of the bailiff who had him in custody for a debt of ten pounds. His talents if they could not preserve him from distress, assisted him in it. He wrote petitions for his fellow prisoners, assisted at the tap, and was sometimes trusted to keep the inner door.

After having been drunk for two days, he was found on the night of the third crushed by a waggon, in St. Martin's

Lane, without his hat or coat; he was carried to the parish workhouse, and there terminated a disgraceful life.

The Earl of Essex is his best known performance, he left a tragedy upon the story of Harold, which is lost, and a fragment of another called *The Cave of Idra*, which was finished and brought forth by Paul Hifferman. His papers fell into the hands of Reddish who volunteered as Executor, but Reddish was at first negligent and afterwards deranged, and they never were produced.

From Clifton a Poem.

UNNUMBER'D charms the city sides surround,
Lo ! Bristol shines, by art and nature crown'd ;
Thee, Bristol, thee the elated Muse shall praise,
And bind thy forehead with unfading bays,
Thee, mart of commerce, and of ripening taste,
By manners polish'd, and by wealth increased ;
Extended nobly with becoming pride,
With streets, with palaces both far and wide
Supreme adorn'd, with fanes that lofty swell,
Where sanctity may soar, and seraphs dwell ;
Where holiness in beauty's ray may shine,
And purity proclaim the space divine ;

Thy rich Cathedral fills the expanded mind,
With Redcliff fairest of the Gothick kind ;
To Mary's fane the Muse would frequent climb,
The station lofty as the form sublime ;
See, both magnificent, with reverend mien ;
See, both imbellished with a graceful green ;
With copious courts, and porticoes of state,
With awful air, and ever opening gate ;
Frequent and full, where fervour lifts the voice,
And high Hosannah's make the heart rejoice ;
Where piety on angel pinion springs,
With faith to heaven, with loyalty to kings.
From pile to pile the raptured Muse would range,
And pitch triumphant on the proud Exchange ;—
Important dome, that traffick's eye consoles,
That grasps with wide embrace the extended poles ;
Thou vital ventricle, whence commerce flows,
Where strength and wealth, and warmest friendship
 glows ;
Thy gushing bounty Britain's monarch greets,
His dreaded armies, and his matchless fleets,
Thy circulating swelling streams sustain,
His strength on land, his empire on the main.
Thou, second source of George's spreading fame ;
Avon next to Thames supports his claim :

Next to Augusta shall thy column rise !
That noblest aggregate beneath the skies !
Thou, source of public and of private joys,
That all the monarch and the man employs :
Each rank, each order, must thy influence own,
From toiling slaves to kings upon the throne.
Hail, Commerce, hail ! thou gate of every good,
Who swells triumphant, like thy trading flood ;
Thy precious stores in countless value rise,
They make us virtuous, and they make us wise ;
They stretch out friendship's facile hand divine,
To where new stars and constellations shine ;
On t'other side the globe exchange the soul,
And form salubrious leagues beneath the pole ;
Thy means still equal to the glorious end,
Make life a comfort, and make man a friend ;
Bring home each cordial to the heart and head,
By goodness guided, and by wisdom led ;
The soul to soften, and enlarge the mind,
Make man to man in social office kind ;
Mix sweet compassion with the toils of gain,
And all the wants of sinking life sustain ;
Lift up infirmity with potent hand,
And draw down blessings on a grateful land :
Bright angel, Charity, whom heaven loves most,
Thou crown of man, and Bristol's glorious boast ;

In her rich bosom rest thy radiant head,
Her sick have solace, and her poor have bread :
In her rich heart thy vivid virtue glows,
To sooth affliction, and to soften woes.
The alms-house here, the lame, the blind supplies ;
And there the hospitals propitious rise ;
The sick, the wounded, there forget their smart :
Thy hand auxiliar to the hand of art,
Removes each malady, makes anguish smile,
Whilst gracious heaven, well pleased looks down
the while,
In showers of blessings thy oblation pays,
Whilst soaring seraphs sound thy sacred praise.
Here festive mirth at thy glad shrine we see ;
Here public banquets are but boons to thee.
Devotion here invites the ardent guest,
Thy fervours working in his feeling breast,
With kind compassion, and with christian pride,
He makes his pleasures for the poor provide ;
The apprenticed orphan rises on thy plan,
The future citizen, the useful man.
In the calm regions of the righteous rest,
Oh, Colston ! sacred name ! forever blest !
Thou virtuous chief, that mightier deeds hast done,
Than Pompey, Julius, or than Philip's son ;
What breathing statues should thy worth relate,
Or Muse immortal snatch thy deeds from fate.

Oh man belov'd ! oh parent of the poor !
Thy matchless bounty shall thy name secure :
That sacred legacy with time shall last,
Nay shine above the stars, when time is past ;
On thankful hearts engraved, what thou hast done,
Shall still descend from father down to son,
That oral tale shall unmix'd truth proclaim,
And let my verse bear witness to thy name ;
If worthy thee my numbers ought can give,
If worthy thee, my verse may hope to live ;
By thee long nourish'd, let my laurel bloom
With vivid verdure, near thy hallow'd tomb.

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

Brough, Westmorland, about 1712, about 1770.

The best pieces of this writer are those in which he has imitated Spenser ; perhaps because florid description makes part of the imitation, and such embroidery hides the meagre texture of the web whereon it is wrought.

The Despairing Maiden.

WITHIN an unfrequented grove,
As late I lay alone,
A tender maid in deep distress
At distance made her moan.

She cropt the blue-eyed violet
Bedew'd with many a tear ;
And ever and anon her sighs
Stole sadly on my ear.

“ Ah faithless man ! how could he leave :
So fond and true a maid ?
Can so much innocence and truth
Deserve to be betray'd ?

Alas, my mother ! (if the dead
Can hear their children groan)
What ills your helpless orphan feels,
To sorrow left alone !

To sorrow left by him I loved ;
Ah perjured and ingrate !—
Ye virgins, learn the wiles of men,
And learn to shun my fate.

For whom do I these flow'rets crop,
For whom this chaplet twine ?
Say, shall they glow on Damon's brow,
Or fade away on mine ?

But he the blooming wreath will scorn,
Who scorn'd my virgin bloom :
And me—alas ! they suit not me,
Unless to deck my tomb.

How oft the dear perfidious youth
Invoked each pow'r above !

How oft he languish'd at my feet,
And vow'd eternal love!

How sweet the minutes danced away,
All melted in delight!
With him each summer-day was short,
And short each winter-night.

'Twas more than bliss I felt :—and now
Alas! 'tis more than pain.—
Ye soft, ye rosy hours of love,
Return—return again.

Ah no!—Let blackness shade the night,
When first he breathed his vows :
The scene of pleasure then—but, ah!
The source of all my woes.

How could I think so sweet a tongue
Could e'er consent to lie?—
'Twas easy to deceive a maid
So soft and young as I.

And yet he lays the fault on me
(Where none could e'er be laid,
Unless my loving him too well),
And calls me perjured maid.

The nymphs, who envious saw my charms,
Rejoice to see my woe,
And taunting cry, "Why did you leave
The youth that loved you so?"

But oh, believe me, lovely youth,
Far dearer than my eye,
I love you still, and still will love,
Till oh, for you, I die!

Even though you hate, I dote to death;
My death my truth shall prove.
My latest prayers are prayers for you,
And sighs are sighs of love."

She ceased!—(while pity from the clouds
Dissolved in silent showers:—)
Then faintly "Damon!" cry'd:—and breathed
Her soul amid the flowers.

The Lover.

SINCE Stella's charms, divinely fair,
First pour'd their lustre on my heart,
Ten thousand pangs my bosom tear,
And every fibre feels the smart.
If such the mournful moments prove,
O who would give his heart to love !

I meet my bosom friends with pain,
Though friendship used to warm my soul ;
Wine's generous spirit flames in vain,
I find no cordial in the bowl.
If such the mournful moments prove,
O who would give his heart to love !

Though nature's volume open lies,
Which once with wonder I have read,
No glories tremble from the skies,
No beauties o'er the earth are spread.
If such the mournful moments prove,
O who would give his heart to love !

Ev'n poetry's ambrosial dews
With joy no longer feed my mind,
To beauty, musick, and the Muse,
My soul is dumb, and deaf, and blind,
Though such the mournful moments prove,
Alas ! I give my heart to love !

But should the yielding virgin smile,
Drest in the spotless marriage robe,
I'd look upon this world as vile,
The master of a richer globe.
If such the rapturous moments prove,
O let me give my heart to love !

The business of my future days,
My every thought, my every prayer,
Shall be employ'd to sing her praise,
Or sent to bounteous heaven for her.
If such the rapturous moments prove,
O let me give my heart to love !

Poets shall wonder at my love,
Painters shall crowd her face to see,
And when they would the passions move,
Shall copy her and think of me.
If such the rapturous moments prove,
O let me give my heart to love !

Old age shall burn as bright as youth,
No respite to our bliss be given :
Then mingled in one flame of truth,
We'll spurn at earth, and soar to heaven.
Since such the rapt'rous moments prove,
We both will give our hearts to love.

MARK AKENSIDE.

Newcastle upon Tyne. 1721—1770.

Akenside was the son of a butcher at Newcastle; but Genius, which acknowledges not the artificial ranks of society, early distinguished him. At the university of Edinburgh, where he studied medicine, he became acquainted with Jeremiah Dyson Esq. to whose patronage and liberality he was much indebted, enjoying from him a pension of £300 a year; he was thus enabled to raise himself into notice and distinction among his medical brethren, and was ultimately appointed a Physician to Her present Majesty.

Akenside died of a putrid fever in 1770.

ODE.

On the Winter Solstice.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintery goal attains;
Seems to reverse the long career,
And northward bend his steady reins.

Now, piercing half Potosi's height,
Prone rush the fiery floods of light
Ripening the mountain's silver stores ;
While in some cavern's horrid shade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft the approach of eve implores.

But lo, on this deserted coast
How pale the sun ! how thick the air !
Mustering his storms, a sordid host,
Lo, Winter desolates the year :
The fields resign their latest bloom,
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the streams in music roll,
But snows fall dark, or rains resound ;
And, while great nature mourns around,
Her griefs infect the human soul.

Hence the loud city's busy throngs
Urge the warm bowl, and splendid fire ;
Harmonious dances, festive songs
Against the spiteful heaven conspire :
Meantime perhaps with tender fears
Some village-dame the curfew hears,
While 'round the hearth her children play—
At morn their father went abroad ;
The moon is sunk and deep the road ;
She sighs and wonders at his stay.

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise !
And hail the sun's returning force :
Even now he climbs the northern skies,
And health and hope attend his course.
Then louder howl the aerial waste,
Be earth with keener cold embraced,
Yet gentle hours advance their wing ;
And fancy, mocking winter's might,
With flowers and dews and streaming light
Already decks the new-born spring.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows promote thy speed,
How soon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede !
How soon each hovering tempest fly,
Whose stores for mischief arm the sky,
Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
To rend the forest from the steep,
Or thundering o'er the Baltick deep,
To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain !

But let not man's unequal views
Presume o'er Nature and her laws ;
'Tis his with grateful joy to use
The indulgence of the sov'reign cause ;

Secure that health and beauty springs
Through his majestick frame of things,
Beyond what he can reach to know,
And that heaven's all-subduing will,
With good the progeny of ill;
Attempereth every state below.

How pleasing wears the wintry night,
Spent with the old illustrious dead !
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I seem those awful scenes to tread
Where Chiefs or Legislators lie,
Whose triumphs move before my eye
In arms and antique pomp array'd ;
While now I taste the Ionian song,
Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
Resounding through the olive shade.

But should some cheerful, equal friend
Bid leave the studious page a while,
Let mirth on wisdom then attend,
And social ease on learned toil.
Then, while at love's uncareful shrine,
Each dictates to the god of wine
Her name whom all his hopes obey,
What flattering dreams each bosom warm,

While absence, heightening every charm,
Invokes the slow returning May !

MAY, thou delight of heaven and earth,
When will thy genial star arise ?
The auspicious morn, which gives thee birth,
Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
Within her sylvan haunt behold,
As in the happy garden old,
She moves like that primeval fair :
Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,
Ye tender smiles, ye chaste desires,
Fond Hope and mutual Faith, repair.

And if believing Love can read
His better omens in her eye,
Then shall my fears, O charming Maid,
And every pain of absence die :
Then shall my jocund harp, attuned
To thy true ear, with sweeter sound
Pursue the free Horatian song ;
Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,
And echo down the bordering vale
The liquid melody prolong.

ODE XVII.

On a Sermon against Glory.

COME then, tell me, sage divine,
 Is it an offence to own
 That our bosoms e'er incline
 Toward immortal glory's throne?
 For with mé nor pomp, nor pleasure,
 Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
 So can fancy's dream rejoice,
 So conciliate reason's choice,
 As one approving word of her impartial voice.

If to spurn at noble praise
 Be the passport to thy heaven,
 Follow thou those gloomy ways;
 No such law to me was given,
 Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me
 Faring like my friends before me;
 Nor an holier place desire
 Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
 And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

INSCRIPTION IV.

O YOUTHS and virgins: O declining eld,
 O pale misfortune's slaves: O ye that dwell

Unknown with humble quiet ; ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings :
O sons of sport and pleasure : O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope : O ye who roam
In exile ; ye who through the embattled field
Seek bright renown ; or who for nobler pains
Contend, the leaders of a public cause ;
Approach : behold this marble. Know ye not
The features ? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom ? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while ye stand,
Say to each other, " This was Shakspeare's form ;
" Who walk'd in every path of human life,
" Felt every passion ; and to all mankind
" Doth now, will ever, that experience yield,
" Which his own genius only could acquire."

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Bristol. 1752—1770.

Chatterton's sad story is well known; his life the wonder, his death the disgrace of his country. That a boy of seventeen years should have afforded a subject for dispute to the first criticks and scholars of his time is scarcely to be credited: who then shall believe that this prodigy of nature should be left a prey to indigence and famine! Scorned by those who envied him, and not understood by those who pretended to patronize him, the very efforts of his genius were made a plea for attacking his moral character; and inferences were unjustly drawn from his successful imitation of ancient manuscripts, that he would not scruple to commit the crime of forgery.

This malicious insinuation, invented only to justify the odious neglect with which he was treated, met its refutation in his death, which was innocent to all the world, except himself. Hunger itself did not tempt him to the violation of any social duty, and he closed his short life, unstained by any crime, the probable guilt of which was imputed to him by avarice and envy.

It would be irrelevant to this work to enter into the useless contest on the poems of Rowley—the specimens are therefore selected from those poems which he avowed for his

Elegy on W. Beckford, Esq.

WEEP on, ye Britons—give your general tear ;
But hence, ye venal—hence each titled slave ;
An honest pang should wait on Beckford's bier
And patriot's anguish mark the patriot's grave.

When like the Roman to his field retired
'Twas you (surrounded by unnumber'd foes)
Who call'd him forth, his services required,
And took from age the blessing of repose.

With soul impell'd by Virtue's sacred flame,
To stem the torrent of corruption's tide,
He came, heaven fraught with liberty ! he came
And nobly in his country's service died.

In the last awful, the departing hour,
When life's poor lamp more faint and fainter grew
As memory feebly exercised her pow'r
He only felt for liberty and you.

He view'd death's arrow with a christian eye
With firmness only to a christian known ;
And nobly gave your miseries that sigh,
With which he never gratified his own.

Thou, breathing Sculpture, celebrate his fame,
And give his laurel everlasting bloom ;
Revere his worth while gratitude has name,
And teach succeeding ages from his tomb.

The sword of justice cautiously he sway'd,
His hand for ever held the balance right ;
Each venial fault with pity he survey'd,
But murder found no mercy in his sight.

He knew when flatterers besiege a throne,
Truth seldom reaches to a monarch's ear ;
Knew, if oppress'd a loyal people groan,
'Tis not the courtier's interest he should hear.

Hence, honest to his prince, his manly tongue,
The public wrong and loyalty convey'd,
While titled tremblers, every nerve unstrung,
Look'd all around, confounded and dismay'd.

Look'd all around, astonish'd to behold,
(Train'd up to flattery from their early youth)
An artless, fearless citizen, unfold
To royal ears, a mortifying truth.

Titles to him no pleasures could impart,
No bribes his rigid virtue could controul ;
The star could never gain upon his heart,
Nor turn the tide of honour in his soul.

For this his name our history shall adorn,
Shall soar on Fame's wide pinions all sublime ;
Till heaven's own bright, and never-dying morn:
Absorbs our little particle of time.

Elegy.

Haste, haste ye solemn messengers of night,
Spread the black mantle on the shrinking plain ;
But ah ! my torments still survive the light,
The changing seasons alter not my pain.

Ye variegated children of the spring ;
Ye blossoms blushing with the pearly dew ;
Ye birds that sweetly in the hawthorn sing ;
Ye flowery meadows, lawns of verdant hue,

Faint are your colours ; harsh your love-notes thrill,
To me no pleasure nature now can yield :
Alike the barren rock and woody hill,
The dark-brown blasted heath, and fruitful field.

Ye spouting cataracts, ye silver streams ;
Ye spacious rivers whom the willow shrouds ;
Ascend the bright crown'd sun's far-shining beams,
And aid the mournful, tear-distilling clouds.

Ye noxious vapours, fall upon my head ;
Ye writhing adders, round my feet entwine :
Ye toads, your venom in my foot-path spread ;
Ye blasting meteors, upon me shine.

Ye circling seasons, intercept the year ;
Forbid the beauties of the spring to rise ;
Let not the life-preserving grain appear !
Let howling tempests harrow up the skies.

Ye cloud-girt, moss-grown turrets, look no more
Into the palace of the God of day :
Ye loud tempestuous billows, cease to roar,
In plaintive numbers through the valleys stray.

Ye verdant-vested trees, forget to grow,
Cast off the yellow foliage of your pride :
Ye softly tinkling rivulets cease to flow,
Or swell'd with certain death and poison, glide.

Ye solemn warblers of the gloomy night,
That rest in lightning-blasted oaks the day,
Through the black mantles take your slow-paced
flight,
Rending the silent wood with shrieking lay.

Ye show-crown'd mountains lost to mortal eyes,
Down to the valleys bend your hoary head
Ye livid comets, fire the peopled skies—
For—Lady Betty's tabby cat is dead.

Elegy.

Written at Stanton Drew.

JOYLESS I hail the solemn gloom,
Joyless I view the pillars vast and rude,
Where erst the fool of superstition trod
In smoaking blood imbrued,
And rising from the tomb,
Mistaken homage to an unknown God.
Fancy whither dost thou stray,
Whither dost thou wing thy way,
Check the rising wild delight,
Ah! what avails this awful sight
Maria is no more!

Why curst remembrance wilt thou haunt my mind,
The blessings past are misery now,
Upon her lovely brow
Her lovelier soul she wore
Soft as the evening gale
When breathing perfumes through the rose-hedged
vale,

She was my joy my happiness refined.
All hail ye solemn horrors of this scene,
The blasted oak the dusky green.

Ye dreary altars by whose side
The Druid priest in crimson dyed,
The solemn dirges sung,
And drove the golden knife
Into the palpitating seat of life,
When rent with horrid shouts the distant valleys
rung,
The bleeding body bends,
The glowing purple stream ascends
Whilst the troubled spirit near
Hovers in the steamy air,
Again the sacred dirge they sing
Again the distant hill and coppice valley ring.
Soul of dear Maria haste,
Whilst my languid spirits waste,

When from this my prison free,
Catch my soul it flies to thee ;
Death had doubtless arm'd his dart,
In piercing thee it pierced my heart.

A Bacchanalian.

WHAT is war and all it's joys ?
Useless mischief, empty noise.
What are arms, and trophies won ?
Spangles glittering in the sun.
Rosy Bacchus give me wine,
Happiness is only thine.

What is love without the bowl ?
'Tis a langour of the soul :
Crown'd with ivy, Venus charms,
Ivy courts me to her arms.
Bacchus give me love and wine,
Happiness is only thine.

THOMAS GRAY.

London, 1716,—1771.

The Life of such a man as Gray contains few incidents for biography. Reserved and melancholy by nature he shunned society and gave himself up, perhaps from selfish motives, to the cultivation of his talents. He seems not to have been very anxious for praise, for he cared little for the opinion of the world, and the poems he left behind him are but few—but they are Poems. The collection of his letters and other works published after his death, by his friend W. Mason, will afford the reader the best account of his life and talents.

On the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude.

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek, and whisper soft,
She wooes the tardy spring :

Till April starts, and calls around,
The sleeping fragrance from the ground ;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New born flocks in rustick dance,
Frisking plying their feeble feet ;
Forgetful of their wintery trance,
The birds his presence greet ;
But chief the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ectacy ;
And lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
Mute was the musick of the air,
The herd stood drooping by ;
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know ;
'Tis man alone that joy descries,
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow
Soft reflection's hand can trace ;
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace ;

While hope prolongs our happier hour ;
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower,
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue ;
Behind the steps that misery treads,
Approaching comfort view :
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe ;
And blended form with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe, and walk again :
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

Humble quiet builds her cell
Near the course where pleasure flows ;
She eyes the clear crystalline well,
And taste's it as she goes.

* * * * *

Hymn to Adversity.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
 The bad affright, afflict the best !
 Bound in thy adamantine chain
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone,

When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore :
 What sorrow was, thou badest her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others
 woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.

Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe ;
By vain prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again be-
lieved.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend :
Warm charity, the general friend,
With justice to herself severe,
And pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
'Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band,
As by the impious thou art seen
With thundering voice, and threatening mein,
With screaming horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty :

Thy form benign, oh Goddess wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophick train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive.
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

Dalquhurn, Dumbartonshire, 1720,—1771.

There is a spirit of indignation and severity in most of Smollett's poetry which partakes of the nature of his own temper. Every body can judge of his talents as the Author of several popular Novels, which in spite of accidental faults afford very just representations of life.

Smollett was a disappointed man both as a political writer and a physician, and the loss of his only daughter combined with this misfortune perhaps hastened though remotely his death, which happened at Dighorn. There is a very well drawn character of him inscribed on a column on the Banks of the Leven, erected by his cousin James Smollett, Esq.

Ode to Independence.

STÄOPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share
 Lord of the lion-heart, and eagle-eye,
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose looks sublime,
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying
clime :

What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantick superstition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger, and the pail,
The sons of Woden to the field defy'd :
The ruthless Hag, by Weser's flood,
In heaven's name urged the infernal blow ;
And red the stream began to flow :
The vanquish'd were baptized with blood !

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars stain'd with human gore ;
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lull'd by the hoarse-resounding main ;
When a bold savage past that way,
Impell'd by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd,
The hunted bear supply'd a shaggy vest ;

The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard ;
And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.
He stopt : he gazed ; his bosom glowed,
And deeply felt the impression of her charms :
He seized the advantage fate allow'd :
And straight compress'd her in his vigorous arm.

STROPHE.

The curlieu scream'd, the tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite ;
Old Time exulted as he flew ;
And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was born—
The mountain Dryads seiz'd with joy,
The smiling infant to their charge consign'd ;
The Dorick Muse caress'd the favourite boy ;
The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind,
As rolling years matured his age,
He flourished bold and sinewy as his sire ;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring soul,
On desert isles it was, 'twas he that raised
Those spires that gild the Adriatick wave,
Where tyranny beheld amazed,
Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.
He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms
To burst the Iberian's double chain;
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He, with the generous rusticks, sate,
On Uri's rocks in close divan;
And wing'd that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd,
Where blasted nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To Freedom's adamantane shrine;
And many a Tartar horde, forlorn, aghast!
He snatch'd from under fell Oppression's wing;
And taught amidst the dreary waste
The all cheering hymns of liberty to sing,

He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffused through every baser mould,
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold ;
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's finel livery to despise :
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er pay'd that homage which my heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,
Where varnish'd vice and vanity combined
To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread ;
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind,
While Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow ;
And Title his ill woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreathed around the miscreants brow ;
Where ever dimpling Falsehood pert and vain,
Presents her cup of stale professions forth ;
And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortunes car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils opprest,
So moves the sumpter-mule in harness'd pride,
That bears the treasure which it cannot taste.

For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string ;
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay ;
And jingling bells fantastick Folly ring,
Disquiet, doubt, and dread, shall intervene ;
And nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell.
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.
There, Study shall with Solitude recline ;
And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains :
And Toil, and Temperance sedately time
The slender cord that fluttering life sustains :
And fearless Poverty shall guard the door ;
And Taste unspoil'd the frugal table spread ;
And Industry supply the humble store ;
And Sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed :
White mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night :
And Independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power ! my patron and my pride.

The Tears of Scotland.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR, 1746.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground ;
Thy hospitable roofs no more.
Invite the stranger to the door ;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war ;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks :
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ?

Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

The rural pipe, and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day :
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night :
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, oh ! fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn !
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased :
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murdering steel !

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;

Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend ;
And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat ;
And spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow :
" Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
" Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

Shipbourne, Kent. 1722,—1771.

Smart's was an unhappy life; imprudent, drunken, poor, diseased, and at length insane. Yet he must not be classed with such as Boyse and Savage, who were redeemed by no virtue, for Smart was friendly, and liberal, and affectionate. His piety was fervent, and when composing his religious poems, he was frequently so impressed as to write upon his knees. In his fits of insanity it became his ruling passion, he would say his prayers in the streets, and insist that people should pray with him. He composed a Song to David when in confinement, and being denied the use of pen, ink, and paper, indented the lines upon the wainscoat with the end of a key.

 ODE.

On an Eagle confined in a College Court.

IMPERIAL bird, who wont to soar
 High o'er the rolling cloud,
 Where Hyperborean mountains hoar
 Their heads in ether shroud ;—

Thou servant of almighty Jove,
Who, free and swift as thought, could'st rove
To the bleak north's extremest goal ;—
Thou, who magnanimous could'st bear
The sovereign thunderer's arms in air,
And shake thy native pole !—

Oh cruel fate ; what barbarous hand,
What more than Gothick ire,
At some fierce tyrant's dread command,
To check thy daring fire
Has placed thee in thy servile cell,
Where discipline and dulness dwell,
Where genius ne'er was seen to roam ;
Where every selfish soul's at rest,
Nor ever quits the carnal breast,
But lurks and sneaks at home ;

Though dimm'd thine eye, and clipt thy wing
So groveling ! once so great !
The grief-inspired Muse shall sing
In tenderest lays thy fate.
What time by thee scholastick pride,
Takes his precise pedantick stride,

Nor on thy misery casts a care,
The stream of love, ne'er from his heart
Flows out, to act fair pity's part,
But stinks, and stagnates there.

Yet useful still, hold to the throng—
Hold the reflecting glass—,
That not untutor'd at thy wrong,
The passenger may pass !
Thou type of wit and sense confined,
Cramp'd by the oppressors of the mind,
Who study downward on the ground ;
Type of the fall of Greece and Rome ;
While more than mathematick gloom,
Envelopes all around.

HYMN TO THE SUPREME BEING,

On Recovery from a dangerous fit of Illness.

WHEN * Israel's ruler on the royal bed
In anguish and in perturbation lay,
The down relieved not his anointed head,
And rest gave place to horror and dismay.

* Hezekiah. Isaiah, xxxviii.

Fast flow'd the tears, high heaved each gasping sigh,
When God's own Prophet thunder'd—Monarch
thou must die.

And must I go, the illustrious mourner cry'd,
I who have serv'd thee still in faith and truth,
Whose snow white conscience no foul crime has
dy'd

From youth to manhood, infancy to youth,
Like David, who have still revered thy word,
The sovereign of myself and servant of the Lord.

The Judge Almighty heard his suppliant's moan,
Repeal'd his sentence, and his health restored ;
The beams of mercy on his temples shone,
Shot from that heaven to which his sigh's had
soar'd ;

The * sun retreated at his Maker's nod,
And miracles confirm the genuine work of God.

But, O immortals ! what had I to plead
When death stood o'er me with his threat'ning
lance,
When reason left me in the time of need,
And sense was left in terror or in trance,

* Isaiah xxxviii.

My sinking soul was with my blood inflamed,
And the celestial image sunk, defac'd, and
maim'd.

I sent back memory in heedful guise,
To search the records of preceding years ;
Home, like the * raven to the ark, she flies,
Croaking bad tidings to my trembling ears.
O sun, again, that thy retreat was made,
And threw my follies back into the friendly shade !

But who are they that bid affliction cease !—
Redemption and forgiveness, heavenly sounds !
Behold the dove that brings the branch of peace,
Behold the balm that heals the gaping wounds—
Vengeance divine's by penitence suppress'd—
She† struggles with the angel, conquers, and is
blest.

Yet hold, presumption, nor too fondly climb,
And thou too hold, O horrible despair !
In man humility's alone sublime,
Who diffidently hopes he's Christ's own care—

* Genesis, viii.

† Gen. xxxii. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.

O all sufficient Lamb ! in death's dread hour
Thy merits who shall slight, or who can doubt thy
power ?

But soul-rejoicing health again returns,
The blood meanders gentle in each vein,
The lamp of life renew'd with vigour burns,
And exiled reason takes her seat again—
Brisk leaps the heart, the mind's at large once
more,
To love, to praise, to bless, to wonder and adore.

The virtuous partner of my nuptial bands,
Appear'd a widow to my frantick sight ;
My little prattlers lifting up their hands,
Beckon me back to them, to life, and light ;
I come, ye spotless sweets ! I come again,
Nor have your tears been shed, nor have ye knelt
in vain.

All glory to the Eternal, to the Immense,
All glory to the Omniscient and Good,
Whose power's uncircumscribed, whose love's in-
tense ;
But yet whose justice ne'er could be withstood.

Except through him—through him, who stands
alone,
Of worth, of weight, allow'd for all mankind to
atone !

He raised the lame, the lepers he made whole,
He fix'd the palsied nerves of weak decay,
He drove out Satan from the tortured soul,
And to the blind, gave or restored the day,—
Nay more, . . . far more unequall'd pangs sustain'd,
Till his last fallen flock his taintless blood regain'd.

My feeble feet refused my body's weight,
Nor would my eyes admit the glorious light,
My nerves convulsed, shook, fearful of their fate,
My mind lay open to the powers of night.
He, pitying, did a second birth bestow
A birth of joy—not like the first of tears and woe.

Ye strengthen'd feet, forth to his altar move ;
Quicken, ye new-strung nerves, the enraptured
lyre ;

Ye heav'n-directed eyes, o'erflow with love ;
Glow, glow, my soul, with pure seraphick fire ;
Deeds, thoughts, and words, no more his mandates
break,

But to his endless glory work, conceive, and speak.

O! penitence, to virtue near allied,
Thou canst new joys e'en to the blest impart ;
The listening angels lay their harps aside
To hear the musick of the contrite heart ;
And heaven itself wears a more radiant face,
When charity presents thee to the throne of grace,

Chief of metallick forms is regal gold ;
Of elements, the limpid fount that flows ;
Give me 'mongst gems the brilliant to behold ;
O'er Flora's flock imperial is the rose ;
Above all birds the sovereign eagle soars ;
And monarch of the field the lordly lion roars.

What can with great leviathan compare,
Who takes his pastime in the mighty main ?
What, like the sun, shines through the realms of
air,
And gilds and glorifies the ethereal plain. . .
Yet what are these to man, who bears the sway ;
For all was made for him—to serve, and toobey.

Thus in high heaven Charity is great,
Faith, Hope, Devotion, hold a lower place ;
On her the cherubs and the seraphs wait,
Her, every virtue courts, and every grace ;

See ! on the right, close by the Almighty's throne.
In him she shines confest, who came to make her
known.

Deep-rooted in my heart then let her grow,
That for the past the future may atone ;
That I may act what thou hast given to know,
That I may live for thee, and thee alone,
And justify those sweetest words from heaven,
“ That he shall love thee most to whom thou’st
“ most forgiven.”

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.











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